GREAT MEN AND FAMOUS MUSICIANS

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GREAT MEN AND FAMOUS MUSICIANS
ON
THE ART OF MUSIC

EDUCATIONAL CONFERENCES WITH
REPRESENTATIVE MEN AND WOMEN

BY

JAMES FRANCIS COOKE

A SERIES OF INTIMATE DISCUSSIONS OF
PHASES OF MUSICAL LIFE AND MUSIC
STUDY OF PARTICULAR INTEREST
TO MUSIC STUDENTS AND
MUSIC LOVERS

Introduction by JOHN LUTHER LONG



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CONTENTS

		Page
	Introduction, by John Luther Long	vii
1.	Great Men and the Power of Music	9
2.	New Aspects of the Art of Music, *Thomas A. Edison*	23
3.	New Paths and Visions in Musical Progress, *Richard Strauss*	31
4.	Practical Aspects of Piano Playing, *Sergei Rachmaninoff*	37
5.	The Threshold of Vocal Art, *Amelita Galli-Curci*	46
6.	Music—the Joy and Need of Every Man, *Dr. Frank Crane*	51
7.	If Franz Liszt Should Come Back Again, *Moritz Rosenthal*	60
8.	The Making of a Prima Donna, *Marcella Sembrich*	67
9.	The Most Difficult Thing in Piano Playing, *Ignaz Friedmann*	73
10.	Our Musical Advance, *John Philip Sousa*	79
11.	Freedom in Music Teaching Methods, *Erno Dohnanyi*	89
12.	Why the World Needs Music, *Henry Van Dyke*	95
13.	A Velvety Pianoforte Touch, *Vladimir de Pachmann*	103
14.	Practical Aspects of Studying Singing, *Emma Calve*	111
15.	Poetry and Practice, *Guiomar Novaes*	117
16.	The Talisman of the Art Song Interpretation, *Elena Gerhardt*	123
17.	Practical Ideas in Pianoforte Study, *Josef Lhévinne*	128
18.	Music for the Man of Today, *Rupert Hughes*	133
19.	The Mystery of Inspiration, *Rudolf Friml*	142
20.	Individualism in Pianoforte Study, *Ethel Leginska*	149
21.	Under No Consideration Would I Give Up Music, *Ralph Modjeski*	158
22.	New Tendencies in Pianistic Art, *B. Moiseiwitsch*	165
23.	The American Girl in Grand Opera, *Giulio Gatti-Casazza*	170
24.	Getting a Start as a Virtuoso, *Mischa Levitski*	175
25.	The Art of Keeping the Voice, *Giuseppe de Lucca*	181
26.	The Hand and the Keyboard, *Arthur Schnabel*	186
27.	How I Came to Love Music, *Edward W. Bok*	191
28.	Thoughts from the Life of a Great Teacher, *M. R. Leschetizky*	199

PAGE

29. SCALING OPERATIC HEIGHTS, *Marie Jeritza*..... 210
30. ITALIAN ASPECTS OF PIANO PLAYING, *Maria Carreras*.. 218
31. WHAT MUST I DO TO BECOME A COMPOSER? *Liza Lehmann* 226
32. UNSEEN INFLUENCES IN MUSIC, *Cyril Scott*..... 233
33. THE MUSIC OF THE PEOPLE, *Victor Herbert*..... 238
34. ULTRA MODERNISM IN MUSIC, *Leo Ornstein*..... 246
35. SOUVENIRS OF FAMOUS MUSICIANS, *Franz Drdla*..... 253
36. VITAL POINTS PIANO STUDENTS MISS, *F. Lamond*.. 260
37. CHRONOLOGICAL PROGRESS IN MUSICAL ART, *Igor Fedorovitch Stravinsky* 266
38. MUSIC SAVING THOUSANDS FROM MENTAL BREAKDOWN, *Willem van de Wall* 273
39. SECRETS OF A GREAT TEACHER, *A. Brailowsky*..... 282
40. THE HUMAN NEED FOR MUSIC, *Walter Damrosch*..... 288
41. THE PIANIST'S PALETTE, *Harold Bauer*..... 293
42. FROM PLOUGH BOY TO PARSIFAL, *Orville Harrold*..... 300
43. JAZZ AND THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE, *Percy Grainger*. 308
44. MANY ROADS TO ARTISTIC PIANO PLAYING, *A. Siloti*.. 314
45. MUSIC, THE GREAT HUMANIZER, *Charles M. Schwab*... 319
46. THE HUMAN ELEMENT IN PIANO PLAYING, *Ernest Schelling* 329
47. MUSIC OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN, *Thurlow Lieurance*. 336
48. ADULTS AND PIANO STUDY, *E. Hutcheson*..... 345
49. AN AMERICAN NATIONAL SCHOOL OF MUSIC, *Reginald de Koven* 350
50. GET A MUSICAL EDUCATION FIRST, *M. Matzenauer*..... 355
51. AMERICA'S ADVANCE IN MUSIC ART, *Owen Wister*.... 361
52. MUSIC COMPOSITION FOR WOMEN, *Carrie Jacobs-Bond*. 370
53. HOW TO BECOME A GOOD ACCOMPANIST, *R. Hageman*.. 378
54. SPAIN, THE ELDORADO OF MUSIC, *Raoul Laparra*..... 386
55. THE APPEAL OF THE CONTRALTO, *Sophie Braslau*..... 394
56. THE MUSIC OF THE VATICAN, *R. Casimiro-Casimiri*... 399
57. INTIMATE THOUGHTS ON PIANO STUDY, *Arthur Friedheim* 404
58. MUSICAL CLASSICS FOR THE MILLIONS, *Hugo Riesenfeld* 408
59. MUSIC THAT THE PUBLIC NEEDS, *Josef Stransky*..... 414
60. THE HARDEST THINGS TO MASTER IN MUSIC, *Wilhelm Bachaus* 418
61. MODERN PIANOFORTE TECHNIC FROM A FRENCH STANDPOINT, *E. Robert Schmitz* 423
62. FOLK-SONG IN MUSICAL ART, *Gustav Mahler*..... 431
63. HOW JAZZ MAY INFLUENCE MODERN ORCHESTRAS, *Paul Whiteman* 440

AN INTRODUCTION

Here, then, finally, are the formulæ of artistic success and "power gained through music," set down by those who know it best. Set down, too, with a naïve affection for the thesis and its proofs.

Consider the loving labor which the author has contributed to this unique assembly of the opinions of many of the greatest minds upon contemporary musical art.

Sixty different temperaments, sixty busy brains, sixty intense personalities of men and women of world-fame from which to cajole the artistic truths in detail.

The author means to give us through these sixty different outstanding mentalities the broadest impression of their work and opinions revealing the preciousness of music, not as a mere human accomplishment, but as a great human need. In fact, a great part of his life has been dedicated to this purpose.

Sometimes there are divergences in these opinions and works, but always there is the sincerity and ideality which leads onward to a better musical world.

He who writes this introduction knows that for years it has been the work of the author to give to the world this musical resurgence, let us say, because progress is based upon accomplishment and nothing can so well show the advance of this most alluring of arts, nor better foster its forward urge than what he has spread before us.

Perhaps upon the economic aspect of music it is worth while to quote so sane and ordered a thinker as President Calvin Coolidge.

"Engrossed by the pressure of world affairs," says Mr. Coolidge, "we are too prone to disregard the vital im-

portance to life of the fine arts. It is through art that people find their better, truer selves. Sometimes it is expressed in literature, sometimes in sculpture, sometimes in painting. But of all the fine arts there is none which makes such a universal and compelling appeal as music. No other expression of beauty finds such ready and ennobling response in the heart of mankind. It is the art especially representative of democracy, of the truth of the world. When at the dawn of creation it was revealed to the universe that good was to triumph over evil—the morning stars sang together with joy."

It is all highly romantic!

But who shall write the art-romance of the author and compiler of this book? Surely not I nor here. For my story would be too deeply veined with the comradeship of many happy years for the subject's permission.

Through music, through years of practical teaching, through management, through journalism, through public speaking, through drama, through innumerable friendships with the great and the lowly, through leadership in many large organizations, he came to the editorship of the foremost musical magazine as well as the administration of a great philanthropic trust. He has devoted himself to high ideals.

There is a certain majesty to those who dedicate themselves to noble purposes.

JOHN LUTHER LONG.

GREAT MEN AND THE POWER OF MUSIC

When the ubiquitous father of our country was visiting the delightfully quaint Salem College, in North Carolina (at what is now Winston-Salem), the Moravian professors with their innate love for music naturally asked him to hear one of the charming young lady students play upon the spinet. General Washington listened with the greatest apparent interest, watching the girlish fingers fly over the ivory keys. When the music ended, the professors waited breathlessly for his comment.

"Young lady," remarked the General casually, "I know of something that will remove all those warts from your lovely fingers."

Just how much music Washington really knew seems to be a much-disputed point. He is reported by some to have played the flute. At Mount Vernon we may still see the music room with its instruments. Furthermore there are pictures of our first President playing with the intensity of a virtuoso. But, if we must trust his historic veracity, we will credit a letter to Francis Hopkinson in which he wrote, "I can neither sing nor raise a single note." Possibly this was professional modesty. There seems to be no doubt that he was very fond of music and frequently attended musical entertainments. He at least thought enough of the art to present his daughter, Nellie Custis, with a harpsichord imported from London at the cost of one thousand dollars.

That music has been an inspiration to many great leaders in the past is widely recognized. The late Louis C. Elson, who persisted in seeing this merry world through rose-colored glasses, once made a fascinating list of great musical amateurs, a list that has afforded the writer many

important suggestions. He commenced his inventory with Ptolomy Auletes, father of the bewitching Cleopatra. Auletes signifies "flute lover." He was perhaps the only monarch of the past who actually had music attached to his name. Shakespeare doubtless knew of this when he had the Nile Queen say,

"Give me some music, moody food of us that trade in love."

Auletes died 51 B.C., leaving a record of glorious paternity and a prized collection of flutes, doubtless long since passed into dust. But, insofar as the primitive history of music is concerned, he was really a modern. The Chinese, the Hebrews, the Arabians, the Indians, the Babylonians, the Assyrians, the Egyptians, and notably the Greeks had been making music for centuries before. When these ancient nations sought to preserve their national histories in pictures on stone they took precious care to see that music was frequently represented. The stone hewed panorama of "The Procession of King Assurbanipal," in the British Museum, displays clearly the old triangular harp. The imperial music lovers of remote ages were legion. When the Carnarvon-Carter expedition went down into the Valley of the Kings and at the end of fifteen years of excavation and exploration broke into the gorgeous tomb of Tut-ankh-amen, they found among the three-thousand-year-old relics two sistra, primitive musical instruments which were doubtless known to the children of Israel during their captivity.

A sistrum is an instrument about ten inches long with a bronze or an iron loop-shaped frame supporting lateral bars, upon which were suspended metallic rings. A handle enabled the player to jingle it in rhythm with the music much after the manner of a baby's rattle. Specimens of sistra may be seen at the Metropolitan Museum in New York and in other large collections. These date from the

Roman players of the first century after Christ. Indeed, in a great spectacle dealing with the life of Nero, presented by a modern circus, the performers marched around the sawdust hippodrome to rhythms marked by numerous players jingling sistra excavated from the trunks in the tent of the circus property man.

In all the long and fascinating story of music in its relation to humanity, there is no more absurd figure than that imperial clown Lucius Domitius Ahenobarbus, later known as Nero Claudius Cæsar Drusus Germanicus, born at Antium, Italy, 37 A.D. He spent thirty-one years in tragic and ridiculous cruelties and extravagances, concluding with his one patriotic act, that of committing suicide near Rome.

Nero's official list of murders includes the poet Lucan, his teacher Seneca, his wives Octavia and Poppæa, his stepfather Britannicus, and his own mother Agrippina. It is a trifle difficult to defend music as a moral force when considering the career of this assassin whose chief joy was in the tone art.

Nero took meticulous care of his voice. It is reported that in order to improve his breathing he spent part of the day lying upon his back with a sheet of lead balanced upon his imperial stomach. (How could this excellent bunkum have disappeared from "the old Italian method"?) His diet was especially prescribed for his voice. If his tones did not satisfy him he would resort to emetics. He once sang an ode to Niobe that lasted for hours. Desiring to be recognized as a professional rather than as an accomplished amateur, he is said to have accepted private engagements for huge fees. Mr. Elson relates that he was once offered as high as one hundred thousand serterces, possibly equaling one hundred thousand dollars today.

Nero demanded a respectful audience under penalty of death. He posted sentries at the doors to arrest those who

attempted to escape his marathon arias. They who failed to applaud the imperial caterwauling were chastised by soldiers in the audience. He is reported to have employed a claque of some five thousand official applauders, who were distinguished by elegant dress and long curls. When Rome burned, Nero, according to the tradition, went to the tower of Macænus and celebrated the event in song.

Perhaps some day a new "super-miracledyne" radio may reach back into the endless past and pick up the long-lost vibrations of the imperial pagliacio of the first century, and we may know what kind of music went with such a monster as Nero.

In the Middle Ages many of the Minnesingers and the Troubadours were the foremost men of their day. Alfonso X of Castile, William IV, Count of Poitiers, and Richard I of England were royal musical amateurs. King Canute (994-1035) is credited with having written a boat song which remained popular for three centuries. The words are:

Murie sungen the muneches binnen Ely
Tha Cnute Chung reu ther by
Rowe, cnihtes, naew the land
And we thes muneches saeng.

In modern English:

Merry sang the monks at Ely
As King Canute rowed thereby
Row, men, near the land
And hear we these monks sing.

On the continent, Charlemagne was an intense lover of music. His influence upon the establishment of the Gregorian chant is valued highly by historians. Daily he is said to have directed the singing at his court. Henry VIII of England was an able amateur who composed music

of great historical and some musical interest. Queen Elizabeth spent a great deal of her spare time at the virginals and is said to have played excellently. She is quoted as having said that she found music a kind of antidote for melancholy.

Louis XIII of France was an accomplished amateur. He is often credited with having written a graceful piece known as *Amaryllis* (which really came from the pen of Baltazarini), doubtless because his Majesty had composed a four-part song with the same name. To one of his citizens, however, America owes a very great debt. Few know that this citizen was for many years a music teacher. His name was Pierre Augustin Carno, the son of a Parisian clockmaker. Later in life he assumed the name of de Beaumarchais. As an inventor, a financier and as a dramatist and polemic writer, he stands among the immortals of France. His "Le Barbier de Seville," later translated into music by both Mozart and Rossini, is one of the great classics of the stage. Small wonder that the famous music-lesson scene is so deftly handled by a former music teacher. During the American war of Independence he sent America a fleet loaded to the gunwales with ammunition and weapons. This was a most important acquisition for our struggling forefathers. Unfortunately their descendants were so slow in showing their gratitude that Beaumarchais spent his last years in poverty.

The case of Frederick the Great is unusual in many ways. His erratic father demanded that the boy become a soldier and is said to have been frantic when the son took to flute playing. He even threatened to break the flute over the head of the son and hang the teacher. Once, when the irate father was heard approaching the lesson room, the teacher, J. J. Quantz, was so scared that he gathered up his flutes and climbed up the chimney.

Marie Antoinette had unquestionable musical gifts and

was devoted to the art. Her teacher was none less than Christoph Willibald von Gluck. Many sovereigns of modern times have been excellent amateurs. Albert Edward, the English Prince consort, played effectively as did Victoria in her youth. The writer once ran across a copy book in Kensington Palace which was said to be in the handwriting of the little Princess Victoria. In this she had carefully copied many musical compositions, indicating the thoroughness of her musical training and the thrift of her royal parents.

Possibly the most distinctive figure among the notable men of the past who was also a professional musician was the Abbate Agostino Steffani (1654-1728). A choir boy in his youth, he became a famous organist, a noted composer of church music of his time, an eminent diplomat, Bishop of Spiga and Papal Prothonotary. He was one of the outstanding diplomatic personalities of the XVII Century. Incidentally he found leisure to write numerous operas.

In Germany many men of high positions in various walks of life did far more than merely acknowledge the power of music. Schopenhauer "loved" to play the flute. With Nietzsche music was a passion. His virile views had a notable effect upon Wagner's career. He is said to have known enough of music to do a little innocent composing. Both Goethe and Heine were music amateurs and both provided the music makers with immortal stanzas for their songs.

The present system of harmony, by which certain chords are definitely marked, although in a sense an evolution, was not put into tangible form until Gottfried Weber issued his book on harmony in 1817. Incidentally Weber was a lawyer of renown and Procurator of the State.

In more modern times in Germany many distinguished men have been musical amateurs. Phillip Spitta, who

wrote the finest life of Johann Sebastian Bach, was originally a professor of theology. The two men who influenced the work of Robert Schumann, perhaps more than any others, were both men of eminence in other callings, who at the same time were famous for their musical achievements. Jean Paul Friedrich Richter (1763-1825), humorist, author, essayist, was also a gifted musician whose music for the stage was really unusual in volume, if not in quality. The other man to inspire Schumann was the genial and benign Anton Friederich Justus Thibaut (1774-1840), Professor of Jurisprudence at Heidelberg University, who wrote valuable works upon musical æsthetics. The former Kaiser prided himself greatly upon his musical ability, but Mr. Hohenzollern's highest achievement in the tone-world was a "Song of Agir," warlike in the extreme and alive with the very spirit of blood and sword which he attempted to lay at the door of others when defeat came to his own. Germany's greatest modern scientist, Alfred Einstein, he of the inscrutable theories, is a violinist of widely heralded ability. Many have said that if he had not been a great scientist he might have been one of the great fiddlers of the century.

In England numerous men of renown have also been exceedingly fine musicians. Among these can be recalled Earl Balfour, whose enthusiasm inspired him to write excellent books upon music, a fine avocation for one of the foremost British statesmen of our times. Sir Pomeroy Burton, American-born journalist and leader of the interests of the late Lord Northcliffe, is an accomplished pianist. Possibly one of the most unusual instances of a great man who also became interested in music and did very great service in that field, is that of Sir George Grove (1820-1900), a noted engineer, an authority upon the Bible, who also gave the world its most famous

musical dictionary and encyclopedia of music, "The Grove Dictionary."

In Russia the number of famous musicians who were originally trained for other careers makes an interesting chapter in itself. Alexander Dargomyzhsky was a state officer. Cesar Cui was a lieutenant-general. Alexander Borodin was a surgeon and chemist. Modest Mussorgsky was a soldier. Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakoff was a naval officer. Alexander Tanieiev was director of the imperial chancery. Peter Ilyitch Tschaikowsky was a lawyer. Many of these men abandoned their professions for their larger work in music somewhat early in life. It is not until recent years, however, that Russia has been training its men of talent in music in their youth. Arensky, Rachmaninoff, Skrabin, Medtner, Stravinsky, received their first musical instruction in their youth and soon thereafter determined to become professional musicians.

In America a review of the notables who made a study of music in their spare time, crowded from tumultuously busy lives, would prove a surprise to many of our European friends who cannot think of America in any other terms than dollars. The first musician of note in America was Francis Hopkinson, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, Judge of the Admiralty Court in Pennsylvania, and a member of the memorable Convention of 1787, through which we derived the Constitution of the United States. His songs, dedicated to George Washington, are prefaced by the unassuming statement, "I cannot, I believe, be refused the credit of being the first native of the United States who has produced a musical composition."

Thomas Jefferson is reported to have been a devoted lover of the violin, playing the instrument with more than ordinary skill. Benjamin Franklin, while not professedly a musician, took a deep interest in the art and invented

an instrument known as the harmonica—a series of bowl-like glasses, graduated in size, mounted upon a rod revolved by a treadle. The bowls were tuned to the degrees of the scale and played by performers who touched the glass surface with their dampened fingers. Beethoven and Mozart both wrote original works for this Yankee invention. Its discontinuance from public use was dramatic. According to all accounts the effect upon the nerves of the players was so destructive that no one could play the instrument for any length of time without physical injury. We are all familiar with the "excrutiating" nerve thrill which comes when we draw a knife across a china plate. Possibly some similar effect came from the more mellow, but none the less trying, vibrations of the "harmonica."

Music became a significant part of the life in the White House in many administrations, but was given over almost entirely to the ladies of the official household. It was not until the election of Warren G. Harding that we had a President who was proud to boast of his early musical acquirements. It appears that the first money he ever earned was applied to the purchase of a "sliphorn," which enabled him to rise to the heights of the Marion Silver Cornet Band. However crude this musical beginning, President Harding never failed to do everything in his power for music during his administration.

In Congress many men have been proud of their musical accomplishments. With the opening of the Coolidge Administration in 1925, we were confronted with the unusual condition of having the presiding officers of the House and of the Senate both highly accomplished musicians. The Hon. Nicholas Longworth has long been a devotee of the art, and General Charles G. Dawes, Vice-President, is not only a gifted violinist but has composed music. His "Melody" is played by Fritz Kreisler.

It seems only yesterday when men in America hesitated to confess their love for music with the fear that they might be thought "effeminate." Now many of our foremost men proclaim the inspirational benefits they have received from the study of music. Music is becoming recognized as one of the great forces in education. Yet in the "Who's Who of 1925" there are at least a dozen public men listed who have given a very significant number of years to music study, who gladly declare their belief that it has helped them in their development, but who are in no way connected with music in their printed biographies in this celebrated collection of American life stories. "Who's Who" should do music the justice of altering these biographies in later editions so that these men may receive recognition for their musical achievements.

It would be stupid indeed to even intimate that material success is related in every instance to an appreciation of music and its development. Countless men have succeeded without music and will continue to succeed. Only recently the writer had a conference with a great American capitalist who had just given some eighty millions for college education. When asked his opinion upon music in education he replied laconically, "Music is all right for girls but the boys ought to work." Evidently he would not call learning a Saint-Saëns Concerto work! Here was a great industrialist unfamiliar with the fact that in the cases of thousands of men, music is giving them one of the worth-while things which incites them to higher and higher efforts. He would doubtless be surprised to learn that the most discussed symphonic composer of present-day America, John Alden Carpenter, is also one of the foremost business men of Chicago.

A list of notable Americans who are also fine musicians would amaze the ordinary reader. They are to be found in cities and towns all over the country. In the writer's

home city of Philadelphia he recently enumerated some twenty leading citizens who are accomplished musicians. Mr. Owen Wister's career is outlined later in this volume. Others on this list were Mr. John F. Braun, manufacturer and capitalist who, with his accomplished wife, Edith Evans Braun, has given numerous recitals as a tenor soloist. Professor Felix Schelling, head of the Department of English at the University of Pennsylvania (brother of Ernest Schelling), an able pianist and composer of many charming pianoforte compositions. Ralph Modjeski, famous engineer and builder of the great Delaware River suspension bridge, spent years in the study of the piano with the prospect of becoming a virtuoso pianist. Herbert J. Tily, manager of one of Philadelphia's largest department stores and president of the National Retail Dry Goods Merchants' Association, for years played the organ regularly in church on Sundays, conducted a department store chorus of superior excellence, served as president of the Philadelphia Music League, arranged and conducted huge festivals, and composed excellent music for church and chorus. He has the degree of Mus. Doc. from Villa Nova College. Albert N. Hoxie, a business man who has handled large transactions for years, is now leader of the excellent Philadelphia Civic Junior Band and Orchestra. Thomas Tapper, a writer upon musical educational subjects of international note, is now one of the executive heads of a vast mercantile enterprise. Many literary men are also accomplished musicians. These include such personalities as Robert Hichens, John Luther Long, author of Madame Butterfly, and Louis Parker, noted British dramatist.

One of the significant evidences of the interest taken by public men in music is that up to 1925 some one hundred millions of dollars have been given to musical educational philanthropic purposes in America. Men and women of

the public-spirited type of Augustus Julliard, George Eastman, Cyrus H. K. Curtis, Henry Harkness Flagler, Edward Bok, Mary Curtis Bok, James Loeb, Cora Dow, and many others have given with a liberality which as yet can hardly be appreciated.

It has been a very deep pleasure and privilege to have been the means of securing the material presented in the following conferences. Several are the result of years of patient waiting and extended correspondence, followed by numerous meetings. All have been reviewed and approved prior to publication by the notable personages included. The aim of the writer has been to collect material that may prove an inspiration to the young musician who while reading this book is wondering whether music offers the field which will bring the greatest honor, happiness and prosperity in the quest of the best means of serving others.

At the same time it is hoped that business men and educators may be influenced to realize more deeply the possibilities of music in life. No American has done more for music in this respect than Dr. Charles E. Eliot, who, throughout his entire life, particularly during that period when he was President of Harvard University, realized the great significance of music in education, and made many historic utterances which are of vast value in helping those who are giving their lives to the promotion of musical interests.

Realizing that this work will probably be somewhat widely employed by club leaders and students seeking material upon the subject of the power of music, the following quotations from the writings of eminent men and women have been selected from hundreds.

—James Francis Cooke.

"Wouldst thou know if a people be well governed, if its laws be good or bad?—examine the music it practices."
—*Confucius.*

"Music is to the mind as air is to the body."—*Plato.*

"Every day one should at least hear a little song, read a good poem and gaze upon a fine picture, and if possible speak a few sensible words."—*Goethe.*

"The songs of musicians are able to change the feelings and conditions of a State."—*Cicero.*

"The language of music is infinite; it contains all; it is able to express all."—*Balzac.*

"We cannot imagine a complete education of man without music."—*John Paul Richter.*

"Music is the only sensual pleasure without vice."
—*Samuel Johnson.*

"Of all the liberal arts, music has the greatest influence over the emotions and is that art to which the lawmaker should give great attention."—*Napoleon Bonaparte.*

"Music is a stimulant to mental exertion."—*D'Israeli.*

"There is something deep and good in melody, for body and soul go strangely together."—*Carlyle.*

"I think sometimes could I only have music on my own terms, could I live in a great city and know where I could go whenever I wished the ablution and inundation of musical waves, that were a bath and a medicine. . . "
—*Emerson.*

"The proper sphere of music is to portray the progress of the soul from grief or sadness to comfort, joy and blessedness. This it can do with an intelligibility entirely its own."—*Hegel.*

"Music is a kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech, which leads us on to the edge of the infinite."—*Carlyle.*

"Music is the fine art which more than any other ministers to human welfare."—*Herbert Spencer.*

"Music is one of the most forcible instruments for

training, for arousing and for governing the mind and the spirit of man."—*W. E. Gladstone.*

"There are in music such strains as far surpass any faith which man has ever had in the loftiness of his destiny."—*Thoreau.*

"Music cleanses the understanding, inspires it and lifts it into a realm which it would not reach if it were left to itself."—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

"Music, once admitted to the soul, becomes a sort of spirit and never dies."—*Bulwer.*

"Take a music bath once or twice a week for a few seasons. You will find it is to the soul what a water bath is to the body. It elevates and tends to maintain tone to one's mind. Seek, therefore, every clean opportunity for hearing. Purchase some kind of instrument for the home and see that its beneficent harmonies are often heard. Let music be as much a part of a day's routine as eating or reading or working."—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

"We can do without fire in the house for half of the year, but we must have music the year round."—*Sidney Lanier.*

"Music is fundamental—one of the great sources of life, health, strength and happiness."—*Luther Burbank.*

"The man who disparages music as a luxury and non-essential is doing the nation an injury. There is no better way to express patriotism than through music."—*Woodrow Wilson.*

"Music, rightly taught, is the best mind trainer on the list. We should have more of the practical subjects, like music and drawing, and less grammar and arithmetic."

—*Dr. Charles Eliot.*

"If young men had music and pictures to interest them, to engage them and satisfy many of their impulses and to enliven their days, they would not go to the low pleasures of the streets; they would have an alternative and would be too fastidious to do so."—*George Bernard Shaw.*



THOMAS A. EDISON

NEW ASPECTS OF THE ART OF MUSIC

THOMAS A. EDISON

Biographical

Thomas Alva Edison *is one of the most American of all Americans, yet there is none of our citizens whose accomplishments have given so much to the entire world. Wherever civilization reaches, the inventions of Edison are likely to be found. His nine hundred and more patents are reported to be the basis for industries whereby over* 600,000 *men and women are earning livelihoods. Although scientific bodies all over the world have heaped academic honors upon the great inventor, he is essentially a self-taught man in every respect. Born at Milan, Ohio, in* 1847, *he became a newsboy at twelve; later a telegrapher; and then the inventor of much valuable telegraphic apparatus. The success of these inventions indicated his possibilities, and after many struggles he established a laboratory in New Jersey* (1876), *giving all his time to scientific matters for the benefit of mankind.*

The range of his investigations is nothing short of marvelous. Although he is nominated in "Who's Who" as an electrician, he is one of the most important factors in such diverse fields as concrete for building construction, explosives, moving pictures, dyestuffs, electric lighting, the phonograph, electric storage batteries, electric locomotion, and X-ray photography. The scope and accuracy of his memory is phenomenal. His grasp of detail is likewise very startling to men meeting him for the first time.

Despite the rain of distinctions that have come on him, despite a huge income justly earned through his marvels, the great inventor wants nothing more than to be let alone to

continue his great work for humanity. He is too busy to be bothered with the superficial luxuries of life.

It was the invention of the phonograph that turned Edison's attention to music. The phonograph was a natural evolution of some of his experiments with the telegraph and the telephone. The first phonograph records were made on tin foil. This proved an unsatisfactory method, and the next records were made upon wax. Although a vast number of men have since then been engaged in the development of the industry through different companies and different means, the principle of reproduction was embodied in the original invention of Edison which was so startling when it was first shown that it was discredited by many. The original model of the first phonograph—the first machine that talked—is in the Kensington Museum, in London.

Mr. Edison had a strong ambition to secure records of the voice of Adelina Patti and Carlotta Patti. Unfortunately, owing to the fact that the tin foil of the original records stretched badly, these records were ruined after a few trials, but this served to turn Mr. Edison's attention toward music. He knew next to nothing of music as the musician knows it. Notation, which a man of his intellect could have mastered in a few weeks, did not interest him particularly. Consequently his viewpoint upon music has been obtained from an entirely different angle and is of immense interest because of its originality.

The present instruments of the orchestra are very crude. Take the violin, for instance. Don't tell me that even the best violin cannot be improved. One of the worst things in all music is the E string on the violin. A worn E string gives me great pain. Not one in fifty is good. The funny thing about it is that a violinist will go on playing on a poor E string and not notice it. Miss Kathleen Parlow came to play for me some time ago. I told her that her E string was a bad one, and she would not believe me. I then put it under a microscope and found

that it was worn square. What was the result? It produced the wrong overtones and the result was simply excruciating to my ears. I seem to be gifted with a kind of inner hearing which enables me to detect sounds and noises which the ordinary listener does not hear.

The piano is also a defective instrument in many ways. The thump of the felt on the strings, while it gives a certain character to the tone, is often highly disagreeable. It must be done away with. Some day it will be. If you have never heard it you have not listened closely enough. It is particularly noticeable in the two upper octaves, where in many instruments it virtually drowns out the vibrations of the smaller strings or wires. The listener, of course, has been following the music and his attention is not given to the thumping sound; but it will be remedied some day. Again, the bass of the piano is out of proportion to the volume of the treble. This is remedied in the orchestra through the number of instruments. If there were as many bass viols in the orchestra as there are first violins, think what the effect would be. Yet the effect in the piano is decidedly out of balance, and nobody pays very much attention to it. After a piano has been played upon for a few times it begins to deteriorate. This is due to the hardening of the ends of the hammers. This deterioration goes on with every stroke, so that the instrument eventually takes on a metallic, "tinny" sound, which should be remedied by picking the felts.

Mr. Edison, after commenting upon the great variation in the human sense of hearing, again referred to his own ear, which has the remarkable ability to perceive many extraneous noises and discords which the ordinary ear does not notice. For instance, in listening to a clarinet he hears the noise made by the movement of the keys so plainly that it spoils the musical effect. For this reason he had special

clarinets constructed for his own purposes, with noiseless mechanisms.

In speaking of orchestral and operatic performances he said:

"While I am extremely fond of opera I have been in the Metropolitan Opera House only twice in years. Very few people realize what position in the auditorium really means. If one sits on one side of the opera house he may get quite a different effect from that obtained when sitting on another side. The people who insist upon sitting down in the front rows of the orchestra have their musical impressions seriously distorted. It is odd that they do not realize this. If the hearer were sitting right beside the tympani player he would hear the tympani above all other instruments. The same is true of other sections of the orchestra; so that one does not begin to get the blend of sound that the composer aspired to produce, until one is some distance from the stage. To my mind the most desirable position is on the center aisle in the last row of seats, as far away from the stage as one can get.

"Don't pity the gallery god. He has the best of it at the opera. He hears the music far better than the wealthier auditors down near the stage. No sensible person in an art gallery tries to get his nose right up against the canvas in order to enjoy a great painting. How people sitting in the front seats at the opera can stand the performance I don't know. It makes me sick. It is only a badly jumbled mess of instrumental sounds.

"You know people have to put up with many strange things in music. For instance, no violinist is able to play octaves exactly in tune. I have tested many with scientific apparatus, and know just what I am talking about. Consequently, when we hear octaves played upon the violin we have to put up with many excruciating noises. But we have become accustomed to it, and have led ourselves to

think that it is all right because we have never heard the real thing. That, of course, is psychological. It is physically possible to play octaves on the violin correctly, but it is not humanly possible. Many of the effects produced are perfectly horrible. The violinist in running his finger down a string to a new note must locate a spot on the string of one-thousandth of an inch. Think of that! That is, if he strikes the exact spot where the note has just the requisite number of vibrations, he has an area of microscopic dimensions in which to press the string down on the fingerboard. As one may easily imagine, his notes are only approximately correct in pitch. Here, however, we are assisted in two ways by the ear. The ear of the performer, with almost miraculous speed, detects any considerable discrepancy, and corrects it by a slight adjustment of the angle of the finger on the string. On the other hand, the ear of the auditor that has not been trained to extreme acuteness is satisfied with approximately tuned intervals, and accepts them when heard upon the violin as he has been accustomed to hearing them. However, when the violinist attempts to play octaves he must move his fingers to two different places upon the strings (unless he uses an open string). It is next to impossible for him to correct faulty intonation in two notes at the same time; the result is a kind of squawking—a squawking that is hideous to many people. I wish that composers never wrote octaves for the violin. It has been possible for me to make some very interesting tests in this connection with very delicate scientific apparatus, and I find that the average fine violinist is likely to play fifteen or more vibrations, lower or higher, out of the way, in playing octaves. They anticipate Debussy in a way that they will not themselves believe.

"Of course we haven't a complete monopoly of all the great voices in the world, but the number of fine voices

possessed by Americans is a continual marvel to me. I have a strong impression that the best voices in the world are right here in America. I have records of twenty-two hundred voices, and I can prove it. Taking it all in all this is overwhelmingly the land of fine voices. Europe can produce nothing in comparison with us when we consider the number. I had trained investigators working in the art centers of Europe for two years in search of beautiful voices. The result was very disappointing in comparison with the results obtained in America right at our very thresholds.

"The worst defect a voice can have is, to my mind, the tremolo. Unfortunately it is a defect which singers themselves do not seem to be able to recognize. It seems to be natural with them. In fact, every voice seems to have a tremolo in some degree. When I first began to make records of noted singers a vocalist came to me and we produced a record. The tremolo came out very distinctly in the record and the singer insisted that it was due to the mechanism. A greatly improved mechanism revealed the tremolo so clearly that the singer was convinced where the fault lay and proceeded to correct it.

"A beautiful voice, without a tremolo, trained by a fine musician so that through proper accentuation, phrasing, etc., it can bring out the composer's proper meaning, is truly the finest of musical instruments. The singer today must have something more than a mere voice. She must have brains of a high order. American singers have splendid brains. That is one of the reasons why I like them. They have too much gray matter to let fool teachers lead them astray. Vocal teachers are often the worst of humbugs. They seek to do absolutely impossible things, and become indignant if their pupils cannot do them. I am sure that I could give very much better vocal lessons than many of them, just by using a little common sense. But

don't advertise me as a vocal teacher. I have a few other things to do. Think of a basso profundo teaching a coloratura soprano how to sing a high note! It is like the elephant teaching the nightingale. The singing pupil aspiring to create a fine tone should hear the finest voices of her class and then strive to do a great deal better.

"So many of the popular conceptions upon music are wholly conventional. People like or dislike what they are told to. There is very little fresh and original thought upon the subject. The dictum of the professional musician is taken as final, until some revolutionist like Wagner throws it over. I have learned a barrelful of new things about music. I used to hear Mozart greatly lauded for his compositions. To me Mozart is one of the least melodic of the composers—that is, he shows the least invention—far less to my mind than Bellini, Rossini, Donizetti and Verdi. I am not speaking about his craftsmanship but about his sense of melodic invention. Still, were I to utter this thought in the presence of the professional musician I would be rewarded with a smile of derision. He would intimate that there was something wrong with my discernment—yet he would not comment when I told him that my favorite symphony was the incomparable Beethoven *Ninth*. On the other hand, my favorite ballad is *Kathleen Mavourneen,* and my favorite violin solo is the Gounod-Bach *Ave Maria.* Great names, big reputations, mean nothing to me—it is the music itself that appeals to me.

"Popular taste in music is pretty well defined. I have had 126,000,000 records we sold charted on diagrams; and it is amazing to see how the law of average works with surprising regularity. The public likes music of a certain kind and goes on liking it year after year. On the whole, public taste is tending toward the better music and by better music I do not mean complicated or eccentric music.

I cannot conceive that music like that of the extremists, such as Debussy and his followers, will ever meet with very great favor at any time in the future. It seems to me like music that anyone could make. By what art principles are such musical jumbles justified? They sound like interrupted conversations. One is just about to say something of interest when he is foolishly interrupted with some entirely different thought. Insane people blabber on in such fashion. Such a work as the *Sextet from Lucia* is a masterpiece beside much of the idiotic stuff we hear in these days as 'modern' music. It is like the cubist pictures which look as though someone had accidentally upset a pot of paint on the canvas.

"The creation of melodies is one of the most difficult things in music. I had an examination made of the themes of 2700 waltzes. In the final analysis they consisted of about 43 themes, worked over in various ways. Of all the writers, Johann Strauss proved the most inventive of all waltz composers. He had the real melodic gift. Of course I do not include Chopin in this, as his waltzes are not conventional waltzes. Chopin had a wonderful melodic gift—marvelous. Nevertheless, his *Funeral March,* by which he is known to the most people, seems to me greatly inferior to the Beethoven funeral march. It is not improbable that Chopin received his inspiration for this work from the older Beethoven composition."



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DR RICHARD STRAUSS

NEW PATHS AND VISIONS IN MUSICAL PROGRESS

DR. RICHARD STRAUSS

Biographical

Dr. Richard Strauss, generally acknowledged among the musicians of all countries as the foremost living master in his field, is often referred to as "Richard II," intimating his succession to Richard Wagner. Dr. Strauss was born at Munich, June 11, 1864. *His first teacher was A. Tombo, who was the Court Harpist. Tombo taught the boy piano, beginning when Richard was only four years of age. Strauss' father, who was a noted French horn player and a finely trained musician, soon saw that the child had extraordinary gifts. At the age of six the boy wrote his first composition, a Polka in C. At eight he commenced studying violin with B. Walter. At ten he entered the Gymnasium, remaining until he was fifteen. At eleven he commenced his studies in composition, instrumentation, etc., with F. W. Meyer, continuing until he was fifteen. At the age of sixteen he surprised his teachers and his classmates at the Gymnasium with a Chorus from "Elektra" and a Festival Chorus. At seventeen Levi, the famous conductor, produced the Strauss "Symphony" in D minor (Op.* 4), *which created a sensation. Thereafter works of magnificent character and heroic dimensions followed in remarkably rapid succession until he had given to the world such classics as the symphonic poems "Don Juan," "Death and Transfiguration," "Macbeth," "Thus Spoke Zarathustra," "Don Quixote," "A Hero's Life," the "Domestic Symphony," the "Alpine Symphony," to say nothing of such remarkable operas as "Salome," "Elektra," "The Rose Cavalier," "Ariadne at Naxos," "Joseph's Legend," and his latest work, "The Woman Without a Shadow." In addition to this there have been a splendid series of songs and smaller works.*

There seems to be a popular impression that musical originality has reached its furthermost frontiers and that further development in the art is likely to be along the line of grotesque and erratic tone combinations which seem, to many, quite alien to musical minds trained in the masterpieces of Beethoven, Mozart, Schumann, Brahms and Wagner. Many times have I been asked questions indicating that the uninformed in music fear that there can be no further advance in the art along rational, wholesome, sane lines. Nothing could be further from the truth. Rather than being on the frontiers of our art, it is possible for any thoughtful person with vision to see vast opportunities for progress along just those paths made sacred to us by the masters of the past. Indeed, the most that can be hoped will be that many of the writers who have been indulging in what might be termed a spree of senseless cacophony, more like the irrational ravings of a demented person than real art, will return to the very beautiful heights of pure melody.

Great music is always representative of an age. If everyone in this age were mentally unbalanced, music without sanity would be appropriate, but this is not the case and no one will agree that such music is representative of the greater number of intelligent people or of the age itself.

Real art always tends toward simplicity. The simplest thing in music and at the same time the most difficult thing is the making of a beautiful melody. No matter how ingenious the harmony, no matter how complicated the counterpoint, nothing identifies the work of the real musician so clearly as the ability to conceive and develop original and beautiful melodies. Harmony and counterpoint may be learned, but unless the musician can create melodies he may know all the harmony and counterpoint in the world and fail to produce anything of any interest

whatever. The really great masters of the past are those who have combined the gift for making melodies with the technique of writing. Some individuals have had the ability to make charming melodies which have gone down to posterity as lovely folk songs—others have had wonderful technique in writing, but no gift for melody. It is the combination which effects mastery.

In my own music I find myself continually tending toward simplicity and pure melody. The simpler and the clearer the better. The more complicated music becomes the more unlikely it is to survive unless it possesses the true melodic character. Incoherent jumbles of notes do not live and go down through the centuries. The beautiful melodies of Mozart, Beethoven, Bach, Schubert and others will.

In America there has been a notable advance in musical appreciation in the last decade. Of course, there has been an advance along modernistic lines all over the world. With the great number of eminent musicians now residing in America, with the rich opportunities for hearing fine music and with the ever-expanding audience it would be strange if there had not been unusual progress. Your remarkable auditoriums, your orchestras (notably the Philadelphia Orchestra) equal in every way to the finest orchestras imaginable anywhere, have laid a foundation upon which America may hope to build much in the future. In all parts of America I have been delighted with the reception given me and the serious interest shown in my music. It has not been possible for me, as yet, to make a sufficient study of the most recent development along the line of competition in America to comment authoritatively upon it. I have seen some works of Mr. Carpenter, of Chicago, that have impressed me very much.

To the stranger visiting America the most notable external feature is, of course, the wonderful architectural

development. The progress in this direction is staggering. I do not refer merely to the great buildings, amazing in their height, sometimes very beautiful but often hideous in their narrow confines, but to the vast number of extremely beautiful and substantial public structures embodying all the rich and impressive principles of architectural art. This is also to be seen in the great number of remarkable residences in cities and in the suburban districts. Where the highest skill of the architect and the decorator has been directed toward structural artistic tendencies, there is much to expect in all branches of artistic development. This should reflect itself in all the literature, the music and the painting of the new world. It cannot fail to make its impression on young minds.

I am told that the interest in American orchestras and orchestral music is increasing very rapidly in America. This is a very healthy sign. Orchestral music demands intelligent appreciation and at the same time fosters appreciation. I am asked whether the future advances in music will demand many changes in the make-up of the orchestra. There will be changes, of course, but they will come very gradually as they have come in the past. The orchestras of Haydn which usually numbered less than forty men have grown until the present-day orchestras number in the vicinity of one hundred men. Yet the orchestras of Haydn and Mozart were entirely adequate for the music and the auditoriums of that day. This is a day of immense undertakings and there are frequent attempts to present perfectly huge orchestras of from two hundred to five hundred players. With the usual auditorium such great bodies of players are unnecessary, as the orchestra of one hundred or thereabouts is adequate for effects. It is all very well to have immense massed choruses because they are more compact and come more readily under the command of the baton, but huge orchestras cover

such a great space and require such a great amount of careful drilling that they are rarely worth the effort and expense required to bring them about.

With the broadening musical interest there should also be a breadth in musical education. It is my belief that every child who studies music seriously should study two instruments. This is a feature of almost all European musical conservatories. There the piano student, for instance, is expected to take up an auxiliary instrument—the violin, for instance. The violin student is expected to take up another instrument—let us say the piano. This unquestionably makes for better musicianship and is a good idea to follow in all musical education. The piano is very probably the best instrument to study at the start because of its complete character, but later on every piano student destined to follow a musical career should study some instrument in which he is obliged to create the tones as he is compelled to do in the case of the violin, the viola, the 'cello, the double bass, etc.

In the field of musical composition the advanced student of today is compelled to make studies and researches in harmony far in excess of his forefathers. At the beginning the elements of harmony and the methods of studying it are very much the same as in former years. Richter, Jhadassohn and the more modern books along similar lines still suffice. I myself studied Richter. It is after these books have been mastered that the real work commences. There are no books on harmony or composition like the researches which the student will make himself in reading the scores of the great masterpieces. The subject is too vast and the field too great. Anyone who expects to learn composition from any book or from any library of books will be miserably disappointed. The study of grammar is very necessary to the writer but it will never teach him how to turn out literature. The great book is music itself.

Study the works of Bach, of Beethoven, of Brahms, of Wagner. See how they achieved their effects. As I have commented before, none of these masters reached the frontiers of art, because art has no frontiers. There is always room for advance, always room for progress. Yet in their day one was considered an extremist going out into the great unknown and perhaps going further than he should. This was even the case of Haydn, who in his time was denounced as a cacophonist. Imagine such a thing!



SERGEI RACHMANINOFF

PRACTICAL ASPECTS OF PIANO PLAYING

SERGEI RACHMANINOFF

Biographical

Regarded by most of his contemporaries as the greatest composer for the piano since the time of Chopin and Liszt (with the possible exception of Edvard Grieg), Mr. Rachmaninoff has spent many years of his artistic career in America, playing in music centers in all parts of the country and meeting hosts of American musicians. This has naturally given him a fine purview of our artistic advance and our artistic needs. Rachmaninoff (sometimes spelled Rachmaninov) was born at Onega, Province of Novgorod, Russia, April 2, 1873. From 1882 to 1885 he was a pupil of Demyansky in the Petrograd Conservatory. From 1889 to 1891 he studied in Moscow at the Conservatorium, with his cousin, Alexander Siloti, the noted pianist and conductor, and at the same time took up his studies in composition with Taneiev and Arensky. There he won the gold medal. In 1899 the London Philharmonic engaged him to appear as composer, pianist and conductor. After several years spent in conducting, playing and teaching, he settled in Dresden, devoting most of his time to composition and tours as a pianist. In 1909 he made his first tour of America. He is now regarded as the foremost of living Russian composers. His compositions are modern, but untainted with futurism and sensationalism. His works are rich in invention, imagination and technical skill. They are characterized with the power, brilliance and lofty idealism that one would expect from this scion of a noble Russian family. He has written three one-act operas, several symphonic works for large orchestra and chorus, inspiring songs, masterly concertos, and many notable shorter works for the piano.

The art of playing the piano has not reached its limits and it is very questionable whether the standards of attainment at the keyboard are anything like as high today as they were in the days of Anton Rubinstein. To my mind these performances transcended all who have appeared since their time. Indeed, I might be so extravagant as to assert that Anton Rubinstein played twice as well as any who are playing today. Rubinstein was a pianistic marvel born to master the instrument, to glorify it, to devour it, as it were. Rubinstein had something more than technic. He embraced all the qualities that a master of the keyboard should have. Notwithstanding the difficulty of Chopin and Liszt compositions, they are all pianistic. There are two kinds of difficulties: Difficulties which exist because the composer does not recognize the nature of the piano and makes his works uncomfortable for the performer, with no gain whatever in pianistic effect, and the difficulties which are pianistic, that is, always playable, always in the *genre* of the instrument.

Of course all composers have their admirers, their followers. Often the admirers are such because of their personal inclinations. They are ignorant of what constitutes real beauty in piano composition and piano playing. They learn that it is fashionable to admire certain phases of what is termed futurism. They like the pose of being "modern," "up-to-date," and they affect to like the works that no human being with a rational mind could possibly enjoy. Such a public rarely thinks for itself; it is much more comfortable for them to accept a fashion which others applaud, even if that fashion is altogether hideous. Human nature is odd in this respect. Time, however, decides between the permanent and the artificial and inevitably preserves the good, the true and the beautiful.

The piano is the most obvious instrument and for that reason will always be the one which has the greatest appeal

to the amateur. It is the door to musical literature, because of its command of bass, treble and the other inner voices. It is simply indispensable in music because of this. It is not nearly so difficult as the violin, because the tones are already made at the keyboard and the player does not have to go through the experience of finding them as on a violin.

It is true that the piano does not develop the sense of hearing as does an instrument on which the student is expected to make his own tones; but for the most part it is decidedly the best instrument for the beginner. Musical talents come into the world with marked inclinations toward certain instruments. If a great genius is discovered with inclinations toward the violin, this should be encouraged.

The training of the ear may probably be best developed through singing. In Russia, in the government schools, this is one of the compulsory studies. The pupil must go through his classes in solfeggio, and it is not regarded as a matter of secondary interest. He is not taught solfeggio with the idea of making him a singer, but with the thought that unless he learns to hear his music and understands the intervals, his playing and singing can never be more than merely mechanical. The singing improves the rhythm.

The advantage of the government school is that unless the student manifests real talent, he is not permitted to continue. He may go to a private school if he chooses, but the State did not undertake to give him a musical training unless it was convinced that music was the career for which he was best fitted. In America practically all the schools are private. The pupil is regarded as a business asset to be retained and taught as long as a modicum of talent warrants his continuance.

One hears a great deal about the danger of too much

technic in America, which seems absurd. To my mind the first thing a pupil should seek is to acquire as much technic as he can possibly comprehend. This is the reason why it is necessary to begin at a very early age. A technic must be built, just as a house must be built. It takes years to do this. There are no real short-cuts. The muscles grow in power and dexterity, through a course of years of daily hard work. When one begins late in life, it is possible, of course, to learn to play, often in a very gratifying manner; but it is very rare that it is possible to acquire a huge technic which is really a mixture of hard practice and years. I know of no pianist who began late in life to study the instrument who ever acquired a great technic. Show me an exception. Make your start at six or seven, not nineteen or twenty, if you hope to get the technic which every public artist must possess. This should not discourage those who, starting later in life, hope to play the instrument well. They may play it well, but they will never have the virtuoso technic which the public of today demands. Strangely enough, however, if the hand and mind are trained in youth, it is possible, after a lapse of years, to start to build again and produce very unusual results. The technic acquired in youth seems to remain as a kind of musical capital.

Personally, I am a great believer in scales and arpeggios. What is there to excel them? When you can play them well you can begin to study with the proper technical background.

Two hours daily is none too much to devote to technic until the hands and muscles receive that drilling and exercise which they must have for the great tasks of performing the masterpieces of the art. In Russia it is the aim of the best schooled teachers to accomplish as much of this as is compatible with the health of the child, as early as possible. In fact, by the time the student reaches the

first to the sixth classes he is through with most of it. When he reaches his sixth class, he is confronted with an examination before he is permitted to pass to the next grade. This technical examination has largely to do with scales, arpeggios and exercises. If he cannot pass this he stops there until he can. That is how much Russia thinks of technic, and we have had the reputation of producing some astonishing technicians.

The examination given is of a nature that may interest some American students and teachers. At least the following outline will show in part, how thorough it is. The pupil by this time is supposed to know his scales and his arpeggios, as well as the average child knows the multiplication tables. In other words, his knowledge and skill are expected to be ready at once. He is not supposed to hesitate to gather his wits. When the direction is given by the examiner he is expected to play the scale, or arpeggio immediately as directed.

The student on coming into the examination room is told that he will be examined upon the scales and arpeggios centered, as it were, upon a given note, "A," for example. He does not know in advance what note he will be examined upon. First come the scales. The metronome is set and the pupil is directed to play eight notes to a beat, or any given number, in any rhythm the examiner determines upon. First, he would possibly be asked to play the scale of A major, then that of A minor, in the different forms. Then he might be asked to play the scale of G major, starting with A, then C major, then F major, then D major, then B flat, then E major; in fact, any major or minor scale containing A. The examiner notes at once whether the student has the fingering of the scales at his fingertips, whether he employs the right fingers for each scale. It is comparatively simple to play the scales in a given key from octave to octave; but,

when you think of it, they rarely appear in such form in actual composition. Rather does one find a snatch of a scale here and there. Unless the student knows how to finger these snatches of scales with the approved fingering, his scale study is at fault. The main value of scale study is to acquaint the hand and the brain with the most adequate fingering so that when the playing emergency comes in a piece the hand will naturally spring to the right fingering.

A similar process is encountered in playing the arpeggios. A certain note is taken for examination purposes, let us say A again. The student is requested to play the arpeggio of the major triad on A, then the minor triad, and then the triad of which the note A is the major third (in this instance the triad would be that of F and the arpeggio would be played in the first inversion or 6 position). Next he might give the same triad with an augmented 5th, that is the triad F, A, C♯, but always starting the arpeggio with the letter A and with the correct fingering. He would next be asked for the 6/4 chord on A, that is the chord of which A is the fifth. This would be the chord D, F♯, A; but the student plays it in the position of A D F♯. Then would come the minor of the same chord A D F. The following list of chords, followed by the fingering of a few notes of the arpeggio, shows what is intended.




4
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12

When the pupil is directed to play the six-five chord on A, his mind immediately reverts to the scales and arpeggios of the key of B flat and the fingering for that key. It is by no means enough merely to be able to play a scale starting or ending with the key note. The pupil must know instantly what finger must go upon a prescribed note in the given scale. Thus A would have the following fingers in the scales as indicated:

Scale of G—A has second finger in right hand.
Scale of A—A has thumb in right hand.
Scale of C—A has third finger in right hand.
Scale of B flat—A has third finger in right hand.
Scale of D—A has second finger in right hand.
Scale of F—A has third finger in right hand.
Scale of C—A has third finger in right hand.

To be able to start on a given note in any key, with the right finger and without hesitation, indicates that the student really knows the scales thoroughly and is not guessing at them. To do this he must know all the scales and must have thought about them as well as practiced them digitally at the keyboard.

Every Russian student in the earlier grades knows that to proceed he must master this. It stands as a barrier in his way until he surmounts it. It is only one of the phases of technical drill for which the conservatories of Russia were famous. Rapid later progress in the art of playing the piano is in a large measure due to the fact that one is not encumbered with the need for developing a technic which should have been mastered in youth.

But, you say, that is an examination in harmony as well as keyboard technic. Unquestionably, since both hang together. In learning the scales and arpeggios, one absorbs a ready knowledge of keys and chords which can hardly ever be gotten by paper examinations alone. The mind is trained to instantaneous thinking. What is the result?

When a pupil takes up a composition of Beethoven, Schumann or Chopin, he does not have to waste hours studying special fingerings. He knows them almost intuitively and can give his attention to the more artistic phases of his work.

THE THRESHOLD OF VOCAL ART

MME. AMELITA GALLI-CURCI

Biographical

Mme. Amelita Galli-Curci was born in Milan. Her early ambition was to become a pianist. After her graduation from the Milan Conservatorio, with the first prize and diploma, she made many very successful concert appearances as a virtuoso pianist. Her repertoire was comprehensive, her technic brilliant and her tonal coloring brought high encomiums from the critics. After hearing Busoni at a concert, however, she was so overcome by the enormity of his technical skill that she went home, closed her piano and decided to abandon her musical career. It was then that she "discovered" her voice. It is more truthful to say that it was discovered by Pietro Mascagni, the famous composer, who was a friend of her family. Exactly six years after her debut as a piano virtuoso in Milan, she appeared as Gilda in "Rigoletto" at the Teatro Costanzi in Rome with pronounced success. The marvel of it was that she had received no vocal instruction but had studied everything by herself. True, she had attended opera since childhood, and her family was musical; but what she achieved by herself is one of the startling instances of self-instruction in music. After her successes in Italy, Spain, South America and Cuba, she came to America, still a comparatively unknown singer in this country. When she was brought to the attention of Campanini, then impresario of the Chicago Opera Company, he immediately recognized her immense possibilities. Her debut in Chicago, November 18, 1916, *as Gilda, was one of the most sensational appearances in American history. Since then her successes have been a continual procession of triumphs in America, England and Australia. Mme. Galli-Curci is a woman of exceptionally broad culture, remarkably*



MME. AMELITA GALLI-CURCI

well read, possessing a library in various languages (with which she has an uncanny familiarity) which would be the envy of many a college. Her husband, who accompanies her at all her concerts, is Mr. Homer Samuels, a well-known American composer of Welsh ancestry.

It has always been my very decided impression that while only hard, long, unremitting work can make an artist, singers are unquestionably born with certain throat formations and certain mental and emotional endowments which are the essential basis for the superstructure of labor and persistence which in the end brings success.

It would seem silly to me to think otherwise. One can never make a crow sing like a thrush although they are both birds, both have throats and both make noises. You can never make a bass sing like a soprano nor a tenor sing like an alto. Their throat formation makes it impossible. In a less degree the throat of every human being differs just as the features of everyone are slightly different from others.

Singing teachers, pointing to some singer with a poor natural vocal equipment but with great mentality, great soul and great persistence, who, by dint of unremitting labor, attains success, preach, "voices are made, not born." Naturally it brings them pupils; but it has been also the source of the cruelest kind of disappointment to thousands of students who, after years of study, realize that they have spent their time and money chasing an *ignis fatuus*—a will-o-the-wisp through the swamps of musical despair.

Probably every voice can be improved by sensible, skilful instruction in the hands of a real vocal master, but every voice has its limitations that came to it with birth; and no singer and no teacher can pass beyond those limitations. If this were not true there would be a hundred thousand prima donnas in America now instead of a very

few. The honest teachers know this and do not hesitate to state the truth to their pupils.

A musical and vocal ancestry does not always insure vocal success. Patti's parents were opera singers, as were Malibran's. My own mother was a singer but not a professional. My grandmother, Carolnia Galli-Rota, was a well-known opera singer, and her husband, Giovanni Galli, was an operatic conductor of note. I was eleven when I last heard my grandmother. Her voice is still in my ears. I heard her sing once the famous aria from *Il Barbiere di Siviglia, "Una Voce poco Fa,"* and the smoothness and brilliance with which she sang were unforgettable. I am sure that I absorbed a great deal subconsciously through hearing my grandmother and other singers at the opera and at our home.

Italy has produced a great many singers of world renown. Some have attributed this to the climate, some to the diet, some to the open-air life. These may have helped; but it seems to me that the most important element in the success of the Italian-born singer is the Italian language itself. Its lovely open vowels, ah, ay, ee, oh, oo, emitted from a perfectly open throat, tend to avoid from birth the obstacles with which many singers of other lands have to struggle. I often wonder why, on the threshold of vocal art, the voice teachers do not teach their pupils to read aloud sonorous sonnets and beautiful prose, giving each vowel its most beautiful quality. I am sure that a half hour or an hour a day, spent in cultivating a sense of vowel beauty, would be quite as valuable for many singers as time spent in so-called vocal exercises which are worthless because the vowel sense has not been developed. I would even urge them to learn the beautiful Italian language for this purpose; because the Italian poets and authors make a conscious effort to have all of their sentences rich and beautiful in sound.

Of course, poets in other tongues, Tennyson, Heine, Racine, Lowell, all strove to have their verses musical; but there is something about the Italian language that lends itself to the free emission of vowels so that the mere recitation of some of the Italian verse is as beautiful as a song. Mme. Elonora Duse was an instance of this. Her voice was music in itself.

The realization of beauty transmits itself to the voice without question. America is a glorious country and its natural beauties are unsurpassed. On the other hand there is still a great deal that is ugly in its cities. During the last twenty-five years the country has made great strides in beautification. This in time will show itself upon the American voice. In the Italy of Caruso and Gigli and other great masters of singing, the child is taught to love beauty—beauty in nature and beauty in art. Beauty is emphasized everywhere. America, until recent years, has been famed largely for its business prowess. The art instinct has been here evidenced by the early American painters and by the poets, architects and others. But America had more serious business for its welfare on hand. Its great problem was to build, to utilize its territory, to assimilate the multitudes that were pouring in from all the countries of the world.

If we are to consider the thresholds of vocal art, it would be absurd to talk learnedly upon the subject and fail to treat upon these principles of life upon which all great ultimate success must depend. All these things have a psychic effect upon the voice and upon the art of singing. They are of vastly more importance to the future of vocal art in our country than are solfeggios and teachers with big names.

The singer's musical knowledge is also fundamental. The time is coming when the vocalist who has the voice

of an angel and the musicianship of a poll-parrot will have difficulty in drawing large audiences.

Learn an instrument by all means. The singer cannot well begin vocal work in earnest before the age of eighteen or nineteen; but during the previous years she can perfect herself as the performer upon some instrument and ever after have the great advantages that this will bring her. I began the study of the piano at the age of five. I heard practically all of the notable operatic performances at La Scala until I was seventeen. At first I practiced piano about one and a half hours a day, eventually practicing three hours a day. At the Milan Conservatory I had to learn the major works of Beethoven, Haydn, Mozart, Schumann, Chopin and Bach. I played the Chopin *E Minor Concerto* and all of the "Forty-eight Fugues of Bach." After graduation, in addition to my work as a concert pianist, I taught pianoforte for four years. This experience, as well as that of having the guidance of musical parents, was of incalculable value to me. I can well remember my father playing over the score of such an opera as *Tristan and Isolde* before going to his office. In such an atmosphere it was difficult not to be a musician.



DR. FRANK CRANE

MUSIC—THE JOY AND THE NEED OF EVERY MAN

DR. FRANK CRANE

Biographical

Dr. Frank Crane's reputation in his own country has been a matter of constant but not particularly rapid development. During the last few years, however, the enormous popularity of his articles and editorials have brought him to the attention of a large and ever-increasing audience which is often surprised to learn of his many activities in the past. That he was a musician and music teacher for years, will certainly be news to thousands. Frank Crane was born at Urbana, Ill., May 12, 1861. *He was a student at the Illinois Western University and at the Nebraska Wesleyan University. He was ordained for the Methodist Ministry in* 1882 *and was successively pastor of many exceptionally successful Methodist and Congregational churches. In* 1909, *seeking a still larger congregation and a broader literary and public field, he entered journalism, his articles being syndicated in newspapers all over the United States. Meanwhile he had found time to write a small library of inspirational books upon such subjects as "The Religion of Tomorrow," "The Song of the Infinite," "Human Confessions," "God and Democracy," "Lame and Lovely," "Footnotes to Life," "War and World Government," "Just Human," "Adventures in Common Sense," "The Looking-Glass," "Christmas and the Year Round." He speaks continually to a larger audience than a thousand clergymen, and his influence for good at the present upset time is rational, practical, vigorous and immense.*

Lucky is he who discovers that he has real talent; but most unlucky is he who imagines that he has talent and

finds after it is too late that he has only a tendency. This distinction is not original with me, because Goethe phrased it long ago. It applies, however, to many people who would be musicians. It also accounts for much wasted effort. The professional musicians should be developed from those who have real talent, not merely those who have the tendency.

The splendid thing is, however, that nearly everyone has the tendency for music, can enjoy music and may, with a little delightful work, enormously increase his interest in one of the most exquisite of all the joys of life—Music.

The day of confining music to the large city is now happily past. We are in a new musical era. Of course one must have a great opera house to make the dramatic spectacles connected with music that we label opera; but, bless you, opera is only a very small and to my mind quite uninfluential part of the whole big scheme of music. With the constant spread of information by means of the "reproducers," whether it be the printing press reproducer, the phonograph reproducer, the player-piano reproducer or the radio reproducer, matters little; the fact is that the little fellow way off yonder now has a chance to get almost as much music as he is willing to work for. Don't fool yourself by thinking that the home of talent must be getting as close to Albert Hall, the Gewandhaus, La Scala, the Auditorium or Carnegie Hall as possible. Culture does not stand at the corner of Forty-Second Street and Broadway, nor only in the halls of Harvard, Princeton, Yale or Columbia. The educated men and women of tomorrow, as always in the past, will not be limited to those who have had the opportunities, but will include those who mould the opportunities out of the white metal of life. Another quotation from Goethe is right to the

point: "Es bildet ein talent sich in der stille" (Talent is developed in retirement).

The difference today is that the "reproducing" opportunities I have mentioned are so enormously greater. It is being shown everywhere. Only one who tried to study music by himself as I did years ago can realize the enormous difference. I had no lessons and no chance to get lessons. The reason? We were a large family and our father was a clergyman. Yet I had a tremendous tendency toward music. Nothing could have stood in the way of a tendency like that. I simply had to play. When you have that feeling strong enough you will play in time unless someone cuts your hands off.

Unfortunately for me, I never had anyone to provide me with the proper kind of craftsmanship. What do I mean? I mean sharp tools and the knowledge of how to use them to best advantage. I plunged right into music itself, playing difficult music but never attending to the getting of craftsmanship. That is, I never had anyone to insist upon my training my hands, *my tools,* sharpening them on five-finger exercises, scales, arpeggios, polyphonic exercises and studies. I had the tendency, I think I had the vision and possibly some talent for music, but I lacked the guidance of a good teacher. However, when I started to teach music myself years later, I realized that students should have that very craftsmanship that I had skipped, and I dosed them with all kinds of technical exercises that seemed in any way necessary to me.

It is all very well to do as I did in studying—that is taking a Beethoven Sonata or a Schubert *Moment Musical,* picking it to pieces and devouring it a little chunk at a time, memorizing the pieces and reading books about the pieces; but sooner or later you will find that the fellow who has just acquired the craftsmanship will do the same pieces just a little better and often in much shorter time.

While the things that make the great artists are Vision, Spiritual Insight, Great Love for Mankind, and other higher qualities of the soul, the music student, whether he inspires to be an interpretative artist or a creative artist, must not forget that he cannot become anything until he has the ability to *handle the clay*. Some people never acquire this ability. Some do not need to acquire it. One of the greatest minds of the times is that of H. G. Wells. He could have no stronger admirer of his *History* than I am. I think that it should be in the possession of every growing young man or woman. He has mastered the craft of writing but could never govern, despite his learning and vision, in political matters. Lloyd-George is the man for that—he is a born governor. President Wilson, with his vision and ideals, was possibly the biggest man at the Peace Table; but as a governor he was not in the same class with Lloyd-George. Wilson knew the rules and regulations; but Lloyd-George knows his clay.

Every great artist aspires for higher and higher craftsmanship. Michelangelo was irritated by certain limitations of his craft and always sought to overcome them. Leonardo da Vinci, likewise, worked years and years for the *Mona Lisa* smile, so that there seems to lurk a similar smile in nearly everything he did.

In my case I had plenty of musical ideas; but I didn't have the trained fingers. As a consequence my music soon developed into music teaching; because there, while craftsmanship was desirable, it was not strictly necessary. I had a big class and continued it even while I was in the ministry because I enjoyed it so much.

Perhaps your readers will think I am talking too much upon craftsmanship, but I want to make it clear that it is all essential and that the only way to get it is through technic, Czerny, Cramer, Clementi and others. My old

bills at music stores will tell the story of what kind of stuff I used.

Not having the craft, it soon became necessary after a time to do all I could without it. This meant slurring over difficulties; but I did not let it spoil my fun in music. My left hand missed fire every now and then, but I got the spirit of things and it has added a thousand per cent to my delight in life. I advise every young person to get at least enough music to be able to enjoy it. Do not be misled by all that I have said about craftsmanship. Craftsmanship and musical vision do not always go together. The vision, the understanding, is the most important. Take, for instance, the case of the very skilful vaudeville player who can do almost anything imaginable with his fingers but who has no musical feeling and no brain power.

One of the proudest moments of my life was when I found that I could play through the *Sonata Pathetique* acceptably (to myself at least). It was all a matter of love and persistence. You see, I loved the Sonata and wanted to do it very, very much. Any humble pupil who has the time, inclination and sticktoitiveness can do at least that if he keeps at it long enough.

As more and more activities came into my life I was obliged to give up music teaching and my interest in music since then has been largely a matter of appreciation. I have constantly tried to keep myself familiar with musical thought in the modern sense, through reading, attending concerts, the phonograph and so forth. I was forty-five years of age before I began to get an understanding of Wagner. I was a Mainstreeter and glad of it. My wife and I came from our home on a visit to New York and we heard *Tristan and Isolde* at the Metropolitan. I was not merely bored but I was indignant to think that such a cacophony could be called music. I went away disgusted with Wagner in every sense of the word. Later we went

to live abroad for some time, and I was attracted to the great number of people who attended the performances of Wagner at the Prinzregenter Theatre at Munich and the Festspiel Theatre at Bayreuth. I said to myself, "There can't be anything wrong with Wagner; it is you, Frank Crane, who must be wrong." So I determined to get an understanding of Wagner and possibly an appreciation. I went to the book shop and bought all the books in German and French I could find that pertained to Wagner in the sense I wanted to grasp. I played and memorized the motifs of all his operas. Then I started to attend the performances. I was sincere with myself but tried not to be obstinate. At first I could not grasp the immensity of Wagner's great musical idioms, but finally during a performance of *Meistersinger* it all seemed to come to me. Since then I have had an ever-growing Wagner appetite.

This case is fairly illustrative, in degree, of the average man who is living on one musical plane—let us say the Jazz plane—but who wishes to climb higher. It is hard to realize that certain millions do not care enough for the best music to induce them to buy that instead of musical bubbles that hardly live long enough to take form. It is a fact, however. But almost any man has an inclination for good music. The main thing is to give folks the inclination. The situation is so much better today and there are so many forces for musical good working to help the great cause along that there is no excuse in these days for the fellow who insists upon eating a meal of musical garbage like the hound dog on the back steps.

Some people seem to think that good music is the result of social advantages of class. Nonsense! Much of the best music is made in the ghettos of Europe. The millworkers of the north of England all sing. Sometimes they have complete little opera companies and give perform-

ances of Gilbert and Sullivan operas in fine style. Music and money are no longer Siamese twins. This is surely the age of music for every man.

I would like to talk to some of those committeemen—self-constituted educators who have never taught anything in all their lives—who used to look upon music as a kind of fad which might easily be dispensed with in school. I taught school for some time when I was fighting for an education myself; and I want to tell you that I had music in my school—not once a day, but plenty of it. I know what a wonderful thing music is to wake up the children, rest their minds, keep them in discipline and inspire them to higher efforts. Why, what under the sun is there that can equal it? It lessened my school duties fifty per cent. I had music half a dozen times a day. It was like turning on new force, new brain energy. The children loved it and so did I. It would be a fine thing if there was more and more music in factories. Not merely an occasional stilted concert by the factory choral society, but music for the people themselves. That means that the folks will have to be trained in school as they are in other countries. Why, do you know, I once went to a church in England where the whole audience, to my surprise, rose and sang Handel's *Hallelujah Chorus*. They all knew it by heart. How many congregations of 3,000 people could be brought together to do that in America? The church is a wonderful place for the dissemination of good music. Once when I came back from Europe I arranged some Wagner motifs as *Amens*. The congregation liked them far better than all the gospel jazz hymns that could have been foisted upon them.

Music is life, wonderful vibrating life. It energizes the greatest machine in the world, the human machine. At home in our family music was not merely a kind of a parlor "whatnot" exhibited to the visitors as a museum

of bad taste. Music came in all the time. There were six brothers of us and we always sang when we came together. Once they gave Bradbury's cantata, *Queen Esther,* in school, and one of our favorite choruses was *More Wine, More Wine*—a strange sentiment for a Methodist minister's home. Sometimes the spirit would take us at the dinner table and we would all start to sing. Hang etiquette! Why shouldn't one sing as well as talk at the dinner table?

We had an old melodeon, and in some way I got hold of Mozart's *Twelfth Mass.* It was like heaven to me. I will not venture to say what it seemed like to the other members of the house; but I do know that before I got through I had driven most of the members of my family out of doors. A twelve-year-old boy, with Mozart's *Twelfth Mass* and an old melodeon can create a lot of commotion. Finally I learned it and even my parents were proud to have me play it for visitors.

Making music and having music made for you are two different things. That is why I am so greatly in favor of congregational singing. Let us have the best music obtainable in our choir lofts; but let us not deny the pewholders the joy of making music themselves. If the pewholders do not take an interest in making music they may not develop an interest in hearing it. Much church music in America is awfully bad just for that reason. People do not go to church to be sung at; they go to sing. They want, first of all, beautiful melodies coming out of their own throats before they want complicated harmonies. John Wesley had the right idea. Many church musicians seem to think that divine worship should be about ninety-five per cent sacred concert and not any too sacred at that. Fortunately the great body of church-goers in America have enough common sense to think differently. Mind you, I consider myself a musician familiar with the best, and our standards of music in the church must be

high, but you can never have a musical church until the people themselves are inspired to take part in the services. I have said that music is life. Perhaps one of the reasons why some churches are dying is that there is no "giving-out" upon the part of the singers in the pews. Revivalists depend upon getting the people to sing. Let the choir hold up the musical standards, but don't forget that worship means participating, forth-putting, "giving-out."

It is psychologically right to regard church music in this light. All the pleasures that are constructive and helpful are "out-going." Did you ever think of that? Opium, alcohol and vice of many kinds are not "out-going." The higher love of a fine man for a noble woman is a matter of devotion. The greater the devotion the greater the joy. Precisely the same thing exists in music. Go to opera, go to fine concerts, hear the best music, but always remember that the loftiest pleasures in music will come to you through the music that you make yourself—the song that comes from your own heart. Sing and the world sings with you. That is the reason why the government found that it was so immensely valuable to have singing leaders connected with the Army and Navy—that singers at public meetings could inspire men and women to subscribe far more for liberty bonds than they would without a song. This is now being transferred to business, and you will find everywhere in groups of men's clubs that song is being used to bring the men closer together in the higher brotherhood of man.

IF FRANZ LISZT SHOULD COME BACK AGAIN

MORITZ ROSENTHAL

Biographical

Moritz Rosenthal was born in Lemberg, Poland, December 19, 1862. *His musical instruction began at the age of seven, with a local teacher named Galath, who was a viola player. His talent was immediately noted and ere long he commenced to study with Chopin's famous pupil, Mikuli, who was then head of the Lemberg Conservatory. At the age of twelve he became a pupil of Joseffy in Vienna. His debut occurred in Vienna in* 1876. *His success was instantaneous, and after a tour of Roumania he was made Court Pianist of Roumania when he was fourteen years of age. From* 1878 *to* 1879 *he studied with Liszt at Weimar and Rome. In fact, he was associated with the great Hungarian master much of the time until* 1886, *when Liszt died at Bayreuth. He studied with him from* 1884-1886. *Feeling that a good classical training was necessary in his work as an interpreter, he studied at the Staats Gymnasium in Vienna and at the University, where he was a pupil in philosophy under Von Zimmerman and Brentano and in esthetics under Hanslick. In* 1884 *he appeared again in Vienna amazing the public and the critics with his enormous technical achievements. His high intellectuality and long study of esthetic values have given him a wide reputation for his masterly interpretations. In* 1912 *he was made Kammervirtuoso for the Emperor of Austria. Mr. Rosenthal is a cousin of Mme. Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler. His compositions are mostly for the pianoforte, the best known being his "Butterflies" and his wonderfully ingenious arrangement of the "Minute Valse" of Chopin (Opus* 64, *No.* 1).



MORITZ ROSENTHAL

Anyone who had the great good fortune to study with Franz Liszt for any considerable period was so captivated with the marvelous individuality of the man, his wonderful musical gifts, his memorable playing and his vigorous mentality that the mere mention of the name conjures up a picture of one of the few really great masters in the long history of musical art. Liszt's playing was supreme in its day. He usually exhausted all of the superlatives of the critics; and with this naturally grew a kind of halo that I of all people should loathe to dispel. Art, however, is truth; and the artist is one who sees clearly, hears clearly, understands clearly and portrays clearly. All that I may say hereafter is done with heartfelt recognition of my personal debt to my master, but at the same time in the interests of the tone-art.

Liszt, if he lived today, would probably be the greatest of living pianists. His powers and his genius would make him that. But the Liszt that I heard, in 1876, and thereafter, and came to know as my friend and my teacher, has been surely equaled, if not surpassed, in technic and tone by several pianists of the present.

If Liszt were living now, he, with his broad grasp, would be among the first to recognize this; and he would immediately set about to place himself at the top. Naturally, around a great man there grow traditions, legends and, one might almost say, superstitions. Liszt, himself, was thoroughly human in every sense. He was a man, first of all; an intensely human, thoroughly brilliant man, with a leaning toward religion, occultism and the mystic, but quite as mundane in some ways as any of the rest of us.

If Liszt should return to us now he would be not only surprised, but also delighted with the tremendous advance in musical art—particularly in piano playing. He would be amazed at the great number of virtuosos. He

would be fascinated by their musicianly tone and he would be astonished at the tempo with which certain of his compositions are ordinarily played in our concert halls.

Take, for instance, Liszt's own *Don Juan Fantasie,* considered by some to be among the most difficult compositions ever written for the piano. In the *Champagne Song* it was the custom to play much slower than the air is sung upon the stage. When I was twenty-two years old I played this for Liszt and he marveled at my speed. If I should play it today at the same speed as I played it then, people would think me to be very cautious—perhaps losing my powers.

If Liszt should return now and come to America, he would stand amazed at the great demand for music in the new world. He would be amazed at the numerous fine halls, the music schools springing up everywhere, and it would delight the soul of this most progressive of all true and great pianists.

What Liszt would say of the musical modernists is hard to tell. It must be remembered that Wagner had no greater champion than Liszt, when most of Europe was laughing at the works of that transcendent genius. Liszt's penetrative mind realized the enormous genius of Wagner when others were deaf to it. At the same time, Liszt was not to be fooled. He was able to distinguish between great genius and men who merely pretended to be geniuses. He would want to "land" somewhere and not feel that he was forever staggering or swooning. Yet, I say, he would see the beauty in Debussy and Scriabine; and, with his penetrative mind, he would see the beauty before anyone else.

There is much music today which I am sure Liszt could never grasp, because it is written outside the pale of human musical comprehension. A great genius—a

Michelangelo, a Velasquez, a Corot—has a God-given sense of determining the permanent, the immortal in art. Liszt had this in music, and that is why he regarded some of his own original compositions, which had the note of immortality, higher than he did his numerous piano arrangements, written around other men's immortal melodies to suit the musical market of the day. Of course, a great many of these arrangements, transcriptions and fantasies have become part of the most valuable pianistic literature of the concert platform. Yet Liszt would be delighted to see artists of the present day playing more and more of his original compositions. Fortunately, in recent years this has been the case. Few composers since the time of Liszt have approached him as a composer for the piano.

The music student of today does not have to work in the way in which many of the students of my day were obliged to work. The whole matter of pianoforte education has been very much more carefully systematized through graded courses of study. The pedagogical methods are infinitely better. Thirty years ago, the teacher told you to bring this or that piece for your lesson. After you had played it you were told it was either good, bad or indifferent. The teacher's parting injunction was, "Now practice hard; and come again in a week and I'll hear you play it." Very seldom the teacher played the piece. There was little in the way of analysis, little in the way of the careful development of detail, little in the study of the harmonic construction of the work. The pupil was dosed with technic in much the same way. There were the notes; what did one have to do but play them on the right keys in the right time? That constituted the average lesson. Of course, there were exceptional teachers, but they were few.

The advance in the demands upon all who play the piano has been so enormous that the student has to work

today almost four times as hard as when Liszt held his master classes at Weimar. But the student today, by means of better pedagogical methods, is able to accomplish so much more. He has so many other helps which are of value to him. The number of concerts is one thing. In Liszt's day the really great pianists could be counted upon the fingers of one hand. When one had enumerated Liszt, Chopin (marvelous genius, but restricted in his pianism through his physical weakness), von Bülow, Rubinstein and Tausig or Henselt, it was difficult to go farther.

Another advance that Liszt would notice, if he were to attend a succession of recitals at Carnegie Hall, is the occasional employment of arm weight in the production of singing tone. This I attribute to the influence of Rubinstein, who developed it more and more in his playing as he advanced in age. Rubinstein used his arms much more than Liszt in this respect. The beauty of the result is indisputable, but has not been adopted universally.

Liszt would also be filled with the keenest pleasure by witnessing another advance in piano playing. I refer to the general adoption of the syncopated pedal, that is, putting down the damper pedal after the note is struck rather than when it is struck. Only in this way can a beautiful cantilena be preserved in melodic passages. Liszt knew of this. However, it was not widely used until the last twenty years. It has made a vast difference in the beauty of piano playing generally; and I consider it the most distinctive difference between the piano playing of forty years ago and of today.

Liszt would also be immensely gratified to find musicians, on the whole, giving a great deal more attention to general culture. Liszt was a broad-gauged man who saw the unwisdom of superficiality. He was cultured; and by culture he did not mean a few accomplishments, but, rather the

serious study of the important problems of life and of art.

The emotional side of music made a strong appeal to Liszt. At the University of Vienna I studied for some time with Dr. Eduard Hanslick, the influential author of many works, including, *On Musical Beauty: A Revision of the Esthetics of the Tone-art.* Hanslick was born in 1825 and died in 1904. Like many music critics, he studied music itself for a time, with a master, in his youth (Tomaschek); but never was a professional, practicing musician, in the larger sense. He surrounded himself with iron-clad theories of beauty, so thick that he could not see out to view the beauties of Wagner. I was repelled by his theories and left him very soon. Therefore I do not find myself in accord with Hanslick in any way. His theory—that music is 'Ein Reihe Bewegte Tone' (a range of moving tones), like the little bits of colored glass in the kaleidoscope, and nothing more, is hopeless to me. He tried to make the world believe that beauty in any musical masterpiece had nothing to do with any emotions, but lay in the musical tones themselves. This takes away the whole significance of music.

As I have said, Liszt would be delighted with the modern use of the pedal. In some modern music, with its whole tone scale and its augmented chords (which by the way are trumped out before us as novelties, when Monteverde discovered them and Chopin and Wagner knew and used them judiciously) the pedal is sometimes used for "atmosphere." The result, only too often, is a fog as opaque as any of which London ever boasted. One must be extremely cautious of the pedal in such works and also in polyphonic works, such as Bach, where a blur or a smear follows the confusion of tones.

I rarely use the middle pedal on the grand piano. In fact, I find that very few pianists employ it. Very much the same effect may be obtained by depressing the damper

pedal a very short distance. That is, the chords in the bass are sustained while those in the treble are not.

Liszt was bored by indifferent playing of any sort. His commanding position naturally made him the target for the world. He was forced to hear many very terrible amateurs. I recollect one instance of a Countess who had a son who persisted in playing the Chopin *Valse,* Opus 64, No. 1 (*Minute Valse*), over and over again, until Liszt dreaded the sight of him. He played the *Valse* fairly well, and Liszt was at a loss to know how to get rid of him without insulting the Countess, with whom he was very friendly. He asked me to play immediately after him my own arrangements of the *Valse,* in which the famous first theme appears in thirds and sixths and is combined with the second theme in one movement. This is done in two ways: First the cantelina theme is in the left hand and the running theme in the right and then this is reversed. This multiplies the difficulties of the performance about ten times, to the average pianist. The young man listened to my arrangement of the *Valse,* with his mouth open, and never again bothered the master with his amateurish performances. Liszt summoned me very often afterwards to play this study for him and his visitors with the words: "Do play us now your Chopin with sauce piquante *á la Rosenthal.*"



MME. MARCELLA SEMBRICH

THE MAKING OF A PRIMA DONNA

MME. MARCELLA SEMBRICH

Biographical

'As Mme. Sembrich's Conference is partly autobiographical, no introductory note is given here.

Never do I recollect the time when music was not the chief interest in my life. Indeed, when a little child I thought that music must certainly be the chief interest in the life of everybody. I was born in the little village of Wisniewczyk in Galicia, Poland. My name was Praxede Marcelline Kochanska. My father, Kasmir Kochanski, had a great natural gift for music. He never had any regular musical instruction of any kind, but he played several instruments excellently and played most of the instruments of the orchestra sufficiently well to give instruction on many of them. My father taught my mother to play the violin after they were married. Her maiden name was Sembrich, and this name I adopted for my career.

We were a most musical family. We formed a quartet composed of my brother as violinist, my father as 'cellist, and my mother as second violinist, while I played the piano. At the age of four I started to study the piano with my father. At six he taught me the violin. Naturally, with music as his main source of livelihood and with a growing family, our means were extremely moderate. But we were gloriously happy with the joy that music brought into our simple little home.

True, we had to work very hard for some of the advantages we wanted, but there was a beneficial side to that. My father, for instance, coveted the scores of the symphonies of Haydn and Mozart. They were too expensive to purchase and therefore he borrowed them and set me to work copying them part for part from the score. Thus, when I was a little girl of ten, I had copied by the light of a candle many great symphonies note for note for all the instruments. I thought it rather an arduous task, but nevertheless was absorbed in listening in imagination to the instruments as I copied each line. You see, music took the place of dolls for me. When my father made me my first violin I was one of the happiest children in the world. I loved it dearly and fondled it with unbounded pleasure.

At the age of twelve, being considered a wonder-child, I made many public appearances as a violinist as well as a pianist. My father, however, wisely realized that I still had "everything to learn." Accordingly he took me to Lemberg, Galicia, where I studied the piano with Prof. W. Stengel, who was also of Polish nationality, and at the same time I became the pupil of Bruckman for the violin at the Conservatory. I continued the piano for four years with Professor Stengel, little realizing that one day he was to become my beloved husband. He felt that if I was to go on with my career I would require additional instruction. Accordingly I was taken to Vienna, where I continued the violin under Josef Helmesberger, the director of the conservatory, and the piano with Julius Epstein, senior. When Liszt heard me play one of his Rhapsodies on the piano and Wieniawski's arrangement of Polish themes on the violin, he was greatly pleased, but when he heard my voice he said:

"Sing, sing for the world; for your voice is that of an angel."

This determined my career. Thereafter I began study-

ing singing with Rochitanski, in Vienna, and at the same time continued the piano and the violin. After one year I went to study singing in Milan with the younger Lamperti.

In 1877 Professor Stengel and I were married and went to Athens where I made my debut in Bellini's *Puritani,* and later returned to Vienna to study my repertoire with German text, and then followed a two-year engagement in Dresden at the Grand Opera. My debut in London at Covent Garden was in *Lucia,* in 1880, thereupon followed directly my season of Grand Opera in Madrid and the first of my fifteen seasons in St. Petersburg and Moscow. My debut in New York was in 1883, also in *Lucia.*

Many students and singers come to me for advice and instruction, naturally more than I am able to help. The American girl, intelligent, industrious and with great ambition, expects to perform wonders without proper preparation. A girl who has the good fortune of being able to begin studying when she is eighteen to become a singer but has no previous sound musical foundation, as well as lacking a knowledge of languages, starts her study of singing with a great handicap, especially in these days when music has so advanced in complexity. The piano is literally indispensable for the proper study of roles and thorough knowledge of the score. I found the violin invaluable as a study of intonation, legato and phrasing. We learn from violinists and they learn from us. With some the matter of pitch is inborn, with others it must be acquired by painstaking study.

The general lack of knowledge of languages among many, many young students is greatly to be regretted. If one sings "parrotwise" how can one have originality or feel inspiration? To understand the spirit of a language one must be able to speak it fluently, and at once acquire the habit of using clear vowels, rather than some horribly

garbled sounds, and in like measure realize the importance of consonants. It is necessary, of course, to have grammatical knowledge but that must be supplemented by real speech. The careful study of languages trains the ear for quality. This is necessarily of immense value in learning true musical style and increasing one's power of interpretation. Sufficient stress is not laid upon speaking the beautiful English language with agreeable quality of voice and clear enunciation. When I do find real talent, it is a great compensating joy. Such a pupil realizes that voice is not everything but that brains and work are indispensable.

It is an unspeakable help to the fine-looking American girl when she also has assiduity, musical intelligence, good health, good carriage, a true knowledge of language and perhaps most of all when she knows how to listen and to hear. Those who earnestly entertain the thought of becoming artists should realize that it means sacrifices, as nothing worth while can be attained without readiness to give up amusements and willingness to make the most of each day, not only with vocal preparation in the company of Concone, Bordogni, Marchesi, etc., but also by studying harmony and languages. For instance, when a young singer longs to have a career, and wants to study the Wagner roles, how long will it take her if she has merely a superficial idea of the German language—she knows nothing of the poets, has never read a single book or play—how can she possibly suddenly acquire the deeper meaning of the text of an opera or the atmosphere of a song? I have studied all my life, I have sung with the great singers of my time, and still feel that as long as I teach, I am learning all the time as I study new problems with every pupil. It seems difficult to put the understanding of all this into the hearts of the pupils; they are so easily satisfied.

When I went to the elder Lamperti for further study I knew that the great Maestro realized above all the value of legato. He was then seventy years old and living on the Lago di Como. He used to get fervently excited, and when I was singing I have seen him on his knees with clasped hands, appealing, begging:

"Da molto olio, per Carita, da molto olio." (More oil, pray, more oil.)

What he wanted was that rich, smooth quality, the unsurpassable legato, which gives warmth, youth, color, freshness, elasticity—and without which the most promising voices must suffer in comparison with the voice possessing the real legato. Lamperti was insistent upon expression and used to say to girls who were without it, "You sing like a frog," but he said it with a kind of disgust which made the young women do a lot of thinking.

The ability of creating dramatic, tender, joyful moods, and of coloring the voice accordingly, lies entirely within the penetrating power of the voice, mind and soul. Lamperti believed that genuine temperament belonged primarily to a magic quality of magnetism in the voice itself, supplemented by the talent of acting. With this in mind, overacting can never replace true temperament.

The singer's life, however, is by no means one of incessant drudgery, or lacking in high lights, many of which are exceedingly humorous. At the outstart of my career there was an amusing incident in London which no one forgot who chanced to see that particular performance of *Dinorah* at Covent Garden. *Dinorah's* pet goat, called by opera singers "the second Prima Donna," is usually very demure and well trained. The one that was assigned to me had a reputation for sobriety and good stage deportment. To make sure that the goat will leave the stage at the proper time, a property man usually stands in the wings with carrots or a cabbage. When the goat

sees these they are supposed to be so irresistible that she will at once leave the stage. On this evening, however, the goat was evidently of another mind. They called and coaxed from the wings in vain, one of the actors attemped to drag her off, but the goat resorted to her natural means of defense and rushed towards the prompter, whose every effort could not induce her to budge from the glamor of the footlights. She was determined to be the first prima donna for once, which put the audience and orchestra in an uproar, and the performance could not go on till this impertinent diva was driven off the stage.



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IGNAZ FRIEDMAN

WHAT IS THE MOST DIFFICULT THING IN PIANO PLAYING?

IGNAZ FRIEDMAN

Biographical

Ignaz Friedman, who has made his American debut this season, has a distinguished record in Europe and in South America. He was born February 14, 1882, *at Podgorze, near Cracow, Poland. His father was a violinist and a musical director, who also played the piano. He gave his son his first lessons, and the child soon developed into a "wunderkind." His general education was unusually thorough. After the customary academic work, he entered the University of Leipzig, where he studied history under Adler and composition under Dr. Riemann, in the same class with Max Reger. He next studied piano for three years under Leschetizky, and for five years was his first assistant. He then taught alone for five years, having many distinguished pupils. His piano pieces, songs and string quartets—he has ninety published works—reveal him as a musician with delightful melodic gifts and fine artistic tendencies along modern but rational lines. He has completed the editing of all the Chopin works, and many of the masterpieces of Liszt, Bach, Beethoven and Schumann.*

What is the most difficult thing in pianoforte playing? What do you find the most difficult? That is very largely a matter of individuality, but I must say that, in teaching, the most difficult thing is to teach rhythm and color. Technic, that is, the mechanical side of technic, the rapid scales, arpeggios, octaves, etc., are mere trifles beside rhythm and color. Of the two, probably rhythm is more difficult to achieve than color. Indeed many, many pianists

never develop their rhythmic side so that they are able to play more than a very few pieces with the proper effect. Rhythm is the life of music, color is its flesh and blood. Without either, all interpretative art is dead.

In elementary training at the keyboard, the pupil is taught to keep time in a metronomic fashion; and almost everyone who plays the piano can keep time fairly well. But the rhythm is something quite apart. It is the design of the music, the proper employment of accents to delineate that design. Rhythm seems to hold the piece together, to make it live and have shape. Take two pianists and have each to play ten measures of any composition in which the rhythm is clearly defined and characteristic. One will give the notes between the bar-lines a kind of a swing and plastic character that will give a unity to the whole passage. The other will play the same notes in absolutely correct time; but there will seem to be nothing to hold it together. It has no entity, no unity, no artistic adhesion.

Only the most gifted ever play in good rhythm. I have often noticed that people born on the borderland of different countries seem to develop it wonderfully. By this I mean where one race mixes with another and the customs of one are welded with the customs of another. These people seem to develop elasticity of temperament and quickness of mind. Perhaps this is one of the reasons why the itinerant gypsies have such marked rhythmic gifts. If I were to advise the teacher of children, I should unquestionably say that there should, within the first two years, be plenty of examples and exercises in rhythm. This also applies to the violinist and the singer. As a rule they have less trouble with rhythm, as they have only one or at best two lines of melody to handle; whereas the pianist has three, four, and sometimes five different lines.

Color is the tone mixture accomplished by touch and pedal. It is the control of the overtones of the piano by

every legitimate means. It is one of the things which makes the piano so wonderfully interesting. One can take a single passage and, by the different manipulation of the touch and the pedals, achieve a different effect every time. Every composer's works afford a wonderful field for experimentation in tone color. Chopin and Schumann offer marvelous opportunities. If pianists only would listen more to their playing, better results would be achieved. The singer or the violinist thinks more of tone color, because he feels that he must make the tone. The piano is unfortunately an instrument in which the novice thinks he can find his tones "ready made," merely because he can strike the key. For this reason teachers and students give far more attention to the matter of mechanical exercises than they do to tone color and rhythm. Far better the simplest piece played with beautiful tone color and delightful rhythm than the most complicated work played without them.

What the ultimate results will be must depend upon the talent of the performer, the fineness with which he hears and enunciates his musical thoughts.

American students are technic mad and, despite their very obvious talent, they seem to think that hard labor at the keyboard will accomplish everything without the necessary thought, attention, patience, loving care which must be employed in developing tone color. The student who wants beautiful effects must imagine beautiful effects. He must hear with his mind's ear and demand that his fingers produce what he hears. American students play a passage without ever trying to hear it in imagination first. In this way they lose much valuable time and a great deal of very important individuality. Let American students stop trying to hear with the eye instead of the ear. They make the very best possible kind of material for the teacher.

They are immensely industrious, more than anxious to please.

With my own pupils I have always insisted that there was something that was in some ways more important than the teacher, and that is the habit of attending as many fine concerts of all kinds as possible. In fact I have insisted that certain advanced pupils go to concerts with me. There, sitting together, we could comment upon certain effects in rhythm and shading. The advanced pupil must begin to think of the pianists of the time as his contemporaries and he must learn everything possible from them. We build upon the past in art while we create for the future. Suppose the art student never had any models. Suppose he could not go to any art museums, or ever see any beautiful sculpture, engravings or etchings of the time. What kind of an art would he be likely to produce? Would it not resemble the Byzantine or pre-Raphaelite types? Tickets for the leading recitals and the leading concerts are just as much a means for a part of the education of the student as is the fee he pays to the teacher. This does not by any means indicate that the student should imitate blindly; but he should use the experience he gathers to make a kind of palette of colors of his own which he may learn to apply to his musical painting with corresponding skill.

Somehow the idea has got abroad that Leschetizky was a kind of technic specialist. Nothing could be farther from the real facts. Leschetizky always gave far more attention to tone teaching than to technic. He used to shout to me, "Tone! Tone! Tone, always TONE!" If anything, it was one of Leschetizky's defects, as his interest was only for pupils who were colorful. The result was that he developed the thing that he loved most about them, whereas such pupils needed technic most. It was a fable that Leschetizky was "technic mad" as so many seemed to think.

His preparatory teachers, such as Bree, Prenter and others, had a definite technical scheme; but that only went so far. It sufficed to make an ordinary technic into a fine modern technic, in the rudimentary sense, as far as great piano playing is concerned. It was only the beginning which every pianist should have. Then the greatness of Leschetizky came in. Of all teachers he knew how to make his pupils administer color and rhythm. At the same time he was most liberal and most anxious to have his pupils develop along their own lines. Once at one of my concerts in Vienna he watched my whole performance through opera glasses, noting every movement of my hands. At the end he came up with the greatest enthusiasm and gave me the greatest compliment he ever paid me, "You are more *sympathetic* to me than any of my pupils, because you have gone the farthest in advance of me." Often he would say, "How do you do that?" when he heard an effect that pleased him. This is an indication of the simplicity of the man. How many masters would say that to a pupil?

The technic required of pianists during the past century was very greatly in advance of that demanded in previous times. Before 1830, most of the compositions demanded a technic that laid almost entirely under the hand. Then came the myriad-colored Chopin and the orchestral Liszt, and piano playing leaped ahead enormously. Now we stand probably at the apex of possible complexities in piano playing. In the days of Mozart and Haydn, one played simply; now the pianist must play symphonically. Brahms, Reger, Rachmaninoff, Scriabin, Debussy, and Ravel have built new technical heights. Ravel is exceedingly hard to play, unless one has a thoroughly modern technic. It must also be remembered that where we met one pianist forty years ago with a good technic, we now meet thirty. Despite all that has been said, wise-

acres, acquainted with the best playing of the past fifty years, have told me often enough that I am safe in making the statement that there are probably at least ten pianists in this day with a technic equal to that of Liszt.

In this day the musician and the pianist is a very much better educated and a very much broader man than in former times. The conditions of the era demand it. Precisely as the great body of technically competent people have advanced, so do the people of our day demand their musical supermen. With the sound-reproducing instruments there will be no questions in the future as to how such and such a virtuoso played. These records will have great historic value, although they can never take the place of the regular musical training. They are, however, very valuable for the teacher and for the young virtuoso, as a part of the program I have previously outlined for the student, in which he shall hear as much good music as possible played by many different artists. The advantage of such machines is that one may not only hear an interpretation once but as many times as one chooses.

The player must realize that he must reach the emotional side of his audiences as well as the intellectual side.

Warmth, nobility, definite lines of interpretation, clearness, lucidity in execution, these then, should be the mottoes for every student and for every virtuoso as well. They should be rehearsed and recited every morning. Then, if one has talent he will progress by the surest and safest way.



JOHN PHILIP SOUSA

OUR MUSICAL ADVANCE

LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER JOHN PHILIP SOUSA, U.S.N., R.F.

Biographical

Designated in the History of Music by Sir Charles Villiers Stanford and Cecil Forsyth as "one of the most distinctive figures of his country," John Philip Sousa has made a place in the musical history of America unlike that of any of our other American musicians. Born in Washington, November 6, 1856, *he has been actively engaged in music during his entire life. His father was Portuguese and his mother Bavarian. His first teacher was the well-known Portuguese musician, John Esputa, and his second, George Felix Benkert. He became an orchestral conductor at seventeen. He was one of the violinists in the orchestra engaged for the American tour of Offenbach. For many years he was leader of the United States Marine Corps Band. His world-famous Sousa Band was formed in* 1892 *and is widely regarded as the most famous concert band of the time. It has toured America and Europe and made around the world tours with unprecedented success. His work with this organization and his compositions, notably his remarkable marches, which have been played around the globe for a quarter of a century, have brought him about all of the distinctions which human beings could desire. His several novels have had unusual success. During the Great War he served in the United States Navy as Lieutenant-Commander, organizing and conducting the largest band groups in the history of the art.*

There can be no question that the appreciation of the best in music is continually increasing; Beethoven, Bach,

Palestrina and the other great innovators are more strongly intrenched as standards than ever before. We Americans are truly the most optimistic of all people. We are a nation without a defeat, and for that reason optimism is our most distinguishing trait. Certain European nations call us "dollar hunters," but we are no more "dollar hunters" than they are "mark," "shilling," or "franc" hunters; or, in other words, we possess the convenient hustle that is up to every people who do things. We always hope for the best and expect the best, which somehow seems to come to us. As the youngest of the great powers, we do not judge art by as severe standards as the old countries do, but, as we take on age, our judgment will be just as exacting as that of the best in Europe. America, owing to its youth, has very largely given its best efforts in brain and brawn to trade industry and commerce, but now, when we are securely established in those channels, we are seeking the flowery fields of artistic endeavor.

Composers are springing up everywhere in our country, not writing for the "dollar," but because they are impelled by their higher nature to compose for the sheer love of the art. This is one of the most conspicuous signs of our musical advancement, and we are beginning to realize a standard of appreciation. We are learning not to say that a piece of music is good because it is a symphony or a sonata, or the piece is bad because it is a ballad or a march. We do not say it is good because it was written by Beethoven or bad because it was written by Smith.

We are going to judge music by its own worth; we are getting the courage to say that the symphony can be most uninteresting and a march electrifying. We are beginning to understand that quality is of a greater value than quantity.

We used to hear of the wonderful critical ability of continental audiences, but I can tell you that the boy who

drives a reaper and a binder on a Dakota wheat farm today has opportunities to become acquainted with the best in musical art, which Europe of yesterday never had.

Following the deduction of my own observation I have never been impressed with the superiority of Germany or Italy as the fountainhead of musical culture. While both these countries have given to the world a wealth of musical literature, I believe that in the Italian's heart he loves music when it is combined with some great emotion aided by stagecraft, and, therefore, Verdi, Rossini, Donizetti, Bellini, Puccini, etc., hold a warmer place in the heart of Italy than Palestrina, Sgambati and others who wrote music from only the musical standpoint. In Germany, while they have a love of the opera and love of the symphony, they combine the symphony or the opera with a sort of picnic in which wine, beer and the gastronomic delights are in evidence, and thus you have their highest appreciation.

I am constrained to believe that the most devout lovers of music, pure and simple, are to be found in England, and it is not difficult to discover the reason. They, the English, have been nursed and cradled with the Oratorio, the Cantata and the Fugue, and have imbibed a love of music in its highest and purest form.

When we find, as we do in England, and are now finding in America, communities that endorse and encourage a symphony orchestra or a string quartet, a form of music absolutely devoid of spectacular effects, we may truly say that country has its great music lovers. Here in America we support with enthusiasm the Kneisel, the Flonzalay and other string quartets, showing most encouraging signs of musical progress. Today in America they differentiate between asking for a symphony simply because it is a symphony, or for a march simply because

it is a march; they ask for the especial symphony or march that meets their favor.

That composers of immortal significance will arise here in America seems to me very evident. We have such men as Edward MacDowell, Dudley Buck, John Knowles Paine, George Chadwick, Arthur Foote, Henry Hadley, Horatio Parker, Mrs. Beach and others. These composers are innovators and not imitators, and I would like to say to the young composers, pick out your own path and do not copy Richard Strauss, Claude Debussy or d'Indy, but write as the above men have written—by the aid of their inspirational nature.

The young composer should observe that the high in art in no way depends on great complexity. One can take the nursery phrase, "The mouse ran up the clock," and make it read, "A small quadruped, mus musculus of the rodent family, ascended a perpendicular horological contrivance," but that surely does not make great art. Or we could take the same phrase and spell it with the letters all turned around. "Eht esuom nar pu eht kcolc," but that does not make originality. Let us hope that our young composers may have the divine insight which will reveal to them the essentials in their art—not the shell.

What could be more foolish than the idea that in order to be great we must have a national American school? Strictly speaking, there is no such thing as a national school in any country. There is national imitation; that is, where ninety-nine writers imitate the efforts of one original composer. Some composers have woven the imitative folk songs of a country into their music, but that does not make a national school. I know a clever English composer who wrote a plantation piece which made a great success. Its title was *Down South,* but I am sure that if he were asked where "Down South" was he might say, "Why, up 'round about Boston, isn't it?"

If you insist on having a national school, please tell me what is the national school of France? Is it Gounod or Debussy? It would be difficult to think of anything in music further apart than Debussy and Gounod. What is the national school of Germany? Is it represented by Abt, or Wagner, or Bach, or Schoenberg? Some of the European nations have a well-nigh limitless treasury of characteristic folk melodies. Russia, Spain, Hungary, Bohemia, Norway—all are bountifully supplied with tunes which are sung by the people. But because a composer happens to be born in Norway it does not imply that he must perforce be confined to imitating Norwegian tunes.

I heard a story in Europe a few years since which may or may not be true. A certain very great German composer, while traveling in Italy, heard a popular song, and was so much impressed with it that he wrote a fine orchestral fantasy on its theme. But, "horror of horrors!" after he had given a public performance of the fantasy in Germany, he was informed that the tune was of modern origin, and that the composer was alive and much in evidence in the musical world. I understand he tried to suppress the composition, for I suppose he lost interest in the tune when he found it was not hoary with age, and that its composer had not yet been epitaphed. Dvořák wrote a masterpiece, *New World Symphony,* suggested by so-called American plantation tunes, but he was born at Nehalozeves, Bohemia, and not "in de land o' cotton," where the darkey tunes are supposed to have originated. Don't you see, it was Dvořák's great artistry as a composer that enabled him to imitate this material and make from it one of his most loved works—it was not his Americanism. The thematic motive of the symphony is imitative, pure and simple, and his suggestion of the tune of *Yankee Doodle,* which is not "niggery," nor even American, but very provincial English, shows that he strove to

imitate what are known in this country as fireside songs. Nearly all the plantation songs so beloved in every section of our country were composed by Northern men. Glinka, the father of Russian music, wrote a splendid Spanish overture, and our own Edgar Stillman Kelley, with his Irish name, is best known by his *Japanese Lady Picking Mulberries;* Ernest Kroeger, for his *Lalla Rookh,* and Arthur Foote, for his Irish folk song.

That country that demands the greatest variety in musical expression gets it. That's why London and New York are the eastern and western meccas of all musicians who have something to say. The music with the widest appeal to the most people for the longest time is the music most representative of its country. That is the reason why the tunes of Stephen Foster rank so high. They are almost universal in their appeal and never seem to grow old.

Stephen Foster had a message, although he may have been unconscious of it at the time; in fact, musical messengers are never cognizant of their missions. The man who would be a composer should, first of all, find out whether he has real inspiration. He must be totally convinced that he is the mouthpiece of that power beyond himself which constantly demands expression. Then he must have a technic equal to that demand. That is, if he has a few beautiful themes calling from within, he must have the ways and means to put them down in the most artistic manner. The God of Inspiration is perfect in the tongues of all. It behooves his chosen people to understand, at least, one tongue thoroughly. Again, if the composer thinks with the heroic force of a Richard Wagner he must have the technic commensurate with the power of his conceptions. These two things are inseparable.

So many misguided students imagine that they could work wonders if they had sufficient technic. Technic is

not so difficult to acquire. It is merely a matter of intelligence, time, industry and perseverance—qualities which most of us have in a reasonable measure. The main thing to do is to appraise your own force of inspiration without exaggeration or belittlement and then work to secure the technic fitted to that force. I know men who can write fugues as technically correct as the Lick telescope, but no one would ever want to listen to them. Then again there are men with very meager musical educations who hear a tune in the great beyond and sing it from the bottom of their souls. If such men knew the basic laws of harmony their presence in the musical world would be valuable. But without technic, genius is terribly limited. Indeed, it is almost impossible for the experienced composer to think in the single-thread line of melody. He hears the appropriate chords at the same time the melody comes into his mind and a knowledge of harmony leads him to catch new melodic ideas which otherwise might have evaded him.

Many students plow methodically through books on various phases of musical technic without grasping the essential facts. All art, all science, and for that matter, all religion, may be resolved into a very few simple facts. Knowledge is a broad understanding of these facts. The essential facts of Christianity, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," or in the Saviour's words, "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise," are worth more to us than libraries of theological discussions. So in music, two such golden rules as, "Avoid consecutive octaves and fifths" and "Strive to have your voices move in contrary motion," are worth volumes to the student who *understands* them. Mastering a rule does not by any means imply that the student's work is done when he has memorized the words. It is the working out of the rule that he must make a part of his own habit of thought. If

Puccini chooses to write a chain of consecutive fifths in *La Boheme* and succeeds in achieving an effect, the student should not "fly off the handle" and assume that consecutive fifths can be used anywhere, anyhow. Mme. Curie, working in her laboratory in France, went through innumerable experiments before she reached the triumph of radium—a new element, but evolved through long, daily experiments with old elements. The more exercise paper the student uses for examples, the more music pages he explores with the view of observing acutely how other composers have achieved their effects, the more likely will he be to secure an original expression for his own message.

The condition of Europe at this hour is so horrible that we in America are rubbing our eyes and wondering whether it can really be true. To those of us who have friends in all of the countries taking part it still seems unbelievable. But as good comes from all things, we must see that this cannot fail to draw our national ties in America closer together and inspire us to create new works of art. Americans should work harder at this time than at any previous hour in our history. America is just now in many ways the hope of the world, and those who love their native land must want to see it come bravely through these warring times with the Stars and Stripes still waving proudly and peacefully.

One must be away from America for a while to learn to love it best. Although I have the deepest gratitude for the receptions given to me in all parts of the world, I find a new thrill every time I am on a boat with its bow pointed for "the land of the free." Some years ago, when I was returning upon the *Teutonic* after a long absence abroad, the sense of the dearness of my native land came over me and in a week the music of *The Stars and Stripes Forever* was complete, with instrumentation and all in my mind. As a song and a march, it was adopted immediately

and I am intensely proud of the fact that I have been privileged to write a composition that is used almost daily in schools all over the country. I have been told many times that my music is full of the "fighty" spirit, and even now the contending armies are playing my music as they march to the frontiers.

The troops may march to the battlefields with the military bands but in battle the bandsmen have the choice of going on the firing line or joining the hospital corps. The drummers are detailed to special duty, but the buglers are used in the field. The German bands are double-handed; that is, they use the usual wind and percussion instruments for the parade, and they change to the strings for indoor work. The French and Belgian bands are better fitted in concert work than for the barbaric splendor of the pageant. The English bands are a sort of compromise between the Teuton and the Gallic. The other nations of Europe are copies of either the German or the French instrumentation. England, I believe, has the most effective arrangers of music of the better class for wind bands.

The instrumental combinations, as we know them today, are the string quartet, the casino or dance orchestra, the brass band, the military band (composed of woodwind, brass, and percussion), the concert band, or wind orchestra, rich in conical, cylinder, single reed, double reed, woodwind quartets, and in the brass choir, embracing a range from the lowest orchestral note beyond the choral soprano, to which is added percussion instruments and harp, the one stimulating voice required from the strings, and lastly, the symphony orchestra, consisting of strings, woodwind, brass and percussion.

As my band is formed entirely for concert work and for the performance of the works of Wanger, Weber, Meyerbeer, Richard Strauss, Berlioz, Saint-Saëns, and other great tone painters and orchestral instrumentators, I have

made it rich in quartets, and I believe in many of the modern compositions, our *Palette* is the most satisfactory.

Many of the best players in my band are Americans. Indeed the promise of fine American band performers is very great, and Americans may be proud indeed of this phase of our musical development—a phase which has already met with world-wide recognition, for it is a matter of history that my band has made five tours of Europe and has encircled the world, and that could only be accomplished by the warmth and cordiality of our receptions in various countries.



ERNO DOHNANYI

FREEDOM IN MUSIC TEACHING METHODS

ERNO DOHNANYI

Biographical

Erno Dohnanyi was born at Presburg, Hungary, July 27, 1877. *His father, a well-known teacher of Mathematics and an accomplished amateur musician, was his first teacher. Thereafter he studied with Karl Forstner, Stefan Thoman, Hans Koessler and, for a very short time, with Eugen d'Albert. He graduated in* 1897 *from the Royal Musical Academy of Budapest. His first piano recital, which occurred in the same year, at Berlin, was such a pronounced success that he was engaged to make a tour of the leading Continental cities and also of Great Britain during the following year. In* 1898 *he made his first American tour, which was followed by another in* 1900. *He then toured Europe, after which he became Professor of Pianoforte Playing at the Royal High School in Berlin, where he taught for eleven years, Mischa Levitski being among his pupils. He has since toured America repeatedly with great success. His compositions were highly praised by Brahms and his pianoforte concerto has made a permanent place for itself in the literature of the instrument. In fact, his compositions show a lofty idealism combined with an intimate, finished technic, great subtlety and unusual strength.*

Every student and every teacher of the playing of the piano is, of course, vitally interested in what materials to use in developing that art, and thereby has come into this phase of the artistic world what might be called a battle of methods. It is usually a battle waged by the little personalities and not by the great master teachers or by the great pianists. This always has been the case and

always will be. Imagine, for instance, the very finest method of playing piano conceivable. Let it be a method without flaw, perfect in every detail. At best it is but something like an architectural plan. The more exact, the more rigid it is, the more is it like such a plan. It might be a wonderful draft for a certain kind of a house made, let us say, of stone, for a certain location, in a certain part of the world.

For this reason I have always believed in the greatest possible elasticity in methods. The more elastic, the least arbitrary, the better the method. The real teacher is the man whose hands remain unfettered, and insists that the hands of his pupils remain unfettered by any method, even though that method be of his own making. Every student should be handled as an individual. What is good for one may be very bad for another. The well-schooled teacher is inclined to teach negatively, as it were. He lets the pupil have a certain amount of artistic latitude and when he sees anything that is conspicuously wrong he corrects him, but does not say, "This is the only right way to do this or play this. Be careful not to do it in any other way."

Many roads may lead to the same goal and the best method is that in which the individuality of the student is developed and not that in which the teacher endeavors to enforce his own individuality or his own pet notions upon the pupil. For this reason the teacher should never be a slave to any one method, but feel free to take the best from all, because in every method there is something good. Since no student should be confined within the limits of any one method, course or series of studies, how emphatically must it be said that to hamper the teacher in any similar manner virtually makes a kind of musical slave of him.

To hamper the teacher, to compel him to take one

course and no other, is the very height of artistic absurdity. This has been one of the greatest obstacles in the progress of the art in many parts of the world. When a state, a society, a group, or a conservatory attempts to legislate as to what the teacher may use or may not use, stagnation is likely to begin at once.

Let us take the case of Hungary, for instance; the Akadamie of Budapest, an institution of the very highest standing: the student, however, in order to pass his government examinations, is required to take certain materials, nonproprietory of course, but of certain prescribed editions with certain fingerings, phrasings, expression marks, etc., and as arbitrary as the police regulations for crossing the streets. However, the law is laid down so that the teacher whose artistic judgment inclines him to use a certain edition cannot do so but must use one prescribed by the state. He cannot use certain pieces or studies which he in his own experience knows to be good, until he has employed others the state has listed. This lack of artistic freedom may have the advantage of compelling inadequate teachers to keep up a certain standard; but it is deadening to the progress of the art, insulting to the judgment of really progressive men and women with fresh ideas, and, to my mind, a retrogressive step in these modern times. Such injustice cannot survive.

As a result of this, the hands of the teacher are tied in a way which is horrible for the artist to think about. The result is that the most progressive teaching must be done by those who are not connected with the state institutions. What teacher of high repute is going to endure being told that he must use a certain method, or a certain edition, or a certain fingering, or he will not be permitted to follow his profession? In many music schools of the world a certain outline of material is recommended

progressing from the early to the upper grades; but this is given only as a guide. It is not compulsory. That is, if the teacher is acquainted with superior material to suit the needs of special scholars, he may use such works at his discretion. In the Berlin Hochschule the greatest artistic latitude was used. There was no suggestion, there, of handcuffing the teacher and compelling him legally to use a certain edition.

Of course certain materials must be used and they should be prescribed in all courses. One could not, for instance, imagine the acquisition of a complete technic without the liberal study of Bach. Bach is given in copious measure to students in all Hungary now. It is one of the saving graces of modern systems that the works of the great Cantor are not neglected. There must be also liberal use of finger exercises, octaves, scales and arpeggios. When Mischa Levitski first came to me he had an excellent training in advanced work, and it might seem unnecessary in such a case to employ scales. Yet I had him use them every day and liberally. There is nothing to take the place of scales to gain a certain kind of liquid agility at the keyboard.

Czerny is also indispensable, but so many of his things are so very dry that the wise teacher uses only studies carefully selected from the best of his works. Why punish the pupil with hopelessly dull stuff? Mozart, Clementi and even Hummel are also necessities if the pupil is to acquire the classical background which every artist must have. I know that such a writer as Clementi is being slighted in these days; but the art is losing rather than gaining by it. Let us have more and more of Clementi and his contemporaries.

One serious mistake in current training for the piano is that the so-called modern technic, the technic of Liszt, Chopin, Schumann, is introduced, as Americans say, "en-

tirely too early in the game." Neglecting the works of Mozart, Clementi, Haydn, etc., and dashing at once into the waltzes of Chopin, the sonatas of Grieg, the works of Liszt, Schumann, Rubinstein, to say nothing of Debussy and Ravel, just as soon as the mere digital dexterity is secured, is really a curse of the times. By means of intensive technical exercises, practiced for extreme periods of time, the pupil acquires quite an astonishing technic. Immediately he demands the *A-flat Ballade* or the *Sixth Rhapsody*. He secures a piece of the virtuoso type, with which he fools a few friends and admirers into believing that he is a wonderful pianist. The real musician is never deceived. He can tell at once whether that musical training is there or not. Mozart wrote seventeen sonatas, twenty-eight concertos, three fantasias, and fifteen sets of variations. Not all of these are of equal merit; but, until the student has mastered the best of them, he should keep his hands off modern material. Mozart is only one of those of his period whom the student should master. Haydn is a rich mine of musical pedagogical value.

How will the real musician know whether he has done this or not? By a certain finish, a certain subtlety, a certain flavor that is indescribable. Just as the expert on old paintings is able to identify a masterpiece from an imitation, the real musician knows the genuine from the fraudulent. "Ah," you say, "what is the use? The public will not know." But the public *does* know. That is the reason why some pianists come up in a night and disappear forever after and why others keep on gaining in popularity year after year.

Possibly one of the defects of modern training has been the neglect of the ear. It is the custom for pedagogs to prate about this and then do nothing. In fact the very words have become a *cant* phrase of little meaning whatever. In recent years I have been much interested in the

philosophy of Alexander Kováts, a music teacher whose work is practically unknown outside of Hungary. It was Kováts' idea that music should be taught exclusively by ear at the start. At first the children are taught to sing exclusively by rote. In fact the child is considered a music pupil just as soon as it is able to sing. Little tots just out of babyhood, who show an inclination toward music by humming a few tunes, are eligible. Then the child is taken to the keyboard and taught to play little pieces by ear. He is taught to build scales, make little chords, taught to invent little tunes for himself and do all manner of things which add to his musical delight. Music becomes a game to him, but it is strictly a musical game without supernumerary materials.

Not until the pupil has studied at least two years is the little one ever taught anything about notes of any kind. All the training is by ear. The report that comes to me is that at that time the note reading advances far more rapidly than by other methods. This is, of course, contrary to all our previous practices. We were always taught that to "play by ear" was one of the first evils against which the musical decalogue was aimed. When the teacher heard of a pupil playing by ear he raised his hands in holy horror. Yet I have personally examined many pupils trained according to the philosophy of Kováts and I have been amazed with the character of their work. Kováts died when he was a very young man, before he was able to prepare any elaborate treatise upon his ideas. He has, however, a large number of followers. One good thing about the plan of training the ear first and teaching the pupil to play by ear before he is given the complicated mathematical problem of studying notation, is that the teacher can soon determine the musical ability of the child. If he is really musical he is worthy of studying music seriously. If he is not, let us spare him the punishment.



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HENRY VAN DYKE

WHY THE WORLD NEEDS MUSIC

HENRY VAN DYKE

Biographical

The Honorable Henry Van Dyke was born at Germantown, Pennsylvania, November 10, 1852. *His father, the Rev. Henry Jackson Van Dyke, was a well-known Presbyterian clergyman. The boy's early education was received in Brooklyn. He graduated from the Polytechnic Institute in Brooklyn in* 1869, *and from Princeton in* 1877, *having received his Master of Arts Degree in* 1876. *After graduating from the Princeton Theological Seminary in* 1877, *he then attended the University of Berlin,* 1877-1879. *This has been followed by a long train of academic distinctions from the great universities of Europe and the United States. He was ordained a Presbyterian clergyman in* 1879, *afterwards holding many pastorates, the most noted probably being that of the Brick Presbyterian Church, of New York (from* 1883 *to* 1900). *In* 1900 *he became Professor of English Literature at Princeton. He was United States Minister to Holland and Luxembourg from* 1913 *to* 1917. *He then became a Chaplain in the United States Navy for the remainder of the World War. Dr. Van Dyke published volumes of essays, poems and other works, forming a list that in solid, fine type takes a large part of a column in "Who's Who in America." No American has produced uniformly so many works which have met with such wide reception from the great literary authorities and the public as well. His individual and distinctive style, radiant with warm human feeling and high spiritual ideals, has been a joy and an honor to all who revere the highest in American letters. This conference was held in Dr. Van Dyke's magnificent old Colonial residence at Princeton. We only regret that it is not possible to transfer our readers in person to his genial and inspiring*

presence. Through all his life he has been an enthusiastic music lover and has given his services and influence in promoting the finest in music.

THE PIPES O' PAN

Great Nature had a million words,
In tongues of trees and songs of birds,
But none to breathe the heart of man,
Till Music filled the pipes o' Pan.
—Henry Van Dyke

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Why the world needs music. Doesn't everybody know? Do we have to point out the beauty of the orchid? Can we describe the why and the wherefore of the fragrance of the wood violet? Perhaps in our restless American life some of us may be passing them by without taking time to enjoy these wonderful things as the Almighty intended us to revel in them. This much I know, music has always been a peculiar inspiration to me. Moreover, it has been an inspiration of a peculiarly practical character to me. In fact many of the poems which the reading public seem to have received with the greatest favor have been written under the influence of music. While I did not have the advantage of a technical training in music, I saw to it that my daughters were trained in music. It was my habit to ask my daughter, Brooke, to play to me. Her repertoire was quite extensive and as she played upon the piano the music seemed to free the chords of my mind. Ideas came more freely and spontaneously, the words flowed from my pen and I felt in tune with something quite above myself. I am sure that the creative worker who lends himself to the bewitching ecstasy of music engages an impelling force quite unlike anything else in life.

Many of the poets have confirmed this. Some like Browning have had musical knowledge and the entire literature of poetry pays lavish tribute to the art. Lord Tennyson once told me that he wrote every strophe of his famous poem, *Maud,* with a definite melody running through his mind. John Milton, the greatest artist among all English poets, was himself a practical musician. The English poets of Elizabethan times were in many instances extremely musical. All the poems in Thomas Campion's delightful book were written to music. The two arts seem inseparable. The poet who does not revel in music is likely to pass through a somewhat uneventful existence and produce little that mankind will identify as immortal.

It does not take very brilliant dialectics to reveal that anything having such a potent effect upon the minds of creative workers as music must likewise have a most powerful influence upon mankind. Notwithstanding the extensive attention given to this phase of music, it is hardly likely that the public has even yet come to realize its fullest significance. We accept music now as one of the commonplaces of modern life as we accept the air we breathe. If we were suddenly to be deprived of this great life joy, the world would undergo a kind of soul-stagnation impossible to describe.

We should not, however, mislead ourselves into believing that all music is beneficial. The only usefulness I can see for Jazz is as a kind of safety valve for certain dispositions. Jazz is the bursting forth of barbarous, sensuous feelings. It is the wild man smashing through the veneer of civilization. Good music, on the other hand, seems to me the expression of the lofty soul, the trained intellect and the disciplined emotions. When I hear beautiful music I am carried out of myself, not into a region of chaos and dissolution, but into a region of beauty

and sublimity which has a divine order. Some music seems to elevate and inspire me. Other music soothes.

One of the surprising conditions of the times is the difference in the public attitude toward music and musicians. In my youth, the cultured people had a respect for serious musical workers; but the average man and woman gave musicians their sympathy rather than their appreciation. Not exactly pariahs, they were looked upon as people apart from the rest of mankind. Possibly they deserved this ostracism because of their eccentricities and their affectations. We now seem to have an entirely different kind of musician. Mr. Josef Hofmann, the eminent pianist, is a man of strong common sense, exquisite feeling and the highest mentality. Paderewski possesses one of the most intelligent, philosophical and well-informed historical minds I have ever met. He is not only a great musician, but also a great thinker.

It would seem that the scope of music has extended so enormously in so many different directions that only the artist with the super-mind and the super-consciousness can rise to the top. Such men and women have no room for nonsense; and it is very delightful to see the old school of eccentric artists fading away. Music is assuming a serious place in general education. Foremost educational institutions throughout the world, that barely recognized music fifty years ago, are now erecting palatial buildings for music study. Music was in the quadrennium of the Greeks, with mathematics. Through all time, learned men have believed that it should have a respected place in educational systems. Dr. Charles W. Eliot, President-Emeritus of Harvard, has urged the need of music in all phases of education for years. How fortunate this is, because music contributes so much to the higher joy of life, the higher understanding. We should remember the words of the poet Wordsworth:

"Without pleasure we really do not know how to understand anything."

Only a clergyman can realize what an immense aid music is in the service of the church. I have always insisted that the organist and the choir were quite as important in the worship of God in the church as the clergyman. Those who have to do with the musical services of the church should realize this in all seriousness. If there is no sincerity in the choir loft, there may as well be no preaching in the pulpit. The choir loft and the pulpit must be one in spirit. At the Brick Church, music was always a significant part of the service. I laid great stress upon congregational singing. This is often the only active participation that the worshipers have in the service. If the congregation sang a hymn dolefully or without the proper spirit I used to say: "Please sing with all your hearts and all your voices. Unless you sing heartily, I cannot preach." That seemed to create a bond of sympathy between the pulpit and the congregation, that could not come about in any other way. Sometimes, however, even this did not bring results; and then I used to say, "The reason why you sing so badly is that you are afraid of each other. That is nonsense. You are not singing to each other. You are singing to God."

When I first took a pastorate I used to announce, "We will never sing a hymn about Hell in this church. If you really believe in Hell, you surely don't want to sing about it. If you don't believe in Hell, why mention it?"

The religion of fear is happily passing from the churches. Many of the hymns of Watts are very beautiful; but some are little more than travesties. They conjure up veritable chambers of horrors, which in their day

may have served to frighten the childish imaginations of certain parishioners. Fortunately such hymns have disappeared from the modern hymn books.

I like to have a hymn sung immediately before the sermon; and I want it sung heartily. Music is a wonderful opener of the heart. Music seems to relax the overtension and to balance between the human intellect and the emotions. We learn quite as much from our emotions as from our logic. Many of the finest thoughts come to us; they are not deliberately thought out. In music we do not want to be moved by mere physical sensations but by emotions regular and controlled by the deep laws of melody and harmony. That is the peculiar function of good music distinguished from bad.

I rejoice that music has been one of the ruling passions of my life. As a boy of twelve or fourteen, I used to attend the Philharmonic concerts in Brooklyn, when Theodore Thomas was the conductor. Thomas was my ideal; and when I was at Princeton I used to go to New York to hear his concerts. Later it was my privilege to pay a tribute to Thomas with the following poem:

MASTER OF MUSIC

(In memory of Theodore Thomas, 1905)

Glory of architects, glory of painter and sculptor and bard,
Living forever in temple and picture and statue and song,
Look how the world with the lights that they lit is illumed and starred;
Brief was the flame of their life, but the lamps of their art burn long!

Where is the Master of Music, and how has he vanished away?
Where is the work that he wrought and his wonderful art in the air?
Gone—it is gone like the glow on the cloud at the close of the day!
The Master has finished his work and the glory of music is—where?

Once, at the wave of his wand, all the billows of musical sound
Followed his will, as the sea was ruled by the prophet of old:
Now that his hand is relaxed, and his rod has dropped to the ground,
Silent and dark are the shores where the marvelous harmonies rolled!

Nay, but not silent the hearts that were filled by that life-giving sea;
Deeper and purer forever the tides of their being will roll,
Grateful and joyful, O Master, because they have listened to thee;
The glory of music endures in the depths of the human soul.

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In Holland I had an opportunity to hear much very fine music. The Dutch are a very musical people. Mme. Julia Culp, the famous *lieder* singer, is naturally one of the idols of the people. Mengelberg and Van Hoogstraten are lionized as conductors there, or were before New York stole them for the Philharmonic. I heard some opera in Holland; but I do not care especially for opera.

It seems to me a mongrel form of art. I like my music straight and my drama straight.

It is easy for the writer, particularly the one whose pen runs toward verse, to be lured by the always seductive charm of music. Music has been the subject of many of my works including my stories, *A Lover of Music, The Unknown Quantity,* and *The Music Lover.* One section of my published poems includes several poems devoted to music. They are: *Music, Master of Music, To a Young Girl Singing, The Pipes o' Pan,* and *The Old Flute. The Ode to Music,* which has been set for solo voices, chorus and orchestra by Mr. Henry Hadley, is a poet's attempt to catch in words some of the meters and rhythms of the various musical art forms.



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VLADIMIR DE PACHMANN

THE SECRET OF A VELVETY PIANOFORTE TOUCH

VLADIMIR DE PACHMANN

Biographical

Vladimir De Pachmann was born in Odessa, July 27, 1848. *At first he was a pupil of his father, who for years was a Professor of Roman Law at the University and a highly cultivated amateur violinist. Later, in* 1886, *he became a pupil of Dachs at the Vienna Conservatory. He has repeatedly created furores by his tours in Europe and in America. He was knighted by the Danish government in* 1885 *and in* 1916 *received the highly coveted Beethoven medal from the London Philharmonic Society. In* 1884 *he married his former pupil, Maggie Oakley, a fine pianist and composer whose opera "Yato" was produced in Paris in* 1913. *After their divorce she became the wife of Fernand Labori, the noted French attorney who defended Dreyfus in the trial which startled Europe. De Pachmann is famed for his lovely velvety touch and his exquisite performances of Chopin.*

Before attempting to explain the new principles upon which I have seen fit to re-work my entire repertoire, let me say that it is impossible to play the piano with stiff wrists and produce anything but execrable results. Flexible wrists are the basis of all good piano playing; and it would be mad for anyone who has been before the public as a virtuoso for half a century to say anything to the contrary. I have heard all of the great pianists of my time and those who have achieved the most artistic results are those who have had least constraint at the wrist joint.

When I first commenced the study of music I was six

years old. My father was a violinist and a man of great foresight. Naturally, he taught me the violin; and it was not until I was ten years old that he saw that my chief interest was in the piano. Then he started to teach me the piano. The piano is the finest solo instrument in the world, because it is complete. It is even more complete than the organ, because its keyboard, its normal expressive range, is greater although its variety of tone is not so great as that of the organ. I have never liked any of the other solo instruments as such. In the combination of the grand orchestra they are magnificent; but otherwise they seem incomplete to me.

In my early pianistic training my father was too much concerned in teaching me music to take any time with the niceties of touch or technic. Of hand position I knew nothing. My texts at the beginning were the ordinary instruction books. If I remember rightly, they were those of Müller or Adam, the ancestors of thousands of similar books which have appeared since then and are so necessary in introducing the little child to the mysteries of music and the keyboard.

The main thing in early training is to master as much music as you can. The repertoire of the instrument is enormous. My father was a critic but not a pianist. He merely advised me but could not show me how. I studied everything that came my way. How long did I practice? It would be easier to find out how long I didn't. I was at work at it all the time. Good health permitted me to work enormously. I felt that either you play or you don't. If I were to encompass the great art, all the time was none too much for me to work. Of course, the student must grade his work and it is a great mistake to jump ahead to greater difficulties until one has mastered one grade and played an enormous amount of music in that. Now music is very cheap; and I would advise the student to play

everything he can lay his hands upon, just as a hungry boy devours a meal. If he encounters a difficulty and it does not disappear after one hundred repetitions he should play it a thousand times. Artistic and pianistic ideals of touch, tone, phrasing, nuance, fingering must be held at the highest possible level and never given up until they are as fine as possible.

I studied, largely by myself, Bach, Beethoven, Chopin and the then popular Thalberg, everything. Working alone, it was necessary for me to do a great deal and the student who is pining for a great teacher may, in this day of low-priced music, work by himself and acquire a technic and a repertoire which would put to shame some of the students who use a teacher as a kind of crutch. This was certainly my own experience. Everything depends upon your deep-seated love for the art, your willingness to sacrifice and your endurance. If you cannot have a teacher, do not think of giving up, but work, work, work! Let me recount my own experience when I went to Dachs.

Dachs was considered one of the greatest piano teachers of his day. He had been a pupil of Czerny and was a most careful and exacting pedagog. When I was twelve years old my brother made me a birthday present of the Forty-eight Fugues of the *Well-Tempered Clavichord* of Bach. I adored them as study material. When I went to Dachs for my two lessons a week he assigned me two fugues for the first one. When I came I asked what key he would like to hear them played in. He thought this was a joke and named a difficult key. But after I had played them he called in the director of the conservatory and had him listen. Then I told him that I could play any of the fugues in any key and they were both amazed. I cite this merely to show the student who is struggling along without a high-priced teacher that even the authorities of a great conservatory can be astonished by what

real love for playing and hard work can produce. Of course, I played the fugues from memory. After this I played for them the Chopin *Sonata in B Minor* and they saw that a very different course would have to be devised for me. Many of the graduates of the conservatory, with all the advantages of years of study under great experts, could not have done as much as I did virtually alone. The instruction in those days was two gulden a lesson. Alas! what would four kronen buy in Austria now?

Piano students are always looking for some great secret of success. There are no real secrets but love of the art and enormous work. This must of course be combined with thoroughly natural conditions of the hand and arm which I shall describe later with some detail. Even today, at the age of seventy-five, I find that I must practice five or six hours a day. This has been made necessary by the fact that I have re-worked down to the finest detail my entire repertoire; and I refuse to play a piece unless this has been done. I have no charlatan's trick to sell at great price. It is all so simple that I cannot see why someone has not chanced upon this fundamental principle before. Since I have been playing in this way critics in European centers have made more flattering comments than ever before and have been making comparisons with great pianists of the past and present which are superlative.

During my three-score and fifteen years I have heard many times all the great pianists of the day. I have watched them closely. Liszt himself attended my first concert in Budapest. He sat in the first row; and after the concert we had supper together in my quarters. At the end of the concert he came upon the stage and congratulated me most effusively, even going so far as saying, "I wish that Chopin had heard you play." Later in the evening I played his arrangement of *Auf Flügeln des*

Gesanges and he said, "So, I like it," with great enthusiasm. He then played his arrangement of Chopin's *Chant Polonaise.* I shall never forget it. It was like some wonderful voice singing. Liszt was transcendentally the greatest of all pianists. He played like a god.

Later I met Liszt at his home in Rome, during a time when Richard Wagner was staying with him. I had the honor of playing for both of them. I played the Chopin *Ballade in G Minor* and was again overwhelmed by the generous praise of both. Liszt insisted that I played it better than Chopin, who had mannerisms in his playing at times.

During all these years it seemed to me that the greatest method of playing the piano was that in which the masterpiece to be interpreted could be permitted to come from the soul of the interpreter to the instrument with the greatest possible fluidity. Of course, this presupposes that the interpreter must be possessed of the highest musicianship and an all-adequate technic. Yet I always felt that there was something which impeded the message, something which clogged up the lines of muscles and nerves. This very thought preyed upon me for years. I could not sleep at night because of it. Thinking did not seem to solve the problem; because I knew that there must be some fundamental principle underlying the whole thing. Inspiration did what thinking would not do; and I discovered that the whole trouble lay in the wrist. The wrists were not free. Easily said —but WHY?

Perhaps a simple experiment will serve to illustrate. Put your elbow upon the table and let your forearm fall with your hand in comfortable playing condition. Do not curve the fingers too much, because that is unnatural. Now, with the hand and forearm in this position, move

the hand (without moving the forearm) as far as possible to the left and hold it in that position for a few moments. You will notice at once that there is a strain at the joint of the wrist. Now move the hand in the opposite direction and there is likewise a strain. It is this strain that, to my mind, distorts the muscular and the nervous condition of the hand and the forearm and results in much horrible playing. The tone cannot be musical and beautiful if the wrist is stiff or strained in this manner. Therefore I never move the hand from side to side. The lateral movement occurs at the elbow or at the shoulder and not at the wrist. The hand is on a straight line with the arm. Is this "stiff wrists"? On the contrary it is the very opposite, and the one sure remedy for stiff wrists. The hands and arms are always free and unconstrained.

Having discovered this, I began to find that, whereas I had been unable to practice for long periods in later years without fatigue, I was now able to play for hours and hours and "never feel it."

What was the result? I resolved to re-work, rearrange my entire repertoire upon this new basis. This meant refingering hundreds and hundreds of pages of music. You see, the music editors for the publishers are first of all fine musicians and only secondarily pianists. They do not understand and recognize the difficulties of the instrument. Even a great mind like von Bülow did not recognize this. If the music forced the hand into an awkward position it was immaterial. As a result of this they paid attention to indicating the harmonic structure of the work by writing the different parts or voices on different clefs, with little consideration for the pianist's hand. Even in as highly pianistic a composer as Chopin, if one follows the best editions upon the market, the hand is often forced into painfully strained

positions. I will not "spoil" my playing hand in this way. If I encounter a passage which demands strain, I work with it, refinger it, rearrange it until the strain disappears. This has obliged me to make thousands of changes of hand positions and fingerings.

This adds difficulty at first; but the artistic reward is enormous. Take Chopin's exquisite *Nocturne in B Major* and re-work it yourself, remembering that there must be no disturbance of the normal position of the hand, no lateral movement at the wrists to squeeze the nerves and muscles and make your playing hard and unmusical.



De Pachmann sat at the keyboard and played the lovely Chopin masterpiece with a dreamlike, songlike, velvet-like tone which is historic in this master of the instrument. Coming to the end, he stopped and said, "Here is something that Liszt told me, 'When Chopin was writing this it was in a house in which were a number of young people. He heard them approaching. He was indignant at the disturbance and looked up and finished the nocturne thus:

Ex. 2



"See," exclaimed de Pachmann with emotion, handling a long gray Alpaca coat, ragged and bronzed with years, "this was Chopin's own coat. It came to me through friends of George Sand. I have had it for years. It is over eighty years old. I take it with me everywhere. Is it not an inspiration even to touch something of so great a master?"



EMMA CALVE

PRACTICAL ASPECTS OF THE ART OF STUDYING SINGING

EMMA CALVE

Biographical

The career of Emma Calve stands alone in the history of vocal art. Her work has been distinctive from her early childhood; and, like Mario, Lablache, Jenny Lind, Clara Louise Kellogg, Patti, Tamagno and Caruso, her voice and her individuality have been so unusual that she will not pass into the realm of those who sang and were forgotten. Her real name is Emma Roquer. She was born at Décazville, near Aveyron in southern France. As a child, she was educated at a convent. Later she studied voice in Paris, with Puget, Rose Laborde and with Mme. Marchesi. She gives the credit for her greatest musical advance to Laborde. She made her debut in Brussels as "Marguerite" in Gounod's "Faust." In 1884 *she entered the Opera Comique in Paris, remaining for three years, when she went to Milan for her debut at La Scala. Her opening performance there was a complete fiasco. The audience even hissed her off the stage. Notwithstanding this she worked over the same role she had chosen for her debut, with Mme. Laborde, and appeared eighteen months later with enormous applause. She created the role of "Santuzza" in "Cavalleria Rusticana." The next year she was re-engaged for the Opera Comique, followed by engagements at Covent Garden and New York. In New York her performance of "Carmen" made an immediate sensation, quite as much for her astonishing acting as for her singing. She created several other notable roles including "La Navarraise," and "Sapho," and "Luzel" in "L'amico Fritz." In recent years she has devoted her time to concert singing and to teaching. In* 1922 *she published a highly interesting autobiography.*

The art of singing is a precious possession which comparatively few people can claim, despite the fact that there are thousands who are certain in their own minds that they alone are the sole possessors of the jewel—the talisman which they can pass on to others. It is something which is far more than the mere knowledge of the voice or of the organs of the throat. It is a great art which must be transmitted rather than taught.

Watch the nightingale, the thrush, the lark, learn their songs from vocal teachers in their nests. The songs of their parents are their only models; and they just sing as they heard their parents do it. It must be obvious, therefore, that one of the first principles in studying singing is to imitate; not to mock as a parrot imitates, but to listen to great singers understandingly and analytically. Hear how they produce their tones. Feel the character, the quality, of their voices. Often this quality is a matter of years of careful development. Very few singers of consequence sing with the same voice they employed when they commenced their careers. Why? For the reason that we all imitate when we are children. We imitate the voices that are around us. Often these voices are very bad ones indeed; but we instinctively imitate them. Then we have to rebuild our voices after we have destroyed the bad habits we have unconsciously imitated.

The education of the voice is in a large measure the education of the ear combined with the individual voice ideal of the student. Voice ideal? What do I mean by that? I mean that every singer should cherish in her soul a voice ideal so rare and so beautiful that it transcends everything she has ever heard or will hear. This is the great inspiration which, like a guiding star, leads the artist on to higher and higher accomplishments.

Of course, the singing pupil should have a teacher who

really knows, preferably one who can really sing and illustrate the principles propounded. Above and beyond this, however, the singer must hear as many of the great voices as possible, must hear them with the greatest attainable analytical sense, with a view to discovering those artistic, vocal and human qualities which have led the public to identify them as great.

In this, the student has opportunities which were altogether absent in a previous generation, thanks to the talking-machine, which enables him to have the records of scores of great artists where his predecessors might hear only a few in a lifetime. Because of this, fine voices in the future will probably be more frequently encountered. Think of being able to hear over and over again the greatest masterpieces sung by the greatest artists. In a previous generation the vocal student had only a few such opportunities in a lifetime.

Marchesi never really sang at all at lessons. It was impossible. Her voice, never a notable one, naturally deteriorated with age; and she probably wisely realized that she could not add to her stature in the eyes of the pupil by singing. I told Lilli Lehmann once that Marchesi did not illustrate by herself singing at the lessons, and she was amazed. Laborde, on the other hand, was a very able singer and sang constantly, illustrating phrases, style and various points in technic and interpretation. I was with Marchesi six months and with Laborde some six years. The modern teacher who does not sing can at least have in the studio a large library of records to which he may constantly refer for examples of style, phrasing and technic.

Possibly one of the most practical experiences the young singer can have is that of flat failure. I shall never forget the night at La Scala, when I made my debut in Italy. I had been in the company of the Opera

Comique for two years; but I realized down in my innermost soul that the audiences had been more indulgent than appreciative. My success was anything but striking. I resolved to better myself by a change of environment. After some time I was delighted to have an appointment to sing at La Scala. Here at last was my great opportunity. The night came; I was simply scared to death. I knew that I had dramatic ability; but that was not enough for the true Italian audience. They want voice. I sang miserably off key, with execrable quality. I lost my head completely. The footlights commenced to dance. Horrors! the audience was hissing me. I was a failure. I left the stage in disgrace.

Of all the artistic experiences I have ever had, this was the most fortunate. The Italians were frank enough to tell me the truth; and the truth was what I needed most. I did not sing well and there was still a great deal for me to learn. Until a student realizes that intelligent criticism of his work is worthless unless it is brutally frank, he has not made the first real step in his vocal progress. The revelation caused me a great deal of suffering at first, but even that was beneficial. I went back to Paris in despair, expecting to spend the rest of my days as a corsetiere or something of the sort. Fortunately, an artistic friend took me to Laborde and I started to climb anew. In my biography I have told of the time when Malibran heard someone accuse her contemporary, Sontag, of being cold and unresponsive. "Wait until she has suffered," replied Malibran. Sontag did suffer; and later she came back to the stage a wholly different, a far more human artist. Great suffering came to me; and when I went back to the stage it was a different Calve from the one that ignominiously retreated before the hisses of the crowd at Milan.

Are not most vocal students inclined to think that

practical means only the routine and conventional things that have to do with technic? Alas! such things, indispensable as they are, mean nothing unless the singer realizes the great human side of her art. People do not go to the opera or the concert hall merely to hear solfeggios, trills and runs. They want to hear a human message from a human being who has experienced great things and trained the mind and soul in finer discipline than mere exercises. The singer must be a personality, must understand the bond of sympathy with mankind which, more, even, than a beautiful voice, commands the attention and interest of the audience.

I dwell upon this strongly because in my experience in America I have found that the great fault with American girls is that they are too impatient. They want to get results at once. They expect to jump from the high-school platform to the Metropolitan Opera House. That is a leap in which there is a vast cavern intervening; and I am certain numbers of students have gone down into that cavern merely because they have not been content to take a decent amount of time for study. It takes three years, at the very least, to get a voice in fine shape for operatic roles. It is wicked to attempt it in less. I tried to do it and I failed miserably. Just why the general public expects the violinist and the pianist to spend years in the development of technic, and at the same time has an idea that the vocal student is possessed with some god-given talisman whereby the singer may go from the home or from the dry-goods counter to grand opera in a few months, is hard to tell.

The voice demands care and sensible protection. Some singers seem to carry this too far. Patti, for instance, did not even read on the days when she was to sing. Her husband, Nicolini, had a theory that the voice was so delicate that even the act of reading caused a strain

upon the eye muscles that was in turn communicated to the throat. Patti also did not attend rehearsals, in order that her voice might be spared. We may laugh at these precautions; but we must remember the very great length of time that the great singer preserved her voice. She sang her first opera, *Lucia,* in New York, at the age of sixteen, when she was known as "the little Florinda," and continued to sing in public for upward of half a century, preserving her voice into comparative old age in a very remarkable manner.



GUIOMAR NOVAES

POETRY AND PRACTICE

GUIOMAR NOVAES

Biographical

Mme. Guiomar Novaes was born at Sao Joao da Boa Vista, February 28, 1895. *Her parents noted in her earliest youth that she could play very readily by ear. At the age of six she was placed under the instruction of the great pedagog, Luigi Chiaffarelli, in Sao Paulo. He is an Italian well schooled in German classics. At seven she was exhibited as a prodigy. At nine she gave her first recital and continued to make several appearances in public during the following five years, making frequent tours to the interior of the continent. At the age of fourteen she entered into the competition for a scholarship at the Paris Conservatoire. She arrived at the famous French school on the last day of the competition. Three hundred and eighty-five contestants had already been heard. Her numbers were the Chopin "Ballade in A flat" and the Schumann "Carnaval." Greatly to the surprise of all, the little unknown girl from Brazil won the scholarship. Two years were spent at the conservatoire, where her piano teacher was the famous Isidor Philipp. She graduated in* 1911, *again winning the first prize over all competitors. Her debut was made in France with great success and was followed by numerous tours of England, Germany, Italy and Switzerland. Her first American tour occurred in* 1915, *when she surprised the critics by the mature character and the deep penetrative insight of her playing, hardly credible for one of her youth. Her subsequent appearances have been cumulatively impressive; and she already ranks as one of the foremost pianists of the day.*

Generally speaking, people of the North American Continent seem to have difficulty in grasping the nature

and character of musical culture of the cluster of Latin-American countries south of the Caribbean. They are surprised to learn a few simple facts and seem inclined to regard South America as a land of jungles and high mountains, with a mere smattering of culture. Just as the European now and then has difficulty in realizing that one does not step right out of the boundaries of New York City into an Indian reservation, the North American sometimes cannot comprehend that music is a matter of real and beautiful significance in hundreds of thousands of South American homes.

I was fortunate in having Mr. Chiaffarelli for my teacher, as he had worked for years to make the city of Sao Paulo an artistic center for famous artistic visitors. He has taught a number of pianists who have acquired fame in Brazil, some even reaching beyond the frontiers of my native land to Europe.

In Brazil the drama and the opera are long established institutions. For over half a century the best companies of the world have been heard in our capitals. I remember my mother speaking about Tamagno, Battistini, Gayarre and many others she had heard in her youth. Toscanini began his great career in Brazil. He was an orchestral performer at the opera. One night the conductor of the opera had some trouble with the impresario. The conductor decided that the impresario needed discipline, and consequently did not appear when the time for the performance arrived. The public waited and waited while the impresario tore his hair. The gallery was filled with students, who began to stamp and make cat-calls, all of which did not contribute to the peace of mind of the impresario. Finally Toscanini arose from his place amid the uproar, took the baton in his hand and conducted the opera from beginning to end, entirely from memory, and with a firmness and dexterity

that at once identified him as a master conductor. Naturally, at the end he received a great ovation, and his reputation was established.

In the drama we were fortunate in having many of the greatest actors of the world visit us, including Sarah Bernhardt, Eleonora Duse, Rejane, Coquelin and others. Bernhardt called Sao Paulo the artistic capital of Brazil.

Brazil has many magnificent theaters which have been erected by the municipalities. The opera house at Sao Paulo is as beautiful as the opera at Paris. There Wagner's operas are given with great success, and each season the contract calls for novelties and a series of Wagnerian operas. Last year the entire *Ring of the Nibelungen* was performed with artists brought to Brazil for the occasion.

Caruso, Titta Ruffo, Gigli, Galli-Curci, Paderewski, Friedman, Arthur Rubinstein, Strauss, Mascagni, Weingartner, all have visited Brazil.

Our greatest composer was Antonio Carlos Gomez. Gomez was born in Campinas, Brazil, in 1839. He died at Para in 1896. He was a pupil of the Milan Conservatorio. He wrote some nine works for the stage, the most famous of which is *Il Guarany.* This opera has a very beautiful overture which, I hear, is frequently played in North America. He wrote a hymn to celebrate American Independence, *The Salute of Brazil.* This was sung at the Centennial in Philadelphia, in 1876. His operas are so Italian in type that one might think that they were written by a native of Italy instead of Brazil. They have been performed extensively abroad. Another opera of much fame is *Salvator Rosa,* which was first given in Venice in 1874.

Of course we have modern composers in Brazil, such as Glauco Velasquez, Oswald and Nepmuceno. Many of the South American composers and musicians are

known in Europe as well as here. Teresa Carreno, who was born a Venezuelan, but who became thoroughly cosmopolitan because of her long residence abroad, was unquestionably one of the greatest of all pianists of her sex. Reynaldo Hahn, who was born in Caracas, Venezuela, in 1874, has lived in Paris since his third year; so that his South American influences are purely natal. He is known in Paris by his several works for the stage and in America by his exquisite songs. Nevertheless, South America claims him.

With the immense development of the country of such vast resources as Brazil, greater musical activity is sure to come. With the visits of more and more concert artists and orchestras, the interests will spread from opera into these fields. The chances there in the future should be very great, although the United States is now of course the land of greatest musical opportunity.

Fortunately, my teacher, although an Italian, was a worshipper of Bach and Beethoven as well as Chopin and Schumann. I had under him a most severe training in the elements of technic. I went through the routine of Czerny and Cramer just as though I had been in Leipzig or Munich; only I have always felt that he permitted me to put a little more color in my technical work.

If I have any message at all for the students of America, it would be that of emphasizing the poetical in their lives. I see students, thousands of them, and I know that with the characteristic industry of Americans, they are literally "working their heads off" to acquire success. But, does success always come in that way? I think not. Please do not think for a moment that I minimize technic. Look at the more or less monumental technical works of M. Isidor Philipp; and you may imagine what I have been through. M. Philipp is possibly the greatest technical

specialist living; but he also emphasizes the need for beauty in all his work in interpretation.

How is beauty acquired in piano playing? Can it be acquired by practice and technic alone? It seems to me impossible to think of its coming merely by manipulating ivory keys. If you spend eight hours a day for eight years working your fingers, you will probably succeed in making a machine of yourself but certainly not an artist that the public will want to hear.

Far more than practice and industry, in the development of my own work, are two factors which very few students ever consider. The first I feel is my devotion to the highest ideals of life, from the spiritual sense, as I feel them revealed to me through my religion. I have always been a devout Catholic, and place implicit trust in the Almighty in the development of my life. The second factor was the loving care of my mother, who from my earliest infancy has seen to it that I be surrounded with beautiful and noble things. She has helped me to understand the great problems of life without contact with the vicious elements. She had me read great books, inspiring poetry. She taught me about the great and noble characters of the world, and told me how they sacrificed for their ideals.

In the summer we always went to some beautiful part of the world, where there were wonderful views of nature that photograph themselves upon the mind, never to be forgotten. We spent days and days in great art galleries and beautiful churches in the contemplation of famous pictures. From these things one naturally absorbs concepts of the elemental principles of art such as variety in form and color, symmetry, mass of effect, and thus gains a higher perception of the same principles as the masters of music applied them in their art.

The trouble with piano study is that the student ex-

pects to find success all carefully packed in a box of technic. No matter how indispensable technic may be, it is worthless unless in the possession of an artist—and by an artist I mean one who has artistic concepts, real appreciation of the principles of beauty, strength, form and color.

Study your Czerny, your Pischna, your Hanon diligently. They are the things which give you liberated channels of expression. You cannot do without scales, arpeggios and octave studies. No pianist ever achieved fame without securing this technic in some way or other. On the other hand, there are thousands and thousands of students right now with a technic approaching that of a Liszt, a Rubinstein or a Rosenthal who stand very scant opportunities of becoming artists accepted by the public.

The artist is a missionary of beauty. He discloses all the grandeur of nature. He opens and reveals to all the profound, mysterious soul of Beethoven—the poetical soul of Chopin. What a sacred mission!

He who would enter the sacred temple of art must keep his soul pure. Alas for him who attempts to enter with mercenary thoughts! As Christ put the money changers out of the temple, so should the performer with a materialistic object be ejected from the temples of art. The child from his very first steps in art should be made to realize that he is a missionary and not a mercenary. Real art is a devotion, not a financial expediency.

The artist should be a noble instrument of the Creator, for the transmission of glorious thoughts to humanity. Great instruments are not made in factories or by factory methods. We value a Stradivarius violin because it is so exquisitely and wonderfully made. Compare it with a factory-made violin from Germany or Japan. In like manner the artist cannot be made by factory (technical) methods alone.



ELENA GERHARDT

TALISMAN OF THE ART SONG INTERPRETATION

ELENA GERHARDT

Biographical

Elena Gerhardt, one of the most eminent of modern art song interpreters, was born in Leipzig. Her teacher was Marie Hedmondt. Arthur Nikisch was given the credit of "discovering" her and developing her great gift for singing the immortal "Art Songs." Her debut was in Leipzig in 1903, *Nikisch accompanying her at the piano. She was at once engaged for the Grand Opera. Her success with art songs and with oratorio was so great that she decided to devote her life to these branches of musical art. Many tours on the Continent, in England and in the United States have made her a great favorite, because of her extremely musical and humanistic interpretations, revealing dramatic power and poetic insight of the highest character.*

Why did I abandon an operatic career for the art song and oratorio? Possibly because the concert platform commands and demands a kind of musicianship which is in itself thrilling. At the conservatorium it was necessary for me to procure a well-rounded musical education as well as vocal training. Therefore I studied with the composers Hanson and Jadassohn with the idea of mastering the essentials of the art of music as well as of singing. Possibly it was this which interested Nikisch when I first sang for him. He abominated triflers in the art. One had to be thorough or nothing at all. However, American audiences who heard that great master

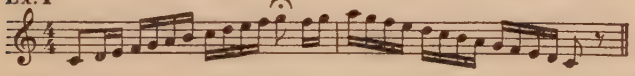
conductor realized that (at the same time) there was nothing heavy or stodgy about him. His genius was so fine and so brilliant that every performance that came under his electric baton was absolutely unforgettable. His presence was an inspiration in itself; and his orchestras were simply carried away by his magnetic personality. Back of all this was his wonderful musicianship.

But if one is to benefit from the genius of such a man as Nikisch, one must have first of all an instrument, and be able to play upon it. What do I mean by this? Most would-be singers want to sing without having any preliminary drill. They plunge right into opera arias, art songs and oratorios as though they were the normal material with which to make a beginning. Are you surprised when I tell you that for two whole years I was confined almost entirely to exercises such as scales, runs, Concone and Lutgen? Why? To gain control over my instrument. In other words, I was making a voice. The average student imagines that one ought to be content with the handiwork of God in the voice that He has given. Of course, one must have all that. But suppose you were presented with a $20,000 Stradivarius, that would by no means make you a violinist. Nor could you start your violin study by playing Beethoven concertos. Your Stradivarius would be worthless until you acquired technic. Why under the sun some singers imagine they can sing without acquiring a vocal technic I cannot say. Most vocal technical work is altogether too shallow and insufficient.

As a matter of fact, it is not safe to sing without a technic. The emotions in singing are so impelling, so deep and so powerful that unless you have the proper technical control, you may easily injure your voice by over-singing. Every vocalist who has a great deal of singing to do knows that the voice must be exercised

daily. I practice scales every day for at least a half hour. When I cease to do this my voice slips backward. These scales are always sung very softly. Many people are amazed to hear me do this. They exclaim, "What! Do you do those trifling scales still?" My only reply is to explain that scales and similar vocalizes are my salvation in standing the strain. Here are two of my favorite exercises. These I sing only in the keys that are most comfortable for my voice.

Ex. 1



Ex. 2



These are to be practiced on every vowel with F before —like fa, fe, fi, fo, fu.

Another very good exercise for the development of an even tone and of tone color is the following: Do–re–me–fa–sol—to be sung throughout the entire range of the voice—and these syllables are sung in such a way that the consonants are distinct, but no more. That is, I do not emphasize the consonants, but touch them lightly with the vocal organs held in as relaxed a condition as is consistent with good tone-production.

One could talk volumes about breathing; but volumes have already been written, so what is the use? The main thing about breathing is to get breath control. This comes only with almost interminable practice. One practices until almost able to forget about the breath. The great principle is economy. Most singers use far too much breath. Really very little breath is needed in singing the classics. It is the manipulation of the breath that

counts. Beware of teachers who instruct you to breathe in unnatural ways. Your breathing must be comfortable, with the main support from the diaphragm.

The instrumental performer is taught first of all the importance of rhythm. Without an understanding of rhythm no player would be accepted in any great symphony orchestra. The composers of the art songs were all great masters. They knew that rhythm was design in music. Schubert's songs, for instance, can be ruined if they are not sung with the fine rhythm which Schubert himself must have had instinctively in his incomparable genius. Take any Schubert song, such as *The Trout, Hark, Hark, the Lark, The Wanderer, To Be Sung on the Waters.* Unless the rhythm, and by rhythm I mean the natural swing of the musical design, is right, the work is ruined, no matter how beautiful the voice. Nikisch was a great stickler for this. With him a triplet was a triplet; it was a crime to alter it in any way. Of course, he played so rhythmically that his rhythms were positively contagious. He used to insist that the understanding of rhythm was at the basis of musicianship, and that the singer must, first of all, study the rhythm as a whole before attempting to interpret a new work.

As I have said, the great satisfaction about singing an art song is in the fact that it was written by a master who sought to accomplish an artistic purpose and knew just how to go about it. He worked for artistic balance, for beauty of melodic line and for a very definite musical and emotional climax. One of the first things which the singer must do is to locate that climax and examine the roads the composer has employed to attain it. This being discovered, the next step is to see that the rest of the song is subservient to that climax. Many an interpretation is ruined in its effect upon an audience by unduly magnifying some unimportant notes before the

real climax is reached. After study and reflection, the student learns to paint with the voice, to keep up the musical interest in a straight line until the climax is attained. In practically all of the great masterpieces the composer has found that the musical climax coincides with that of the poetry. Examine Schubert's *Wanderer* and his *Erlking* and see how astonishing this is. I could name dozens of such instances. In these songs the dramatic climax comes shortly before the end, and the audience is always held spellbound if the songs are properly sung by an artist with skill and fine emotional feeling.

Notwithstanding all the artistry of the singer, the thing that counts most is sincerity. In other words, the great singers still sing from the heart, and always will. The public is always most sensitive about this. It seems to be able to detect at once whether the artist is sincere or whether the performance is merely a stereotyped exhibition of prowess. Just be yourself, that is all. No matter whether you appear in London, Paris, Berlin, or in some little provincial town, the people are, first of all, human beings. They want to be addressed as human beings with human feelings.

PRACTICAL IDEAS IN MODERN PIANOFORTE PLAYING

JOSEF LHÉVINNE

Biographical

Josef Lhévinne was born at Moscow, Russia, in 1874. *He studied pianoforte with Crysander, a Swedish teacher, and also at the Moscow Conservatory under Safonoff, where he received the virtuoso diploma, the gold medal and later the Rubinstein Prize in the International Competition at Berlin. His first public appearance was made at the age of eight, and at the age of fifteen he played the Beethoven Fifth Concerto with the great Rubinstein conducting. After concert tours in various parts of Europe he became professor of pianoforte at the Imperial Music School at Tiflis, and later at the Moscow Conservatory. He then made numerous tours of Russia, France, England and Germany. His American debut was with the Russian Symphony Orchestra in* 1906. *During the war he was interned in Germany, but is now in the United States, where he has made many public appearances this season. His playing is marked by its very musical and interesting tone coloring as well as his brilliant virtuosity.*

Just when one commences to evolve more or less definite ideas about pianoforte technic and pianoforte teaching is difficult to tell; but it is safe to say that nothing one has ever done from childhood up is lost. That is, from my very first lessons with a Swedish teacher named Crysander, there have been a series of experiences in what to do and what not to do which form the background of all of the public playing and the teaching I have done. From the very first I was thrown in a mu-



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JOSEF LHÉVINNE

sical atmosphere. My father was an orchestral musician. He played the trumpet in the orchestra at the Imperial Opera. Rubinstein was one of his firm admirers and always liked to hear him play. Accordingly he placed me with a Swedish teacher named Crysander, who had come to Russia as the conductor of a Swedish choir. Crysander was the author of *A Beginner's Method* and I am afraid that he thought far more about correct hand position and elementary technical exercises than about developing the musical qualities. His main object was to get my fingers to move as correctly and as precisely and as rapidly as possible.

Of course, the ideal way with a child is to develop the child's esthetic sense in a very simple way along with his technical development. I am also a firm believer in having the child taught to play from memory, from his very first pieces. This is not merely because it is the convention in these days to play everything from memory, but it is hard enough for an adult to play expressively with the eyes glued on the notes and when a child is confined to the notes. Again it is much easier to teach memorizing when the child is young than if this drill is deferred to a later year, when other studies crowd in more rapidly. Crysander did not teach me to memorize, and that was always a source of regret to me in my later student days.

For six years I was constantly under the care of Crysander. He developed a good technic in the old-fashioned sense. That is, I could play with speed and some force, but my fingers were frightfully stiff. In fact, after a few hours' practice my fingers would feel exceedingly tired and would ache painfully. I saw other players perform for hours with little apparent effort and I knew that I could not be upon the right path. By this time I had played several Beethoven Sonatas and many Liszt

arrangements, such as the Wagner-Liszt *Tannhaüser March,* etc. It was at that time that I went to the conservatory and became the pupil of Safonoff. Tanieff was then the director of the conservatory and the directors insisted that although I was technically able to enter I was not old enough in years. Accordingly Safonoff taught me privately in his home for six months.

It was difficult to forget my chagrin when I learned that I would have to go back to the five-finger exercises as found in Hanon's exercises. That was a great fall from the *Tannhaüser March.* Safonoff, however, told me that the reason for my getting tired at practice was that I had never given my muscles a chance to get strong in the right way, and that I was straining them all the time.

He would tolerate no stiffness, but at the same time he would not permit the slightest hand motion. He repeatedly put things on the back of my hand, while I was playing scales and five-finger exercises, with the injunction that I was not to permit them to fall off. In order to do this the action at first was purely one of the fingers, but, at the same time, I had to strike the keys over and over again without the slightest strain. He was one of the most careful and insistent teachers one could possibly imagine, watching every muscle as a cat would a mouse, never letting me progress a note unless the hand conditions were entirely without strain. This was one of his secrets—minute attention to every detail. American audiences must have noticed that when he was the conductor of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra.

He had many definite ideas about various phases of pianoforte playing. One was the the thumb should be suspended in a natural position under the curve of the hand in scale playing. That is, in the ascending scale of C, for instance, in the right hand the thumb strikes C

and the moment the next note D is struck with the second finger the C is released and the thumb moves rapidly, lightly and gracefully at once under the second finger. This keeps it in playing position all the time and forms a habit that becomes very valuable to the player in later years. He also insisted that the wrist should be free at all times when the fingers were playing. It seems very easy to say, but it took me years to accomplish it. More than that, one must know how to use the wrist, in finger work, in order to produce required effects. For instance, in a passage like the following, one soon learns to raise the wrist at the top note of the passage to get the proper accent, which the little finger alone can hardly be expected to give.



At the termination of such a run in either direction, in either hand, the elevation of the wrist brings certain arm muscles into action and finishes the run in either arpeggio or scale form, definitely and clearly. This is also the case where the thumb has to be used upon the black keys.

Scales, it seems to me, are the basis of the development of a perfect technic. I always have been a firm believer in them. I am aware that some seem to think that they are not necessary, but anyone who has sat beside pupils and watched the almost magical effect that the right kind of scale drill produces upon pupils at a certain stage of advance could not fail to be convinced. Of course they must not be played in a perfunctory manner. Rubinstein could play a scale so exquisitely that it was almost heavenly. You held your breath with the beauty of it until he had touched the last note.

A perfect scale is one of the hardest things to play. That is, a scale with evenness and quality. One should play the scales until they become absolutely effortless. My wife is an excellent pianist, with also a diploma and gold medal of the conservatory. Safonoff used to say that she seemed to shake the scales out of her sleeve.

That is a very good expression. Not until the student can shake them out of his sleeve can he play them well. His fingers should fall into their proper places automatically. There should be no need for thinking about what notes to play or what fingers to use. If there is any such thing as that he should go back and play them very, very slowly, until he knows them. If in pronouncing a word one has to stutter or sputter over it, there is only one cure and that is to say the word in its proper syllables over and over with the proper pronunciation very slowly. It is precisely the same with scales. Fluency comes with knowing, and knowing comes with very slow playing. I was with Safonoff for six years and he invariably asked for scales at each lesson. I do the same thing with my own pupils.

If, after playing for two hours, let us say, I find that irrelevant thoughts persist in coming up in my mind, I stop and do something else. It is a sign that my mind is tired and must have a rest. I do something else for awhile and then go back to practice again. Concentration and interest are the secret of success in pianoforte practice. Any concentration without interest, that is, concentration that is manufactured by the will power, will not do. You must be mightily interested. Your concentration must be the result of a most intense desire and love for what you are doing. You must be happier while you are practicing than when you are doing anything else.



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RUPERT HUGHES

MUSIC FOR THE MAN OF TODAY

RUPERT HUGHES

Biographical

In a nation famed for producing men of exceptional versatility, from Benjamin Franklin down to the present time, few have succeeded so well in so many callings as Major Rupert Hughes. He was born in Lancaster, Mo., in 1872, *and was educated at Western Reserve University and at Yale. His training in music was received under Wilson G. Smith in Cleveland, Edgar Stillman Kelley in New York and Dr. Charles Austin Pearce in London. In addition to writing "American Composers," "The Music Lover's Encyclopedia," and other valuable books upon music, Major Hughes has done much significant work in musical composition. In recent years he has achieved distinct fame as one of the most popular writers of fiction, one of the most successful of American playwrights, one of the most sought-after writers upon general subjects of interest to the public, and as an authority upon certain phases of military activity. After service in the National Guard of New York State for twenty years, he joined the expedition to the Mexican border. Upon the outbreak of the recent war he entered the United States Army and was raised to the rank of major. With all his manifold interests and activities, Major Hughes has retained his love for musical work and he possesses a large collection of works upon Musical Theory. In composition he is a modernist in the broader sense of the term, employing harmonic treatment conforming to his own judgment and taste, even when it batters down the sacred traditions of the conservative theorists.*

In the building of a new world there is scant room for anything but the most practical, the most neces-

sary things. Thus in the making of our country our forefathers, by sheer force of circumstances, were compelled to give the most of their attention to those things which pioneers regard as essentials. With an Indian, tomahawk in hand, sneaking around one door of a cabin, and hunger sneaking around the other, there was naturally little time for the tenant, with his wife and half a dozen children clinging to his knees, to meditate over the beauties of Herrick or Purcell.

Stern necessity moulded our forefathers, put iron into their blood, and gave us the heritage of which we, as Americans, are so justly proud. But this very necessity seemed to lead many of them into the mistaken thought that music was, first of all, not in any way a necessity, and not being a necessity, it was therefore a feminine calling—something to while away the time of girls and women, whose men folks could afford to let them escape the slavery of the kitchen, to say nothing of the field and the barn. Music became one of the chief studies of the young ladies' seminary—not music as we know it now, but music apparently made as a kind of background for crinolines and long curls. Nothing of this is left, and the *Maiden's Prayer,* offered daily upon countless old-fashioned square pianos, is silenced, save when grandmother goes into the parlor and works her rheumatic fingers over the keys—every blunder reminiscent of a golden past.

Just what has brought about the notable change in American life? What has introduced music, not as a pastime, but as a daily need to thousands and thousands of American men who only yesterday might have looked upon Apollo, Orpheus, Amphion and Arion as prototypes of the effeminate in man? Knowing the American man as we all know him, let us admit that it was possibly the great success of the many musicians in the material side

of musical work which led many so-called "Captains of Industry" to realize that "perhaps there is something in music after all."

With musicians making fortunes of amazing size; with building after building going up in all parts of the country in honor of music; with the musical industries producing a revenue that still makes some of us gasp, it was not surprising that the gentleman, who had been brought up to think that the one righteous and noble thing in human life was business, should suddenly realize that after all art, when it is art which the human appetite requires, is a wonderfully lucrative thing, even though it is not hitched up to a typewriter and an adding machine. Whetted with just enough curiosity, Mr. Business Man gradually found himself taking more and more interest in music, until one day he made the discovery that he was actually reading articles upon music in the daily papers, learning the names of singers, and perhaps wondering what their "batting averages" were.

Then came the piano-player and the phonograph. Here he at least could go through part of the process of making music. It was not always to be locked up in the fingers of his wife or his daughter. Once tasting the joys of music-making, even in this artificial fashion, he found a new interest in life, a new and unexplored field for mental recuperation, a field which grew more and more lovely with every step. Mr. Business Man became a music "fan," as his friends said. He bought books on music, bought tickets for concerts, operas and recitals which he had formerly secretly pitied his wife for attending. Much to his surprise, he found that this interest in music, like golf and the "car," took his mind from other things, made his intellect rest, banished business for the nonce, benefited him, exhilarated him, made him a better man for the workaday world.

This is simply the history of thousands and thousands of men. Once I was dining with the well-known theatrical manager, Daniel Frohman. He said to me: "What is that tune that opens the third movement of the *Sixth Symphony* of Beethoven?"

I had to confess that, despite my musical education, I did not remember it. In a few minutes the tune did come to Mr. Frohman, and he whistled it to me. Then he said:

"Mr. Hughes, what is meant by a triad?"

This is indicative of the kind of musical interest which great numbers of American business men are now taking in music. Mr. Frohman knew his melody from the *Sixth Symphony,* but did not know the most elementary things about chords.

The fortunes now being made in music by a great many men have gained respect for the musician among those of our "practical business men" who have the materialistic streak of our pioneer ancestors strongly fixed in them. Far be it from me to sneer at the business man who looked down upon music because every second musician seemed to be able to do very little more than scrape out of his art a bare existence. Of course, there are thousands of poor musicians and always will be, but in every occupation there are thousands of poorly paid workers in comparison with the rich men at the top. No state of society, since the beginning of time, has exactly escaped that except in the books of Utopian dreamers. Where there is one George F. Boldt in the hotel business there are thousands of bell-boys and porters; where there is one Carnegie in the steel business there are thousands of operatives; where there is one John G. Johnson in law there are thousands of poor lawyers—and so on. Paderewski, Caruso, McCormack, Heifetz and numberless other artists the world over are earning a fortune every year. There are now

teachers who are earning from thirty to fifty thousand dollars a year. Is not that a yearly fortune?

Possibly one of the reasons why music has earned the reputation for being a poorly paid profession is that, for the most part, the thousands of teachers of music scattered all over the country who do not receive nearly so much for their services as they should, are people of education and entitled to social standing and recognition in their communities.

In some days gone by, the average father would far rather have had his son become a harness manufacturer or a shoe dealer than become a musician. Now he knows that if the son works as hard in music as he might in business, and if he elects to do the profitable as well as the artistic things, he stands a chance of becoming a man with an income which few financiers would despise. If he is a composer of successful compositions and receives adequate royalties upon the mechanical rights of his works his annual income under very favorable circumstances need not drop below the five figures of the rich man of fiction. Indeed, there have been cases of musicians whose incomes have not only run into the hundred thousands, but who have been compelled to make income tax returns large enough to irritate a real Crœsus! But, you say, there are only a few Carusos, McCormacks and Paderewskis. True, but in proportion to the size of every industry there are only a very few men with enormous incomes equal to these men. There are men like Irving Berlin and George M. Cohan, whose incomes from popular successes have been enormous. As in everything else, we must have music to suit the oatmeal taste as well as the *Paté de foie gras* appetite.

The American boy who takes up music really has a wonderful chance. American music is sweeping the world, and its progress is due not to any artificial character but

to certain elemental melodic and rhythmic features which have given musical vitality to all who listen to them. This started with the strong, original, stimulating marches of Lieut. John Philip Sousa. Although distinctively new they were so human that they were adopted right around the globe. At one time they were the pet marches of the Turkish army. Mr. Sousa told me that at Queen Victoria's Jubilee, just as she stepped out to receive the cheers of the crowd, three bands of the Guards struck up the *Washington Post.* All the academic symphonic poems we ever produced never carried the vernal youth and vigor of America as far as have the Sousa marches.

Europe simply went wild over American Jazz. The demand for Jazz was so great that some of the American military bands had to split up to teach the French and British bands the startling American novelty. Lieut. Jim Europe became the musical hero of France. Of course, this amazed many of the musicians at home whose noses went in the direction of their back collar-buttons whenever the word "Jazz" was mentioned. It is the habit of all school-bound, tradition-plated, convention shackled Americans in art and scholarship to have an immense regard and respect for anything that is distinctively un-American. H. L. Mencken, in his recent brilliant book, *The American Language,* says that no American college professor would ever think of making a serious study of our native tongue, with its different verbal tints which distinguish it from other phases of the English language.

American school and college men have long been the victims of a false scholarship. When they write books upon the English language and its literature, they will give lengthy lists of somewhat mediocre modern English writers from the other side, including several who are distinctly fourth class. If they happen to mention one of the modern American writers, it may be in a

patronizing footnote. Thus the American Ragtime, or "Jazz," which is Ragtime raised to the *Nth* power, is scorned as fit only for the musical wastebasket. Naturally much that "Jazz" has brought has been hopelessly cheap and artificial, but behind it all there is a germ of something very wonderful, which the composer with ears made in America will build into the American master-music of tomorrow. We clasp our musical arms affectionately around the *Czardas,* or the dances from the Volga and the Caucasus, while we kick away a growing musical art springing fresh and original from some of our native elements.

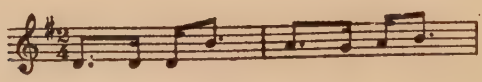
Young men and women—you who would become the symphonic writers of tomorrow—let us suppose that you were born in Budapest instead of Keokuk, San Diego, Tampa, Bangor or Seattle. Being born in Budapest, you would naturally be proud of being a Hungarian. Would you regard the music of the gypsies with scorn just because they strolled through the streets in rags and dirt? Would you say that the music of the gypsies is fit only for the people with low and vulgar tastes? If you did, you would never become a Brahms or a Liszt. Here we have in America something really vital in music. It is right before you, yet you pass it by in lofty scorn. This is not a new stand with me. It has been my contention for years that in ragtime the American will find his most distinctive rhythms—his most characteristic music.

Once, when I claimed that ragtime was the distinctive music of modern America appearing for a time in a crude fashion, a New York critic wrote:

"Bless his innocent heart, Eighteenth Century opera is full of it!"

When I ventured to say that I was reasonably familiar with much of the opera of the Eighteenth Century and would like to know where the passages that might be termed

ragtime came in, I was told that on every page or so there were evidences of the Scotch snap. The Scotch snap is merely a sharply accentuated rhythm, and totally different from ragtime as Americans know it.



The second half of the measure represents the "snap."

Indeed, ragtime is more than syncopation. It is a kind of native rubato, a kind of intoxicating lilt, introduced by the negro in his music with inimitable unctuousness. Everything is played *ad libitum*. Indeed, the word *"ad lib"* becomes a verb, and the players are directed to *"ad lib"* this or *"ad lib"* that. This results in a kind of abandon, a sort of frenzy, reminding one of the camp meeting. Like the spirituals in which the singers join, with impromptu harmonies which would astonish both Debussy and Strauss, the music is a kind of exhortation, like the shout from the Amen corner. All the while the negro is laughing, even in his blues, when he is laughing at himself. There is the element of good nature in his singing and dancing which makes it irresistible.

The American man of tomorrow who elects to compose will find new, creative fields in our wonderfully intense life, and he will find means to present his works second to none in the world. The metamorphosis of musical opportunity in America is going on right before our eyes in most marvelous fashion. Twenty years ago the idea of an American producing works that would be accepted for performance at the Metropolitan or by the Chicago Opera Company would have been ridiculed, yet we have had now several most successfully performed.

As an instance of the modern man in music the case of

Paderewski, long my friend, is remarkable. When the war broke out he of all his people was the best known throughout the world. Thousands who knew little or nothing of Poland knew the name of Paderewski as well as they did their own. He was ready at all times to sacrifice his all for his native land. Not only did he give his money with a lavish hand, but he gave unendingly of his time and energy to stimulate an interest in the rebirth of his native land.

When the time came he was called back to Poland as Premier. Vernon Kellogg said that he was undoubtedly the greatest statesman at the Peace Table. With his diplomatic skill, his worldwide experience, his grasp of all modern languages of Europe, few could keep pace with him. Yet this man, this millionaire, who was giving his all for his country, was not a contractor, a merchant, a manufacturer, but a musician.

THE MYSTERY OF INSPIRATION

RUDOLF FRIML

Biographical

Mr. Rudolf Friml has the good fortune to be one of the most successful of modern composers, from the standpoint of material rewards. His very ingenious and highly melodic popular operas are known and whistled from coast to coast; but fewer people know of Friml's great gifts in writing music of a serious kind, of his ability as a pianist, and of his exhaustive training in his art. Mr. Friml was born December 7, 1884, at Prague, Bohemia. His parents were musical, but were not professionals in the art. He was a pupil of the Prague Conservatory where he studied for four years under Dvorák and others. He came to America as a pianist, to tour with his fellow-countryman, Jan Kubelik, and has appeared as a pianist with great success. He played his pianoforte concerto with the New York Symphony Orchestra. In 1912 his comic opera "Firefly" was produced with immense success; and since then he has written a large number of successes, including "High Jinks," "Katinka," "You're in Love," "Tumble Inn," "Sometimes," "Gloriana," "Kitty Darling," "Blue Kitten," "Bibi of the Boulevarde," "June Love" and "Cinders." In addition to these works Mr. Friml is known to a rather different clientele by his very interesting and useful compositions for piano which, because of their refined character, are most valuable for instructive purposes.

For me there has always been music. I have no idea of when I first commenced to love it, because from my earliest conscious recollection music was as much a part of my life as bread and butter. My father, like many



RUDOLF FRIML

Czecho-Slovak folk, used to love to play the zither. He had an intense fondness for music.

When I was a very tiny boy he went out one evening to purchase the winter supply of coal and wood for the family. Our means were meagre and the money required for such necessary items seemed large to the family. Father met some congenial friends, one of whom was in possession of a very small piano such as one sees in the early pictures of Mozart. The temptation was too great. The coal and wood could wait, but certainly not such a very desirable thing in the home as a piano. Consequently he had the piano sent home, much to the horror and disgust of my more than practical mother who could not see her way clear to pass through the winter with a scant supply of coal and wood.

That piano was my first inspiration. Little did my father realize that he was making an investment which some day would yield thousands and thousands of dollars to his son. As soon as my tiny fingers could reach the keyboard I commenced to strum upon the little old piano with its tinkling sound and its well-worn case. It was one of the things that I loved most, after my father and mother. My father made vain efforts to play upon the piano but with very little success more than a few chords and an occasional glissando which delighted his soul.

When the street organs passed, I am told I listened attentively to the tunes and was soon found picking them out on the keyboard. This was long before I knew anything about music. Before I realized it, however, I was playing. Visitors came and expressed their surprise at my progress; and somehow I was placed under the care of a good teacher.

At the age of fourteen I was given a scholarship at the Prague Conservatory where I studied piano with Josef Jiranek and composition with Anton Dvořák for

four years. Dvořák was a very absent-minded man. He always insisted that no one could teach composition. He used to set tasks for me to do and then he would criticize the form, harmonies and other features; but he never set any formal plan of instruction. That is, Dvořák never gave me regular instruction in harmony or counterpoint, although I had some instruction with other teachers.

Dvořák seemed to feel that these theoretical branches were natural with me. I never made any voice progressions that seemed to him incorrect. Indeed, I have rarely been conscious of any kind of rules in writing anything. I never question myself "Is this arithmetically right or arithmetically wrong?" It cannot be right if it sounds badly; and it cannot be wrong if it sounds good. Of course, I realized that the ordinary way of learning composition is to go right through years of training in harmonic analysis and synthesis; but I am sure that many of the great composers of the past have literally absorbed the theory of music-harmony and counterpoint subconsciously. Please do not think I am placing myself in a class with the great masters; but it is interesting to inquire how Mozart, Schubert, Wagner and countless others acquired their writing technic in music when they studied amazingly short periods along the so-called regular lines.

Of course I played almost incessantly. I read the works of the great masters over and over again. Chopin, Mozart, Beethoven were my daily bread. Just as one who is born in a country and brought up among cultured people learns to speak the language intuitively without any recourse to grammar or to rhetoric, so I learned music in the land of music, the land of the great masters. Mind you, I am not recommending this course for the average student. Very few students practice incessantly enough to become saturated with music. Very few observe acutely as they read and play music to study how the great masters

have obtained their effects. The student must learn to play deductively. He must not merely play the notes. When he hears a new effect he must immediately become inquisitive and strive to learn how the master achieved that effect. If he has a knowledge of harmony and counterpoint he can analyze it quicker. That is the great advantage of these studies for those who have not been saturated with music for years.

Of course all thinking people realize that there are certain individuals who are more sensitive to musical impressions than others. There is no explanation; they are born that way. Others seek expression of their ideas and emotions through other channels—art, literature, architecture. To me, everything translates itself into music. Any idea, any poem, any beautiful picture seems to affect my whole being and I am at once conscious of melodies surging up within me. The ocean moves me immensely. I feel its power at once. It is not a question of wanting to compose. I can't help it. Time and again, when I have been fagged out, my mind will catch some scene and the melodies come and I cannot rest until I get them down on paper. Once, someone gave me the poem of a song of the sea. I had no thought of writing it, but when I read it, I felt the waves of music running across the staves, as it were, and before I knew, the melody came and the song was written.

Pictures are another source of inspiration. Once in Paris I happened to see the picture of a girl looking up into the clear blue sky. The idea, the design, the coloration, everything at once commenced to sing in me and I wrote a piece called *Ideal.*

Melodies also come to me incessantly during improvisation. One melody makes another. Indeed, I have often gone so far as to improvise upon a recording piano and have some of my compositions transcribed in musical no-

tation from the roll. This really reverses the usual process; but it is a possibility for the composer of the future who is gifted in improvisation. Of course, if one is not in the mood, or if one has not a good sense of form so that the composition improvised is balanced properly, one can waste paper faster improvising on a recording piano than when writing notes upon music paper.

For years I have found that ideas come to me faster and better at two o'clock in the morning than at any other time. Then everything is quiet. There are no street rumbles, no callers, no telephone. It is the only time one can get solitude in the great metropolis. I have no place to go at that hour unless I want to go to bed. My mind is clear. Give me a clean sheaf of music paper and a piano and I am gloriously happy. Much of my music I write away from the piano; but I also find at the keyboard that by playing a great deal in a great many different styles I chance upon many ideas which seem valuable to me. This is especially so when I play in the dark. Often in the middle of the night I play for hours in a room entirely without light. The neighbors? Oh, they don't mind, because I have a detached house on Riverside Drive where I can play without disturbing them.

However, do not think I need a peculiar setting to help me compose. Many of my compositions have had their inception on a train going sixty miles an hour. The rhythm of the train translates itself into melodies. Often at the seashore I take a notebook when I go in to bathe. I hide the book and the pencil in the sand and jot down sketches that may come to me. Again, sometimes I wake in the morning with my head teeming with ideas. I always carry paper with me and put these down at once. A good musical idea is a practical asset. I have long since learned to value them and I endeavor

never to let one escape. They are likely to vanish like the diamond dew on the cobweb, unless they are caught in the trap of staff, clefs, bars and notes.

The weather affects my musical moods. It was some time before I noticed this. On gloomy days my music is likely to be sad or sentimental. On bright, sparkling, springtime days I want to write music that dances and plays in every measure.

Memorizing music and improvising seems to me to be of great value in music study. The mind must be kept saturated with music. When I came to America as a solo pianist with Jan Kubelik, it was a part of my contract to play his accompaniments. Once we arrived at a concert only to find that our accompaniments (music) for his difficult program had been left at the hotel in another city. I had played them a number of times and had unconsciously memorized them. Thereafter I used no music for the purpose of accompanying, unless it was some new work with which I was unfamiliar. The effect was infinitely better.

The mind of the real musician is like a sponge; it goes on and on absorbing music consciously or unconsciously all the time. It is necessary to be able to recall a very great deal of music in order to recall whether the melodies which come to one are original. It has always been my conviction that by knowing a very great deal of music and carrying it in the brain new ideas come from this reservoir just as new and beautiful shapes are tossed up in a whirlpool. Improvisation is a fertile source of musical originality if one knows how to improvise. I enjoy improvising hugely. I have improvised before great audiences in Carnegie Hall and found myself so lost in the outpouring of themes and in their musical development that I forgot the audience entirely.

The mystery of musical inspiration is quite as baffling

to one who possesses it as to the general public. I have no use for the false modesty which leads one to deny a gift generally recognized. But one is no more responsible for it than one would be for having red hair or a prominent nose. I cannot tell where the tunes come from, except that I hear everything I see and feel, in terms of music. It is a marvel to me that there are still so many possibilities for new tunes.



ETHEL LEGINSKA

INDIVIDUALISM IN PIANO STUDY

ETHEL LEGINSKA

BIOGRAPHICAL

Ethel Leginska (real name Ethel Leggins) was born at Hull, England, in 1883. *For four years she studied at the Hoch Conservatorium in Frankfort am Main and thereafter for three years with Leschetizky in Vienna. Her debut was made in London. This was followed by tours of Europe. In* 1913 *she made her American debut in New York. She has since made many tours of America, appearing as a pianist, as a composer of modernistic music and as an orchestral conductor. Her work is characterized by great force and brilliancy.*

The subject of individualism in pianoforte study is one that makes a peculiarly strong appeal to me, since nothing more "individual" could possibly be imagined than my own musical upbringing in Hull. My father came from the distinctly middle class. If you have never lived in England, you can hardly conceive what this means. My mother, on the other hand, came from very poor people who, in Yorkshire, live according to stern ideals of religion and duty. Puritanism in America seems to have succumbed to the vitality and activity of the new world. But the sense of duty in Yorkshire is often synonymous with a sense of harsh repression of many beautiful and natural things in life that make existence worth while. With stern religious conventions in front of one all the time, progress in art is sometimes difficult. My mother rebelled at this before I was born. In fact, she was a revolutionist at heart, and I was the medium

through which she chose to develop some of her principles. Accordingly, when she discovered that I manifested, at two years of age, a marked interest in music by haunting the hurdy-gurdy in the street, looking big-eyed at the artist who, by the mere turning of a handle, could produce such "beautiful" music—my mother decided that I should be trained in the thing that I liked the most, and that I should not go to school. How I ever got an education I don't know, for of schooling I have had none. Of course, I have read enormously and have mastered three languages by self-study—have traveled and met all manner of interesting people. My mother did not intend that I should develop after the conventional pattern—and I did not. Father used to take me to hear the Carl Rosa Opera Company, and was amazed that I did not go to sleep during the long performances of *Carmen,* and other operas.

Fortunately there was a Royal Academy teacher in Hull, who shared my mother's views, and who taught me according to my needs, and not the needs of the great average, as most educational systems are organized to do. I was given abundant study in ear training and elementary harmony. Why should harmony be put off as a study solely for old folks? It is just as much a part of music as learning the notes. Why not take the child when its mind is most receptive and let him see the "how" and "why" of chords? Let him observe that there is a certain order in music, as in nature—that certain chords, for instance, resolve just as the calyx of a flower opens under the blessing of the sun.

Melody, improvisation and rhythm can be made immensely interesting if taught intelligently and simply. History is a great inspiration to a child if the story-book side is brought out. It brightens the dullness of technic, introduces human interest and makes music an altogether different thing. I am also strong for ensemble

practice—playing with other instruments. Why isn't this more of a part of the regular musical work of children in America? Why do not the parents of musical children bring together those who play the violin, and those who play piano or 'cello, and organize little ensemble parties? It is all a very essential part of musical education. It was fortunate for me that my mother had experienced the severe repression of Yorkshire—repression so wonderfully described in Mrs. Gaskill's classic story of the Brontes—fortunate that my mother had rebelled at everything that would hinder my wholly individualistic training.

A very great deal of time is wasted, however, in giving more than ordinary musical advantages to children who have no gift for music—children absolutely and entirely without talent. This is a ridiculous waste. No amount of cultivation will ever make a turnip bear roses—and it is cruelty to the turnip soul and ambitions to make it think it might achieve what is so out of its nature. While it was easy for me to learn to play the Mozart *Fantasie,* the Beethoven *C Minor Concerto,* and the *Italian Concerto* of Bach, before I was nine—this was because I had a real and deep love for music, and had a music lesson every day for a long time, and no regular schooling to interrupt or divert my training. Instead, my mother would often walk with me, book in hand, when I was going for some distance, and she would teach me on the way.

If anyone should ask me the most important thing in the musical education of the child, I should say—the training of the ear. The student in school, who could not write at dictation what he heard, would never get much further than the lowest grade. Yet how few could listen to a piece played slowly, and write down every note that he heard? Not one teacher in a thousand is capable

of doing this—yet they waste hours over position at the keyboard. Position at the keyboard is important, and there must be some standard—some conception of right which must be given to the student. Yet, when it actually comes to position, nothing really seems to count. That is, great pianists do all sorts of things that the books say they shouldn't, and seem to survive and become very successful artists. Mr. Gabrilowitsch and Mr. Bauer, for instance, choose to play with their seats very high, while Mr. Paderewski has his so low that he sits only about fifteen and a half inches from the floor. Arthur Schnabel, the great German pianist who was very popular in Berlin, thought nothing of committing that greatest of all piano pedagogical crimes—permitting the finger to "break in" at the first joint.

The safe plan is to give the student what seems to be a happy medium in the way of position, and then tell him not to copy "the faults of the great," but to seek his own line of personal development. For instance, I have been told by many that Mme. Clara Schumann played with a more or less rigid hand, the second knuckles often higher than the back of the hand. This —"one of the faults of the great"—may have accounted for some of the neuritis or pains from which she suffered in later years.

Quite naturally I think Leschetizky the greatest of all teachers. My association with him as a student for three years was a rare privilege. Yet, forceful as he was, many of his ideas have been wholly misinterpreted, often by his own preparatory teachers, who were directly connected with his teaching plan in Vienna. This in itself is very interesting and extraordinary, and I find so much misinformation about it here in America, that I cannot refrain from giving these facts. When Leschetizky achieved fame, he became a mecca for more

students than the ordinary teacher could possibly accommodate. Accordingly he adopted the "preparatory teacher" plan. He had a number of these preparatory teachers, several of whom were Americans.

The Americans make exceptionally fine pedagogs. My own preparatory teacher, when I went to Leschetizky, was an American, Miss Ethel Newcomb, with whom I studied only one month; this is all the preparatory work I did. These teachers served two purposes. First of all, they were there to impart certain technical principles in which the master believed, so that when the pupil came for the first lesson, some of the worst faults might have been removed; and, secondly, they were there to help the advanced pupils in preparing special lessons.

In this way Leschetizky was an individualist. But there it stopped. His idea was to bring his pupils up to a certain standard of excellence and let them develop their own special individualities after leaving his hands. This I have personally sought to do, through self-study, reflection and conferences with my colleagues, Mr. Godowsky, Walter Damrosch, Paul Goldschmidt, of Berlin, and at present with Mr. Alberto Jonás, and many other artists. In the splendid fraternity of art, the workers of the higher type are always glad to co-operate for the benefit of their personal technic and interpretation.

Much has been told of the wit and the personality of Leschetizky, but little that is essential seems to have been told of his ideas on pianoforte playing. Of course he was really a great wit. He used to delight in telling the story of a stingy banker who had sprung up from the peasant class to sudden riches. The banker approached Leschetizky, when he was teaching in St. Petersburg as a very young man, and asked the pianist to teach his daughter. When he learned that Leschetizky

charged ten roubles (about five dollars) for a lesson at that time, he was aghast!

"Look here," said the banker. "I don't want her taught everything. Now I see that there are white keys on the piano, and black ones. Couldn't you teach my daughter only the white keys at—let us say—half price (five roubles)?"

"Ah," replied the master, "but you don't know how beautiful the black keys are. Let me play you a piece all on the black keys."

So Leschetizky sat down and played the black-key *Etude* of Chopin so much to the delight of the parent, that he exclaimed:

"Well, if the black keys are as beautiful as all that, I guess my daughter ought to have both—and I'll pay the full price of ten roubles."

Leschetizky had very serious and earnest views on technic. One he stressed especially was the need for a loose wrist whenever it was wanted. Just why some of his preparatory teachers should have taught in such a way that a stiff wrist was the result I do not know. In some mysterious way it has come to me time and again that Leschetizky was said to have urged a rigid wrist. This he did not, except in very forceful bravura passages, where a forearm stroke is occasionally required. He was very insistent upon the arched hand, rather than the flat-backed hand. Look at your right hand on the thumb side. If the line from the tip of the forefinger (second finger) forms a Roman arch leading to the joint where the bones of the thumb join the hand—then you have the ideal line or arch as desired by Leschetizky. This is the most natural and the most economical position of the hand conceivable for easy piano playing.

The aforesaid arched position makes for better preparation. The fingers can travel over the thumb, and

the thumb under the fingers more readily. Leschetizky laid great stress upon preparation in playing. That is, every movement was prepared in advance if possible. It seems to me that some of the accuracy which marks the playing of his pupils is due in a measure to this. The thumb, in passing under the finger, flies to a position immediately over the note that is to be struck. It is there when it is wanted. After much slow and deliberate practice of this it becomes as habitual as walking. You don't think about it—you are, in fact, quite unconscious of doing it. The well-trained hand does what it should do, and the mind can be centered upon the higher or interpretative side of the music.

The same idea was made to apply to chords. As the hand went to position to play a chord, it shaped itself immediately over that chord, with fingers individually aimed at the keys to be struck. Do you wonder that the pianist who moves the hand carelessly, with the fingers hanging purposelessly, like tassels, moving from one position to another on the oblique, instead of perpendicularly—do you wonder that, in this state of unpreparation, he almost invariably plays chords blurred? Leschetizky used to illustrate this at the keyboard. It was one of his secrets of accuracy. Move straight to the position above the chord. Aim every finger. Then play—and not till then. This, too, becomes habitual—a matter of routine. You do it after a while, without thinking about it. Leschetizky was a great believer in legato scales for the establishment of the preparation principle. Slow scale study is most beneficial and advantageous.

If one thing was paramount with Leschetizky it was *tone*—tone big enough for the largest concert hall, yet so under control that it could be administered with a reserve that made its whispers potent. How was this done? How shall I say? Perhaps the best way to ex-

press it is, that the tone should be poured out—not fired out. This is the vital difference between the tone of the Leschetizky or modern school and that of—say—the old Stuttgart school, where the notes were shot out from precise but angular fingers, as bullets are shot out of a machine gun. But how is tone "poured out"? It is easy to show, but hard to tell.

Take the first three members of the common chord of C (C, E, G). Hold the fingers to strike, immediately over the keys; depress the wrist slowly, so that the fingers gradually sink, depressing the keys and sounding the wires without any percussion, or hammer-like blows. This is the modern method. Then, per contra, strike the same keys with the hammer attack of the old school. Practice this several times alternately, till you note the difference thoroughly, both as to the mechanism and the quality of tone. After this, make your own application of the principle to the various forms of finger, forearm and wrist touches. This is a crude exposition of the principle, but it points the way toward the Leschetizky ideal of "pouring out" the tone. It may, I hope, lead some of the readers with perverted touches, toward a more beautiful tone. Of course there are times when a harsh, brittle, hammer-like tone is necessary for the artistic expression demanded in certain pieces. But these times must be considered the exception, and not the rule.

This "pouring out" of the tone is a great principle. It must be worked out according to the special needs of the individual. Like the will-o'-the-wisp, it is very elusive, and can be captured only by years of hard, persistent effort. It is so fundamental in all beautiful playing, however, that it is worth all the drudgery to develop it. Finally, it should be developed in such a way that it is characteristic of the individual, and not of the mere bare fact that such and such a pianist recommends it.

Leschetizky was very keen in his observation of this, and he had little patience with the pupil who persisted in banging away after the old-fashioned hammer method. He was wonderfully appreciative of honest effort and hard work. He knew, for example, that I was dreadfully poor, and he taught me for nothing, giving me his precious time and skill with greater liberality than to many other pupils who paid him high fees.

"UNDER NO CONSIDERATION WOULD I GIVE UP MUSIC"

RALPH MODJESKI

Biographical

Ralph Modjeski, the greatest of living bridge engineers, was born at Cracow, Poland, January 27, 1861. *His father was Gustav Modrzejewski and his mother was Helena Modjeska. The family name was changed when they came to America in* 1876. *This was done for the purposes of naturalization. Mr. Modjeski graduated at the College Ponts et Chaussees with honors. He has designed and built many of the foremost bridges in the new world. His great achievements have brought him distinctions from many learned bodies, establishing him as one of the foremost engineers of his age. Few people know that he is a most accomplished musician, who at one time studied diligently with the view to becoming a pianist. Mr. Modjeski is a man of slender stature, extremely modest, quiet, genial and gentle in his demeanor, but with the intense intellectual force and poise so often found in the Polish race.*

Music is an art of such an unusual nature that when I assert that every man should study music, I know that there will be some who will not grasp the reason of such a positive and far-reaching statement. No one who has not studied music is in a position to appreciate its manifold advantages, not merely to those who devote their lives to music, but to those who have a part in the everyday work of the world and feel the need for both a stimulus and a rest from the humdrum of that merciless ogre that we sometimes call modern business. Particularly in America, where every second of the working



RALPH MODJESKI

day is expected to count for so much, the man worked to the last degree of his nervous and brain capital must have something to which he can turn that will save his brain from exhaustion. Possibly this is the greatest office of music and the thing which makes it indispensable in American life.

Fortunately, American business men are beginning to realize this in some measure (many of them, alas, too late). More attention is now being given to music in our country than ever before. The coming generation will possess far more men who have at least some musical ability than the past. It has been my firm conviction that colleges spend a vast amount of time upon every manner of sports and other activities which could be spent with far more advantage to the student in after years if more actual courses in practical music were introduced. By practical music I mean learning how to play, to interpret; not merely a few archaic facts about musical theory and musical appreciation, valuable as these subjects unquestionably are in their places.

The music student should have the means to enjoy music; and music is enjoyed most when it is performed. It is my conviction that the boy who has the advantage of studying music and art is better fitted for future life, even in other professions and in business. It may very definitely contribute to his success, by giving him vision and daily inspiration to raise his soul, and by this I mean his whole being, to higher levels of human experience and accomplishment.

The intellectual discipline of music is enormous. I am positive that it has done a great deal for me. I would not give up what I know of music for any consideration. The mind drill can hardly be compared to mathematics, except that it is a most logical and orderly art. It is inconceivable that the training that puts the human

mind through a great number of beautiful melodic and harmonic patterns, all gracefully and often powerfully designed with marvelous symmetry and balance, can fail to be of great benefit to the student, particularly in the formative years. This may be difficult for the business man to understand. It may be difficult for some educators, who have never had this experience, to understand, but, if they had had the advantage of reaching that stage of advancement where they could play with comfort a few of the Bach *Fugues* from the "Forty-Eight," they would be forced to realize just what is meant by the statement made at the start of this conference.

It was my good fortune to have an excellent musical training in my childhood. My father was musically inclined but not a musician. My mother played the piano unusually well and had a beautiful singing voice. In fact, she had expected at one time to become an opera singer instead of a tragedienne. My piano lessons began at the age of ten, and since that time I have never been without contact with music in my life.

My teacher at one period was the father of Josef Hofmann, the famous pianist. He was Casimir Hofmann, professor of harmony and composition at the Cracow Conservatory, and also conductor of the opera in Cracow. The brilliant career of his son has eclipsed that of the father, but the elder Hofmann was regarded as one of the finest teachers of Poland. He also composed many works, including operas, which were given with success. Small wonder that the son of so able a father should become one of the greatest musicians of the time. He was a very careful and painstaking master. When I went to Hofmann I was already sufficiently advanced to have him start me upon the Tausig Clementi *Gradus ad Parnassum*—those technical stairs which have been found so necessary to many pianists. I still employ

the Tausig daily studies when I need to keep up my technic. Hofmann also taught me much Chopin and some of the Mozart and Beethoven *Sonatas*.

My mother used to tell me many stories of Josef when he was beginning to attract immense attention as a prodigy. Once she went with the parents and the little pianist to visit a very prominent musician in Warsaw, named Louis Grossman. They were very anxious to test the little child's sense of absolute pitch. It was difficult to get him interested. Finally Grossman produced some candy and the tiny Josef went under the sofa to eat his candy. From this point of seclusion and vantage the child called off the notes as Grossman struck them at the keyboard, never making a failure.

I always wanted to become an engineer, and when it was thought that I was sufficiently prepared, I was sent to the great engineering school in Paris, Ponts et Chaussees (Bridges and Roads). My first entrance examination was a failure. There were one hundred applicants to take the examination and only twenty-five openings. The system flustered me greatly. I was placed in a room with a solitary examiner and was entirely unfamiliar with the methods. The result was that I passed twenty-seventh in the list, and was rejected with great chagrin and discouragement.

Thereupon I decided to abandon the prospect of becoming an engineer and to devote my attention to becoming a professional pianist. For eight months I studied the instrument with this in view, often studying from six to eight hours a day.

Then I decided to take the examinations again at the engineering college. This I did and succeeded in passing fourth in the list. Notwithstanding the application required by such an exacting science as engineering, I have

always found time to keep up my music in some practical manner.

One cannot have anything without paying for it, and the price of musical ability is regular practice. I usually play after dinner. Sometimes I play for an hour or two, and often several hours on Sunday. I have tried golf and other forms of physical exercise, but I never get from these what I get from music.

It is not easy to tell the reason why music is so restful. Possibly it is because one cannot think of anything else but music when playing. An entirely different set of mental cells is probably employed in this way and the others rested. Of course it is possible to play finger exercises and find the mind wandering to other things, but when one plays a good composition properly it demands all of the attention to the last degree.

Then there is a great satisfaction in mastering a musical composition—playing it from memory in your own fashion. The person who does not know how to play does not understand this. When I first learned Chopin concertos I had a feeling of exaltation which is hard to describe. There is a sense of possession and intimacy with the work that can never be acquired by hearing it.

More than this, the one who knows how to play has a new joy in life, in being able to listen to music more intelligently. This has meant much to me. One of the greatest pianists I have ever heard was one who is scarcely known in the new world. She was admittedly the greatest pupil of Chopin. Her name was Countess Czartoryska. She was very wealthy and never played in public except for charity. I was fourteen or fifteen years old when I heard her, but her wonderful playing of Chopin remains with me to this day. It has helped me ever since in understanding and playing Chopin.

Quite naturally, my Polish ancestry has given me a great love for Chopin, and I have studied and memorized many of his Nocturnes, Polonaises, Studies and Mazurkas, but I have not made the error of neglecting the master works of Bach (I played several of the fugues from memory), of Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Schumann and others.

Of the composers of today, I am most interested in the works of Sergei Rachmaninoff. I find very little that in my judgment appeals to me in modern composition of the so-called futuristic type. Just as the cubist art is passing, so will cubist music pass. It was a fad, like the hoop skirt and the bustle, which people tolerate for a while, largely because of curiosity, but it lacked logic and organic structure. Meaningless words do not make poetry, and music without inspiration of a virile and sincere character cannot be expected to endure.

It has been my good fortune to hear many of the greatest pianists in my time. Paderewski, who seemed to be destined for immortality from his youth, and who was known as the second Chopin in Poland long before he ever thought of coming to America, was a frequent visitor at our home, and I came continually under the inspiration of his masterly playing. Once at the keyboard he always seemed untiring, and would play repeatedly far into the small hours of the morning. Mme. Sembrich was also an intimate of our family. I never heard her play anything but her accompaniments. My mother, however, used to tell me that she was an exceedingly fine pianist as well as an exceedingly fine violinist. Once she gave a recital at which she sang, played piano and also played violin, all with huge success.

The Polish people have the credit for being fine musicians, but I often think that they at the same time have unusual opportunities from youth. They are surrounded

by people who love music and to whom the ability to play is a real accomplishment; something that wins them honor and distinction and higher social recognition. Possibly this is because they have had a degree of continuous civilization for so many centuries.

To revert to the pianists, I would like to say that I consider a ticket to a recital as good as a fine lesson to any pupil who knows how to appreciate it. To have heard Mme. Essipoff (the first wife of Theodore Leschetizky) play was a great sensation. Her extreme success and phrasing were unforgettable. I would consider her the second best Chopin interpreter I have ever heard.

Anton Rubinstein was a most powerful talent. His playing was impetuous, and he was sometimes accused of playing some works, such as the Beethoven *Sonatas,* at far too great a speed. It seems as though he was continually harnessing a colossal force almost beyond human control. His brother, Nicolai, was a magnificent pianist. Many admired him as much as Anton, but he never achieved the same fame.

Von Bülow, with his precise, cold, scholarly interpretations, was a great master in his way. Everything was so organically perfect that it was like a wonderful piece of musical machinery.

Sophie Menter was a pianist of great virility and spectacular power, after the manner of Carreño. She perhaps lacked the fine psychic interpretative characteristics of such a pianist as Mme. Bloomfield-Zeisler, also always a welcome and admired guest at my home.



BENNO MOISEIWITSCH

NEW TENDENCIES IN PIANISTIC ART

BENNO MOISEIWITSCH

Biographical

Benno Moiseiwitsch was born at Odessa, Russia, February 22, 1890. *He studied piano with Klimov at the Imperial Musical Academy at Odessa, winning the Rubinstein stipend. Thereafter he studied with Leschetizky at Vienna for several years. His debut was made at Reading, England, in* 1908. *Since then he has repeatedly toured Europe, America and Australia with exceptional success. He is a pianist with strong emotional powers and fine musicianship.*

In speaking of new tendencies in pianistic art I am reminded at once of Leschetizky's chief pedagogical attribute—that of developing first of all the individuality of his pupils. In the older methods employed in European conservatories the peculiar idea of discipline was such that individualism was impossible. That is one of the dangers of standardizing education in music. It tends to make the course of every pupil identical with that of every other pupil. I believe in a more catholic choice of material. Of course there is a kind of educational backbone which runs through the training of every musician, and teachers have to depend upon certain courses of studies, but the first duty of the teacher should be that of studying the pupil. This Leschetizky did before he ever did anything else. He found out the pupil's limitations and his inclinations.

Leschetizky was very caustic in his criticism. Often he was altogether unjust. When I went to him after

a long course of study and after I had spent much time in self-study my first impression was that he would not take me as a pupil. After I had played he remarked casually: "Well, I could play better with my feet than that." Yet I learned from a friend that he was very much pleased with my playing. I never knew whether his initial criticism was made with a view of "taking me down"—curbing the young man's natural conceit—or whether he was afraid that if his first criticism was not severe he could not point to me later on as an example of his own particular methods.

At all events his initial criticisms were invariably biting. Like all others I was placed with a *Vorbereiter*—fortunately with the precise and exacting Fraulein Prentner, who has written out the material which she used in preparing pupils for the master.

At my first lessons with Leschetizky I learned to use my hands as a painter used a palette—to apply different tonal shades to the keyboard. This was not merely a matter of dynamics or gradations of tone, but the method of using the hand and arm so that a pure limpid tone could be produced by one set of fingers while others, for instance, were playing with a different touch and different degree of tone. These might be called a new tendency, for prior to Leschetizky's time they were understood by few.

It was often the master's custom to let the pupil play right through the piece selected for the lesson without disturbing the performance in any way. Then, however, came such a shower of criticism as many will never forget. He would dissect the piece as a botanist dissects a flower under a microscope. His bright, shining eyes would seem to see everything—to remember everything. It was not in any sense a torrent of useless abuse, for he had an uncanny way of finding out just what was

wrong with one's fingers, and telling the pupil in the most practical manner possible how to produce the result. First he would illustrate at his other piano the desired effect—then he would show how the effect might be attained—and then he would show why the student had not been able to acquire the result at first.

He was disgusted with a pupil who never seemed to care for anything more than technic—that is, mere digital facility. To him technic was only a means to an end. Of course there must be a certain amount of technic, but in so far as my experience goes in observing the work of teachers, it would seem to me that a great deal of time is wasted in the redundant study of technic. I say redundant, because if the pianist masters a thing once he should go on to something else, and not everlastingly want to go over and over the same thing. By this I mean that if you have acquired your scales and arpeggios in excellent manner; if you have been through a certain amount of Czerny, Cramer, Hanon, etc., your technic should be in such shape that you could abandon these things and devote all your time to the extension of your repertoire. Some people seem to look upon technical exercises as a kind of musical whetstone upon which they may put a fine edge upon their playing. This seems a waste of time to me.

In fostering individuality among his pupils, Leschetizky did not look askance upon the pupil who was inclined to examine new works of the more modern composers. When the art of playing the piano passed by the more ephemeral stage of variations à la Herz and Thalberg, there was a reaction which tended to exclude the works of all modern composers from the programs of pianoforte recitals. In Leipzig days, Moscheles would not permit Liszt's works to be studied, and even in more recent times programs were needlessly conservative. There was certain program

routine—Bach, Beethoven, Haydn or Mozart, Schumann and Chopin, and finally as a sop to public taste a Liszt rhapsody. This with a few variations was the general scheme for thousands of recitals. The new tendency is perhaps leaning toward another extreme, and we find programs of novelties which often bore the concertgoer and add little to the laurels of the pianist. In my opinion, however, the discriminating pianist can add greatly to his prestige by the wise use of a few modern numbers of advanced composers. Personally I have introduced works of Palmgren, Stravinsky and Zsolt upon my programs with fine effect. I am particularly partial to some of the compositions of Zsolt, a Hungarian composer of the present day with a brilliant, original mind. I have been playing a Toccata of his this year. It is one of the most difficult pieces in my repertoire and it has been well received.

Vitality, life, magnetism are wonderful assets for the pianist. Out of the thousands of people who strive for success only a few succeed, and among many who fail are men and women who can play very exquisitely indeed. They do not seem to have the psychic force behind their playing which will hold the attention and interest of an audience for the time of a piano recital. That breathless silence which convinces the artist of his success far more than all the applause and encores in the world, is largely a psychic bond between the artist and his auditors. Leschetizky was very conscious of this.

He had scant patience for incompetence of any kind, and his remarks were absolutely ruthless. To one pupil he once said in a class, "Well, what in the world do you think you are doing? There you sit just as if you were going to lay an egg. Why don't you do something?" To another he said after a performance of a beautiful work, "There is nothing in you; if one were to prick you

with a pin there would be no blood; only sour milk." On another occasion when a boy played the Chopin *Military Polonaise* in a very clumsy fashion I have a mental picture of him chasing the frightened boy around and around his pianos.

At times he would try to curb his none too even temper. I remember once the case of a very nervous pupil. I met her just outside the master's door. She begged me to go in first as she was afraid to have the master rest his fiery eyes upon her first. This I did. Much to her surprise she found him in a most agreeable mood. He sat down at his keyboard with the remark, "Now, let us enjoy ourselves." The understanding with the pupils was that when he commenced to play the pupil was to stop playing. Three times he started playing, every time with the remark, "That was not quite so good, see if you can play this way." Three times the girl made a futile effort. Leschetizky rose in a towering rage and said, "Leave this house at once and never come near me again!"

The girl went away in tears. If she had stayed away Leschetizky would never have forgiven her. She came back in two weeks and he was delighted above all things and a model of courtesy. The passage she had found impossible was now all right, and the master could not say enough in her praise. Perhaps it was just what she needed to force her to get the phrase right. Who knows? But it seemed unreasonable.

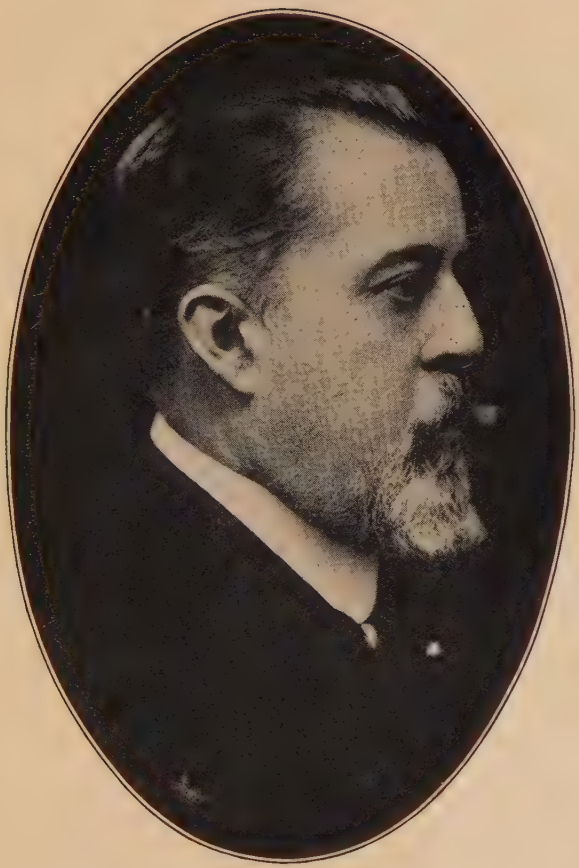
THE AMERICAN GIRL IN GRAND OPERA

GIULIO GATTI-CASAZZA

Biographical

Of all the directors who have guided the destinies of the Metropolitan Opera House of New York, none has had so distinguished and artistic a triumph as has Giulio Gatti-Casazza who, since 1908, *has been the dominating figure in opera in America. He was born at Udine, Italy, February* 5, 1869. *He was destined for the career of a naval engineer and was accordingly graduated from the Universities of Farrara and Bologna, as well as from the Naval Engineering School at Genoa. His father was chairman of the Board of Directors of the Municipal Theater at Farrara. The elder Gatti-Casazza resigned when appointed a Senator, thereby being called to Rome, and the son, then twenty-four, became director of the theater. His great efficiency was immediately apparent; and, five years later, with the endorsement of the Duke Visconti di Modrone and Arrigo Boito, the composer of "Mefistofele," the young man became director of the most famous of Italian opera houses, La Scala, of Milan. Such he remained for ten years. While there he introduced Wagner's operas in the vernacular, meeting with huge success. Since his directorship in New York, the opera has been noted for the great number of revivals of masterpieces as well as world premieres of the works of the foremost contemporary masters of the opera.*

The fact that there are now more Americans in the cast of the Metropolitan Opera Company than at any time in its previous history certainly does not indicate that there is any lack of opportunity. Opera is an artistic enterprise; but, as in all cases, it must be sup-



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GIULIO GATTI-CASAZZA

ported by a fine business organization, and it is the business of the impresario to provide as fine entertainment along operatic lines as is conceivable. In view of this, do you suppose any American singer with enormous talent, a glorious voice and fine stage presence would be denied an opportunity? On the other hand, any well-schooled impresario would rejoice to find such a singer, and, if there was great operatic timber, do everything imaginable to afford every possible opportunity to the singer. Such a person is just as much an asset to opera as great talent in architecture is to an architect's office, or, a great inventor is to the huge industrial plant. Opera succeeds or fails largely because of the quality of the singers, players, stage artists, musicians it can assemble in an effective ensemble.

Naturally in America the American-born singer with great gifts is especially welcome; and many an impresario has endeavored to make opportunities for singers in their native land, only to be disappointed later. Don't let any American girl imagine that the doors of opera are closed to her, if she has the needed attributes of a great opera singer. On the other hand, they are flung wide open. More than that, we are continually on the outlook for real talent of the first water. The quest is a most difficult one. It is impossible for the operatic impresario to hear more than a fraction of the singers who imagine they are born under a star destining them to become great lights in the operatic firmament. Hours and hours are wasted with mediocrities in this way. The impresario must protect himself. He can hear only those who, upon the advice of trusted authorities, are worthy of the time and energy required.

Somehow when a singer is really worth while, opportunity comes by itself; that is, the singer gradually begins to accumulate reputation here and there. Nothing will keep her down. Finally, after a great many collective

impressions she seems to rise in such a way that some of the noted judges of such material have an opportunity to hear her. This does not mean that the singer must have money to go to a very expensive teacher just to attract attention. However, the ability is gradually revealed here and there until it comes to the attention of someone who counts, and it is thus passed on to the operatic impresario. There, of course, must come the training before one can hope to essay even small roles. Many singers seem to be dismayed when they find this out. They seem to imagine that the ability to sing through the score of an opera has made them opera singers. This is nonsense. The public is done with puppets on the stage. An opera singer in these days must be an actor. It demands histrionic talent of the highest character. The soprano is expected to be a Bernhardt or a Dusé. The tenor or baritone must be an Irving, a Coquelin or a Salvini.

One of the cruelest things an impresario can do is to encourage mediocrity. Impresarios have often acquired the reputation of being hard-hearted by refusing to recognize some singers whose only great attribute has been ambition. Ambition will never grow an oak tree from a pumpkin seed. The earlier some singers with ambition and nothing else find out that they have no possibility of success, the better for that singer and for art. There are always hordes of those trying to explain to an impresario that for national or patriotic reasons he should immediately exploit certain singers with pathetically little talent and voice. The impresario is abused for favoring singers of other nationalities to the neglect of American art. Just one peep behind the scenes upon the actual situation would convince the accuser of the injustice of this attitude. It is certainly not to the glory of any country to foster its mediocrities. On the other hand, its real talent is always welcome a thousandfold.

I do not presume to tell teachers of singing what should be the course they should pursue with their pupils. However, I have observed that in opera the singers whose voices seem to last longest are those who have been thoroughly schooled in what may be called the old music. That is, there is something about the beautiful *cantabile* quality of the early operas that seems to give endurance to the voice and a kind of vocal facility not otherwise obtainable. Moden music is a very great strain. Consider the difference in the size of the orchestra alone. The modern opera orchestra is nearly three times the size of the pre-Mozart orchestra. Very often in *Tutti* passages, only those voices that have been trained for years in the substantial, smooth-flowing music of the earlier masters can be heard with a musical tone above the modern orchestra.

The voice seems to gain strength and power by right use. It goes to pieces in tragic fashion when it is not used properly. Therefore, give plenty of attention to the music of the composers of the era of Bellini, Donizetti, Meyerbeer, Rossini, and earlier, before you swim out into the depths of Wagner, Strauss, Debussy and the later Puccini.

"Notwithstanding his innate desires for art, the impresario must first of all be a thoroughly practical man. He must realize that the opera will be a success only as long as it gives pleasure. People come to the opera to be delighted. Everything the impresario does must be guided by that principle. If the opera gives pleasure, I am pleased. If not, I endeavor to find out the reason why it has not given pleasure. Indeed, the judgment of the mass mind, in time, is one of the best criteria of art. Art is permanent in proportion to the pleasure it gives to mankind over a number of years.

"Americans have beautiful natural voices; they are extremely intelligent; they have unusual educational ad-

vantages. They demand action, and are often so impatient that they ruin their opportunities by failing to work hard enough and long enough to permit their talents to develop normally. The forced plant is usually short-lived. One cannot become an opera singer in a day. The impresario, like every director in every field, has to consider his materials from two aspects—the raw material and the finished product. No business man has the time to take absolutely raw material and work it up into shape; he must have the finished product. If a singer comes to us with a wonderful voice, enormous promise and obvious talent, we sometimes direct such a singer, but we have little time to consider anyone but the finished singer. The very business man who might urge an impresario to engage an "unfinished" or partly-trained singer would never dream of hiring a person on his staff and paying a high salary unless that person were exhaustively trained. It is his object to get the best person he can secure; yet he would think nothing of requesting an impresario to engage his niece who has had little training of any real value to him.

Success in the opera depends much upon the imagination. One must be able to imagine effective dramatic situations; to imagine impressive lighting effects. The impresario must paint pictures. In this sense, he must be an artist, with living models. The proscenium is his canvas. Opera is, on the whole, far more imaginative than the drama. The singer must realize this. She must learn to become a part of the beautiful tapestry, as it were half-drama, half-music. Some singers never fit into the picture. Their voices do not fit with the other voices. They are clumsy, heavy, wooden. Of what use is such a singer to the impresario? She may spoil the whole effect.



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MISCHA LEVITZKI

GETTING A START AS A VIRTUOSO

MISCHA LEVITZKI

Biographical

To find yourself, at the age of twenty-four, a well-established virtuoso, playing before large audiences on two continents, with great success, is given to very few of those who study the piano. With Mischa Levitzki, however, the training began so early and was pursued with such regularity under masters of note that he was able to make his debut when he was but fifteen. Since then he has made tours each year of thousands of miles, commanding large audiences in Australia as well as the United States. He was born at Kremenchug (Russian Ukrainia), May 25, 1898. *His parents were American naturalized citizens. Neither one was especially musical. His first instruction was received in Warsaw from Michaelowski, an excellent routine teacher. At the age of eight he was brought to America, where he became the pupil of Sigismund Stojowski. Stojowski was then teaching at the Institute of Musical Art. He then went abroad, studying with Erno Dohnanyi, the famous Hungarian virtuoso composer. His debut was made in Antwerp, followed shortly by a highly successful debut in Berlin. At that time Germany was confident of victory* (1914); *and during the ensuing years,* 1915 *and* 1916, *the residents of Berlin enjoyed one of the greatest musical seasons ever known in the Prussian capital. Indeed, it was difficult to realize that there was a war. The youthful pianist captured the Berlin public, but at the same time longed to return to America. After short tours which reached to Norway, he came to America, making his American debut at Aeolian Hall, New York, in* 1916. *Since then he has played with all of the leading American orchestras and has given many recitals here and in Australia.*

Getting a start as a virtuoso? Let us start at the real beginning. One can begin only in one way and that is to develop the love for the best in music at as early an age as possible. Success proceeds from right thinking, insatiable desire and sincere, earnest, diligent work well directed. There was a time in my childhood when I could hardly be driven from the keyboard. Indeed, my parents were greatly worried about my health because of this. One of the reasons why many students fail in their youth is that they have to be driven to the keyboard. Instead of developing the natural love for music so that the great desire is there, many people seem to think that the proper procedure is to put on a kind of musical whip and compel the pupil to study.

Of course there came a period when I would rather play baseball than practice, but after a short while the love came back and I was willing and glad to put in the long hours without which it is impossible to compete with the intensive musical progress of the time. Do not imagine that there was any magical recipe. In my childhood in Russia, the beginner's book was the famous method by Beyer. There are possibly dozens of other beginner's books equally good and probably many better and more in keeping with the advancement of the art and with the needs of the times. However, the point I wish to bring out is that it is not the book, not the cut-and-dried method that counts, but the application of the means to the individual pupil.

Fortunately I was spared the confusion of many changes of teachers. Going from one teacher to another in the hope of finding some magical method is a frightful waste of time. Choose your first teachers with care and discretion. There is always some teacher whose work with pupils is outstanding in character and results. The advanced pianist only rarely accepts beginners. Therefore

one must judge by results with the pupils themselves. Once I recollect that my work was interrupted by having a teacher who was more anxious to see his fanciful ideas of a special method carried out than he was of having me to play beautifully. Among other things he had a fad of teaching me to play with straight fingers. Fortunately my mentors at the time had good sense enough to realize that no pianist of high standing before the public played with straight fingers, and accordingly I was fortunately soon placed under the direction of one who realized that the curved hand position was the only normal and natural way to play the instrument.

When it was discovered that I was destined to be a virtuoso, I was greatly delighted and began to make definite plans for a career. One of the first things that came to me was the fact that the modern virtuoso must undergo a great strain throughout the better part of his life. The strain of constant study, constant appearance before strange audiences with the consciousness that the responsibility for success depends upon himself alone and is not, as in the case of an orchestral player or the member of an opera company, divided with several others. The pianist appears for the most part alone upon the stage. He must hold his audience delighted, enthralled, if possible, for nearly two hours.

To get the right start as a virtuoso one must therefore comprehend the true meaning of relaxation, not merely relaxation of the hands and arms, but of the mind and body as well.

"All youths have an idea that power in playing is the great essential. It is, but it is not power in the ordinary sense of the word. A powerful performance is by no means a noisy one. In fact, the pianist who resorts to sledge-hammer blows, treating the piano like an anvil,

may give anything but a powerful performance from the artistic and spiritual aspect.

Of course complete relaxation is an impossibility if one is to play the piano. The thing that the student must seek is the happy medium, that is, the point where the greatest results can be produced with the greatest economy of effort.

This, like everything else in art, is an individual problem, something which one must teach one's self. The teacher can help, of course, but after all it is what one builds in one's own mind that is of the greatest significance. Every case is different. The boy with leather hands fresh from the baseball diamond cannot be treated as would be a somewhat dainty young girl. I remember a girl in Germany who had the softest and most delicate hands and yet she played with great power, largely because she had learned the secret of forgetting to bang.

This economic principle in piano playing applies to everything done at the keyboard. One must not expect to apply it to pieces alone. It is just as much needed in the simplest exercises or in scales. To my mind they should be practiced either of two ways, very slowly with a full rich tone, or very fast and very soft. Fleet, sure, clean scales are a real attainment. To be able to run them off in almost effortless fashion is a necessary part of the equipment of every well-trained pianist.

In the wider sense of the word the greatest artists are self-taught. In my own case I was fortunate in having years of training under renowned teachers. This is a great asset, but thousands of pupils have a similar asset advantage. What counts is what the individual artist is able to put into his playing as a result of his own cerebration, the conscious and unconscious action of his brain, developed through study. What the teacher does for the artist is just so much. What the artist adds creatively to

what he has absorbed from his individual teacher is what makes him an individual. There are thousands of conservatory graduates every year who "can play like streaks." Most of them are very much alike; usually depending upon what they have been taught rather than what they have thought out for themselves.

To get a start as a virtuoso in these days, when concert platforms are literally flooded with artists, real and potential, one must reveal to the public some new and fresh aspect of art which can only come through your own brain, plus the best experience the world commands. To get the real kind of a start as a virtuoso you must do something genuinely artistic which will stand out from the crowd. Your natural talents combined with your introspective study of yourself, and the artistic works you elect to interpret, are therefore of vast importance.

A debut is a very expensive thing. A failure debut is still more expensive. The managerial cost, the advertising, necessary in these days, the excitement of the event, all concentrate much in the life of a young person. Why is it then that there are so many ill-timed debuts? Better none at all than one given by an unripe talent. Thousands at this time are doubtless bewailing the fact that they cannot rush right to New York City and make a sensational debut. In most cases they are poorly prepared. Remember, after a debut-failure it is next to impossible to gain recognition without an enormous effort. The opportunity for preliminary experience is right at the door of most of these students. Don't hesitate to play, and play, and play, for all kinds of audiences in small towns. Study your audience for reactions. Don't make fun of them or pity yourself because they seem provincial. They are all human and you may learn much from them by your playing. If you fail to move them, don't blame the lack of musical culture, but

look to your own playing. Liszt could move them, Rubinstein could move them, Paderewski could move them.

New York audiences today are a terrific test, as severe as any in the world. The concert-goers have heard the greatest pianists for generations, and they will accept nothing but the best. Not until you have played and played for audiences outside of New York, until you are confident of your powers, should you dream of attempting a New York debut.

When playing in public it always is far better to play pieces well within your powers than to let your ambitions scamper ridiculously after works that are so far beyond you that the most unskilled audience cannot fail to notice it.

The average pupils' recital is often made up of show pieces which are veritable struggles for the students. Far better to have them play the *Kinderscenen* of Schumann in a truly musicianly manner, indicating that they comprehend and feel what they are playing, than the prevalent battles with Liszt *Rhapsodies* and the inevitable later Beethoven *Sonatas* which call for piano playing of the most mature character.

Everybody seems to know in this day that the era of sensational advertising is past. Advertising is necessary, of course, but only the artist whose work advertises itself in the sense that he is demanded again and again after he has once had the opportunity for appearance, is the one to whom wise managers can afford to devote their time. The advertising investment in the way of announcing concerts through the papers and through posters, the cost of arranging tours, and other expenses are very large.



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GIUSEPPE DE LUCA

THE ART OF KEEPING THE VOICE

GIUSEPPE DE LUCA

Biographical

Giuseppe de Luca was born at Rome, Italy, December 26, 1876. He gained note as a boy soprano. His operatic debut was made at Piacenza, in the role of Valentine (Faust), in 1897. After singing with great success in different Italian cities he went to Milan, where he became a favorite member of the famous La Scala company. There he created many famous baritone roles, as in "Adrienne Lecouvreur" (Cilea), "Griseldis" (Massenet), "Siberia" (Giordano), "Madame Butterfly" (Puccini). His notable histrionic gifts were discovered early. Unlike many famous folk of the stage he has decided talents both as a tragedian and as a comedian. Anyone who has seen his inimitable Figaro in "The Barber of Seville" (with which he made his American debut in 1915) can realize the heights to which the delightful fun-making possibilities of Rossini's opera may ascend. Different European governments have rained high distinctions upon him and his talking machine records are known in thousands of homes.

The Art of Keeping the Voice. Ha! Ha! It is not like the art of keeping money because one has to spend the voice all the time. Yet, if one sings right, there always seems to be a new supply, growing like a magic treasure. Notice, please, that I have said "spending the voice." That does not mean wasting the voice. From my earliest boyhood I was taught to spend my voice rightly. My mother sang and she was very anxious that I should get a good vocal training. Therefore, I was sent at the age of eight to the famous Scola Cantorum

in Rome where boys are trained to sing in the famous churches of the Eternal City. The training is very strict and the music is very difficult. Soon I developed into an accomplished soprano singer and sang in many famous churches, including St. Peter's and the Vatican, where I remember distinctly singing for the benevolent and venerable Pope Leo XIII.

At the age of thirteen my voice developed into a real baritone. As a rule, the boy who sings soprano wakes up some day and finds that he is a bass or a baritone, while the boy who sings the lower part—the alto—is very likely to discover that he is a tenor. Is it injurious in after life to sing in a boy choir? My own case seems to prove the contrary. Singing was a regular part of my life when I was a boy. I used my voice constantly and I should say that it was no more injurious for the boy to strengthen his voice properly by singing than it is to strengthen his legs and arms by normal exercise. If he strains or sprains his arms continually when he is a boy he may feel it in after life. So it is with the voice. It does not seem to make much difference how much a boy sings, as long as he does not abuse his voice. Certainly right singing cannot do the boy voice any more harm than the wild Indian-like yells and screams which the average boy seems to feel necessary to make in American streets in order to enjoy his play.

What are normal exercise for the boy voice? The exercises do not make so much difference as the way in which they are done. The boy voice needs elasticity. Study in the intervals and jumps of octaves always benefited me. Later on, when I began to develop my baritone voice, my teacher made it clear to me that the singer must always remember that he is a singer. By this he meant if I was not to waste my voice, I could do almost anything as long as I continued to do it in moderation.

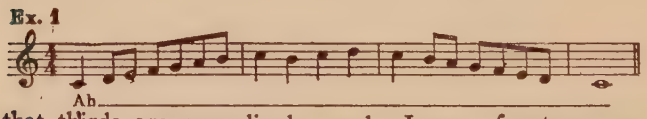
The only immoderate thing the singer may do is to study and work. If he spares himself on that he cannot hope to make himself an artist. In my repertoire there are over one hundred operas. Do you realize what that means in the way of work? Memorize one hundred books; memorize one hundred pieces of music; memorize one hundred pantomimes; and you have an idea of the work entailed. Usually the baritone role is a pretty big one. He appears frequently and at critical times whether he plays the comedy or the serious part. A great many people seem to imagine that the opera singer is obliged to know only the lines and the music when he is on the stage. No sincere artist would do that. Every note, every line in a real art work is a significant part of the whole. Therefore I have my maestro play the whole opera for me, over and over, until I know the opera, all the scenes, all the plot, so that I can understand thoroughly what bearing my part has upon it.

The acting I study myself, alone, at home. My teacher is a huge mirror. I am the audience as well as the performer. Often a role has to be tried over and over again before the mirror until I please my audience. No matter how effectively one may sing on the modern stage, he cannot hope for success unless he has the power to portray the roles so that an intelligent audience is moved by the force of the drama. The day is past when the singer could come out like a puppet and depend upon his voice to succeed. Such a role as that of *Beckmesser* in *"Die Meistersinger,"* which by the way is the hardest role I have ever had to master, calls for almost everything in the actor's art. In addition to the difficulty of the music one must remember every moment that the audience expects to see a play as well as hear an opera.

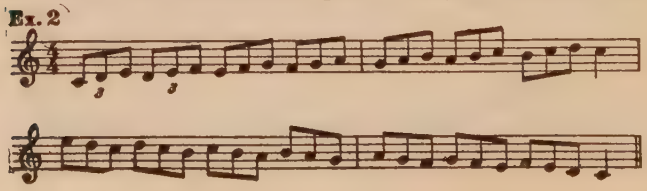
The Wagnerian roles have a reputation in some quarters for spoiling the voice. To my mind they are not at all

bad for the voice except when they are attempted by singers who have not had sufficient routine to stand the strain. They are certainly not roles for beginners. There we come to the whole secret of the art of keeping the voice. Give the voice an abundance of exercise in the right way, upon the right kind of exercises, and it seems to grow in strength and agility as the muscles of the body seem to grow. The successful athlete is not the one who first trains himself with enormous weights. Lightness and agility should come first. It is for that reason that singers trained in the so-called old school—the operas of Bellini, Donizetti and Rossini—seem to have voices that last.

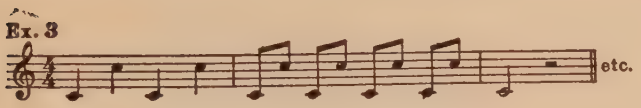
Furthermore, even when one is not called upon so frequently to sing the old operas, it is necessary to keep the voice in daily trim by lighter exercises which avoid stiffness. This I do every morning when I jump out of bed. In fact I am liable to start exercising the moment I arise, and while I am making my toilette I sing. I have a piano in my bedroom and a few chords is all that is necessary. I like to discover how my voice is for the day. As I said before, there are no magic exercises. I have favorite ones but there are doubtless many others quite as good. Here is one I find myself using. Then I find



that thirds are exceedingly good. Leaps of octaves are



likewise excellent, if one is careful not to strain and strikes the pitches with the greatest accuracy.



Few singers have kept their voices busier than I have during the last thirty years; yet the critics seem to feel that my voice is growing better and better all the time. That is the way it should be. Many come to me for some magic remedy. There is none. Some of the things I do seem to be injurious to others. For instance you see over there on the corner of my dressing table a glass of sweetened water. When I come in here between the acts, I sip a little of that. It seems to do me good. Yet I frequently have singers tell me that it gives them catarrh.

THE HAND AND THE KEYBOARD

ARTHUR SCHNABEL

Biographical

Few pianists of the newer generation have been so successful in establishing themselves in such substantial manner with the musical public as has Arthur Schnabel. Although he has toured in Europe with ever-increasing success for years, he is making his first American appearance this year. Mr. Schnabel was born at Lipnik, near Vienna, in 1882. *His regular musical education began in his sixth year. In his seventh year he was placed under the elder Hans Schmitt, a name well known to all teachers and students who have used some of his almost numberless technical exercises. Two years were spent at the Vienna Conservatory when Schnabel was sent to Leschetizky, with whom he remained for four years. Among his fellow-students were Hambourg and Gabrilowitsch. He also studied theory for one year with the noted musicologist, Eusebius Mandyzcewski. With Mandyzcewski and Brahama and other friends, Schnabel was a welcome companion on long walks through the woods and the hills. Anton Rubinstein was also one of Schnabel's admirers in his boyhood and Schnabel adored the great Russian master. At the age of fifteen Schnabel commenced his career of a concert pianist, later devoting a portion of his time to teaching, several of the present-day pianists of America having been his pupils.*

In years gone by, it seemed to be the anxious ambition of every piano teacher to restrict the pupil in every imaginable form. The pupil was continually told what not to do. His playing was largely localized in the fingers and in the hand. The more angular and the stiffer his fingers,



ARTHUR SCHNABEL

the better he pleased his teacher. I have recently been told that Erlich, who was associated with Tausig, recommended that pupils, when practicing, hold a book clamped between the upper arm and the body, so that there might be an absolute absence of movement in the arms. This is not surprising, as most of the teachers of the older day strove to place the pupil under every possible kind of restriction. Now, the contrary is true. Teachers are striving to produce the greatest possible freedom in pianoforte, but by an economy of means—that is, without unnecessary exaggerations. How has this all come about?

The change in methods of teaching has been due to two things—the increased possibilities of the piano itself, as different makers have improved its action and its tone, and the consequent enrichment of the literature of playing. The first keyboard instruments had an action so light that very little muscular effort was required. Then the lightest finger action sufficed. Agility was the chief asset of the performer, and it may possibly be for this reason that we find the earlier pieces filled with all manner of instruments, introduced for sustaining a tonal effect of an instrument whose sound died out a second or so after the string was struck.

With the modern instrument, the fingers do not suffice, and the whole body is made a part of the nervous and muscular organism, through which the artist endeavors to interpret a masterpiece. By the whole body, we mean that from his feet, which operate the all-important pedals, to his brain, from which his impressions are turned into nerve impulses, so many important centers are employed to operate the playing mechanisms, that one may safely say that the pianist of today plays with the whole body.

In doing this the student must know, first of all, that the Creator certainly did not have the piano in mind in making the human hand, because the hand is not naturally

adapted to the keyboard. In fact, our hands have many shortcomings hard to reconcile with the keyboard.

You see, the better part of all music is written as though composed for a four-part quartet. This makes the most important parts—that is, the out-sounding parts, bass and treble—come at the top and at the bottom. In this way, these all-important parts from the musical standpoint fall to the weakest fingers of the hand, the fourth and the fifth fingers.

Most of the melodies we have to play must be played with the fourth and fifth fingers. Neither of these fingers has in itself, by pure finger action, nearly enough force to carry great sonorous melodies. It is for this reason that weight-playing, in which the controlled weight of the arm is employed, is used by practically all pianists of today. Both the literature of the instrument and the modern instrument itself, demand it. The average student imagines that this presupposes a kind of banging, but the skillful pianist knows how to employ the natural weight of the arm, and of the body, in such a way that they seem to flow into the keyboard, with little suggestion of hitting or hammering the keys.

This necessity for playing forceful passages in the soprano voice and in the bass without stiffening the hand or without cramped muscles, I consider the greatest technical problem of modern playing.

Now, look at your hand again. Place it palm down upon the table. Note how long the middle finger, the second, the third and fourth fingers are in comparison with the first and the fifth fingers. Then place your hand in the customary playing (curved) position, and you will note that this serious discrepancy entirely disappears. How can we reconcile it with the needs of pianoforte playing? To me the most rational way of approaching this is to permit the middle fingers to play normally with a normal

finger action, and when the thumb is employed or the little finger is employed, incline the hand in that direction, employing the relaxed arm and the position of the hand, to compensate for the natural weakness of these members.

Relaxation is synonymous with good pianoforte playing. There is no great remedy, no panacea to bring about relaxation. The way to relax is to relax, and to keep on relaxing, until the practice becomes a habit. A great deal of tension and stiffness is purely mental, and I am quite sure that much of it dates from the earliest lessons, when the pupil is not instructed to sit at the piano naturally, but is unconsciously afraid of the teacher or afraid of the instrument, and actually cultivates a kind of fear, which is easily translated into stiffness.

Often the teacher may gain the secret of a pupil's failure to produce a good tone bar more readily by observing the pupil than by watching the hands. Step back and look at the pupil's body as a whole. If the pupil is holding his neck rigidly, or if he seems cramped about the shoulders, he may do hours and hours of practice at the keyboard, and never make the progress he hopes to make. A rigid jaw, a tense expression of the face are the tell-tales which time and again have revealed to me the reason for a pupil's failure.

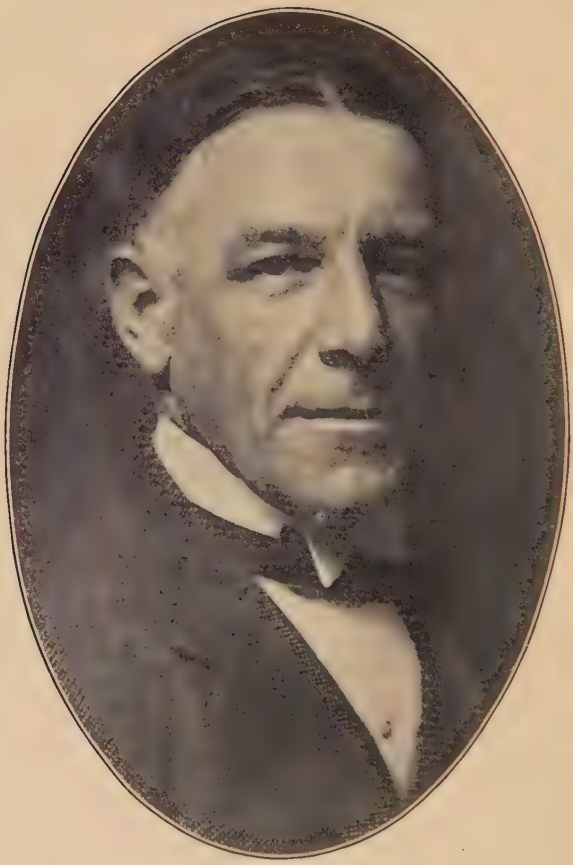
If a pupil displays this rigidity, I advise him to imitate those little Chinese idols with the quaint little heads, which go on nodding to and fro for hours. Anything which will loosen up the neck and get the pupil away from stiffness suffices. Perhaps the reader can think of some better device than this.

If the pupil is playing, with his vertebræ as stiff as a ramrod, or his shoulders all cramped and tightened, as though he were in a strait-jacket, I advise him to slump back in the seat until his shoulders are on a level with the keyboard and the whole body like so much jelly, and

then play for awhile in that position. He soon perceives what is meant, and by the results he produces himself, he realizes how much better and how much easier it is to play with the body in a thoroughly relaxed condition.

Leschetizky always insisted upon relaxation. He was, of course, very severe, and his lessons were always illuminated by the fire and vigor which characterized everything he did. Notwithstanding his severity, he was always the best of friends for those who deserved his friendship. His wit often turned on himself, and he enjoyed this very much.

Upon one occasion when he was seventy-seven years old and I was yet a very young man, he jokingly referred to his several marriages in the following unique manner: "Arthur, it is a shame that you have no daughter, because I should love to become your son-in-law." A man with such a prospect could surely never become old in his heart.



EDWARD W. BOK

HOW I CAME TO LOVE MUSIC

EDWARD W. BOK

Biographical

Edward W. Bok was born at Helder, The Netherlands, October 9, 1863. *He came to the United States at the age of six and was educated in the public schools of Brooklyn, New York. At the age of nineteen he became the editor of the "Brooklyn Magazine." He then conducted the Bok Syndicate Press. In* 1899 *he became editor of "The Ladies' Home Journal," retaining this important position until* 1919. *During these three decades the publication rose to the point of having the greatest circulation of any magazine in the world. The breadth of its editorial policies and the loftiness of its aims unquestionably proved of immense value in moulding in practical ways the living conditions in all parts of America. Its influence upon the taste of the American people and upon the ideals of its readers has been invaluable. In* 1919 *Mr. Bok retired to devote his time to idealistic projects, among which may be numbered the famous "Bok Peace Plan" and the Philadelphia Forum. The word "retire" is used in a peculiar sense, since Mr. Bok has probably worked far harder since his retirement than ever before. Mr. Bok is the author of numerous works, including "The Young Man in Business," "Successward," "Why I Believe in Poverty," "A Man from Maine" (a biography of his father-in-law, Cyrus H. K. Curtis), and "The Americanization of Edward Bok," probably one of the most widely read autobiographies ever published, and, just published, "Twice Thirty." Mr. Bok married Mary Louise Curtis in* 1896. *Mrs. Bok has recently founded and endowed The Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia. Mr. Bok has arranged for numerous rewards for civil and artistic work.*

To be brought up in a home in which there is no music is a terrible deprivation. Fortunately, in my case, "ignorance was bliss"; and I did not come to realize what I had missed until much later in life. Neither my father nor my mother played any instrument. Circumstances so reduced our means that we not only could not afford to have a piano in the home, but, as a child, I never knew what it was to attend concerts or the opera. Indeed, my life seemed to be quite apart from music until after I married. Then I witnessed, with some curiosity at first, the very keen enjoyment which my father-in-law, Cyrus H. K. Curtis, seemed to get from playing the organ. With him music had amounted to a passion from his early youth. How intense this was, is shown by the fact that the first money he earned was devoted to the purchase of a small organ. Later he gave to his birthplace, Portland, Maine, one of the finest organs in America. Mrs. Bok is also a performer upon the piano; and with marriage I found myself in a musical atmosphere, which through some queer trick of fate has become more and more intense until at this very moment a very great deal of my daily life has to do with some phase of the wonderful art of which I was unfortunately so ignorant in my youth.

When music did come to me I was not even in a receptive mood. I had the average American man's attitude that music was a very graceful accomplishment for young ladies whose leisure permitted them to be free from the so-called "household cares"; I could not seem to realize that it had a real significance in the life of everyone who knows how to appreciate it. Unquestionably, my wife, with the keen woman's vision, sensed this, and I have always had a feeling that there was what is freely termed a "frame-up" to compel me to understand music.

Mr. Josef Hofmann is an intimate friend of the family and has been a guest at our home for over a quarter of

a century. We are all very fond of him; but even at that I could not bring myself to endure a piano recital. Engrossed in other matters, I perhaps felt that I could not take time for anything so esoteric as music. This was at a time when the Philadelphia Orchestra was undergoing its rebirth under the magic baton of Leopold Stokowski. He, too, became a guest at our home. On one of these visits there arose a discussion as to the abuse of the encore habit at the concerts of the orchestra. It appeared that when a solo artist had given his best at an orchestra concert, he was then expected to appear again and again and play several other works as a kind of "good measure." Mr. Stokowski rightly realized that this was very destructive to the unity which an artist conductor tried to secure in a well-built symphony program. It was as though Hamlet, at the end of the third act, was compelled by custom to step from his role, time and again, and recite various other poems which had nothing whatever to do with the play. The discussion interested me very much and I suggested to Mr. Stokowski that there was a very simple remedy, and that was to stop it at once and never permit it again.

Mr. Hofmann was to play a Concerto at the symphony concerts that week. His playing was received with tumultuous applause. He was called out again and again; but there were no encores and have been none since that time. Some of the papers made caustic remarks about Mr. Hofmann's lack of the customary courtesy; but never again was a concert of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra wrecked by the encore nuisance. Please bear in mind that up to this time I had never attended a symphony. Frankly, I was afraid of being bored. I had been at the opera a few times, as a kind of social concession; and it had lasted so late into the night that I was tired out the next day. In my mind was a firmly fixed idea that the Symphony Concert was probably

something just a little more tiring and boresome than the opera. I was certain that musical people were long-haired individuals who worked themselves up into a kind of rhapsodical condition neither sincere nor commendable. I did not care for piano playing then and therefore I thought the orchestra equally uninteresting. The very thought of attending a concert gave me a kind of chill. Of course I had never been at a concert, and therefore knew all about it. Then it came to me that both Stokowski and Hofmann were not long-haired, thin-brained enthusiasts, but exceedingly practical, hard-thinking men, determined upon accomplishing something for their fellow-men—something evidently very wonderful and useful. Yet I was so positive about the terrors of attending a symphony concert that I felt that it was something to be avoided, like a fever. I confess that I knew it all and I was going to take all necessary pains to see that I was not exposed to it.

Mr. Stokowski was entertained by my attitude and was equally persistent in trying to overcome it. One week he said, "At our next pair of concerts we are going to play something I am sure you will like." It was the *New World Symphony* of Dvořák. Before I knew it, I was at the concert with Mrs. Bok. It was a surprise, a revelation. I was not only delighted by the sheer beauty of the playing of the orchestra, but I was also surprised to find that the concert was over before I realized it. It did not last way into the night as did the opera. I had had as much music as I could comprehend and I could even have listened to more. This was the first step in my conversion. The "frame-up" of Mrs. Bok, Mr. Hofmann, and Mr. Stokowski had worked; and I was the happy victim.

One thing I noted, which was a very comforting surprise to me. There was hardly a man in the house. The audience was nearly ninety-nine per cent purely feminine.

Evidently there were other men who were staying from the same convictions that had stupidly kept me from a really delightful treat. This at least confirmed my conviction that music was a feminine art. But why? The music was not high-brow. It was melody; beautiful, ravishing melody. I went home refreshed and invigorated as I had rarely been before. Two weeks passed and I went again. This time the symphony was Tschaikowsky's soulful *Pathétique*. I liked it even better than the *New World Symphony*. Before I knew it I found myself intrigued by both Brahms and Bach. I confess that I cannot as yet find musical pleasure in Bach's *Fugues;* but I know that it is merely a lack of musical intellectual development.

Shortly thereafter I was invited by Mr. Alexander Van Rensselaer, President of the Philadelphia Orchestra, to become a member of the Board of Directors of the organization. The orchestra was confronted with a large deficit every year. The idea that it might become self-sustaining if enough people in Philadelphia were really interested in it had apparently not occurred to the directors. Such things were not possible. All orchestras had to be maintained at a loss. This seemed all wrong to me. I felt that the orchestra deficit should not be borne by a small group of generous enthusiasts. It ought to belong to the whole people of the city. It was a practical possibility and it should be brought about.

My dream was broken by the clouds of war. It became evident the deficits would be greater than ever. The Philadephia Orchestra, then recognized as a great orchestra, might even have to be abandoned. Philadelphia might lose a very precious possession. I went to Mr. Van Rensselaer and told him that if he would agree to keep the matter strictly confidential I would make up the entire deficit of the orchestra for five years, with the understanding that at the end of that time there would be a movement to

secure an endowment fund sufficient to make the orchestra a permanent organization so that it might continue for all time. I suggested to Mr. Stokowski to go ahead, sparing no necessary expense to make the orchestra the finest in the world. The endowment fund was to come from all the people, and not from a few wealthy supporters. This was done; and the orchestra now has an endowment of approximately two million dollars.

Money, however, was not the main consideration. A man's interest follows his money and it was easy to foresee that if enough people contributed in small amounts, the interest in the orchestra would be greatly magnified. This has worked out wonderfully in practice. Some seventeen thousand people contributed; and since that time the orchestra has literally been sold out for every performance. There are seventy-six concerts a year in Philadelphia. In New York there are several hundred people on the waiting list for concerts of the Philadelphia Orchestra. In Washington there are also several hundred, and a large number in Baltimore, the only cities where the orchestra appears at regular concerts. It has proved that where the American people are given the best obtainable music they support it with an enthusiasm hard to equal anywhere in the world.

If I had my life to live again, I should certainly want to make music a part of my early training. My two sons fortunately have a love for music. One plays the piano and the other plays the trombone. It has seemed to me that American musical training in the past has been far too superficial. There have been many very fine teachers, it is true; but apart from them there has been a most lamentable lack of thoroughness. The students are content with "good enough," where they should demand nothing short of the best. They do not seem to realize that as they advance the intensity of their efforts should

be multiplied. The nearer one gets to the top, the greater should be one's efforts. There is too much letting down when they are only a short way up the hill. They become satisfied with inconsequential triumphs and conceited over trifling successes. The man who stands upon the apex of the mountain silhouetted against the sky is seen by all. He gains his position by dint of supreme labor, talent, ambitions and vision. Only the great can rise to such heights; and only the very great can maintain them.

We try to do things too quickly in America. We demand finished results without giving adequate time. We even want our food prepared so that there may be no work connected with it. "Add hot water and serve," has become the modern motto. Art cannot be developed in that way. We must learn that the habit of rushing through things can never produce results that are entitled to high artistic rewards.

One thing that is very stimulating in our present musical growth is the much greater interest taken in music by men. Only a few years ago the masculine attendance at the Saturday night concerts of the Philadelphia Orchestra was less than ten per cent. Now it is forty-six per cent—think of it! The men have found that music in some ways is more necessary to them, in undergoing the modern American business strain, than it is to women. The war is partly responsible for this. During the war, music was realized as a tremendous agency for good.

My growth in musical appreciation is really a source of personal amusement as well as wonderment to me. Only a few years ago I could hardly sit through an opera, or a recital. Now, the Love and Death music (*Liebestod*) is to me the most beautiful music ever written. I can hardly believe it, when I find myself actually making a trip to New York in order to hear *Tristan and Isolde*. I laugh at myself traveling one hundred miles to

listen to the obsequies of a Wagnerian hero. I confess that the music of Stravinsky, Schönberg and Varese is still meaningless to me. I do know, however, that music has done me a wonderful and invaluable service. The musical development of the Orchestra, and lately, the Philadelphia Band, a brass band of 120 men, under the direction of Mr. Stokowski, has been a source of unlimited delight and satisfaction to me. So is the Curtis Institute of Music, which Mrs. Bok has founded and endowed in Philadelphia and named it as a tribute to her father.

It is a pleasure to witness the triumphs of increasing numbers of musicians of Dutch birth in America. They have rich musical heritages to bring to the New World. It is not necessary to remind students of musical history of that golden sixteenth century when the Netherland masters, such as Arcadelt, Willaert, Orlando di Lasso, and other men of the Flemish school, were the supreme musical influence in the musical world. The multiplicity of racial and national influences in America have made a great music-loving people, and I firmly believe it is only a matter of time when we shall become in this country a great music-creating people.

Meanwhile, I am tremendously happy in the music offered me.



MME. MARIE ROBORSKA LESCHETIZKY

MASTER THOUGHTS FROM THE LIFE OF A GREAT TEACHER

MME. MARIE ROBORSKA LESCHETIZKY

Biographical

As Mme. Leschetizky's conference is partly autobiographical, the introductory note is omitted here.

It is always a source of keen gratification for me to talk about my husband, the late Professor Theodore Leschetizky, particularly when the discussion centers about those things which were dearest in life to him—the never-ending problems relating to the art of studying the pianoforte. Although we were married when he was late in life, his activity was so very great that it is difficult to describe, up until the last tragic days when his afflictions prevented him from engaging in the work he loved so greatly. His memory was astounding, and time and again he recounted the great events of his life to me and expounded many of those precious principles which have indubitably been the foundation of the success of the careers of more great pianists than any other teacher in the history of the art.

Like Professor Leschetizky, I was born in Poland; and this bond of nationality is always one of great intensity. My birthplace was in that much-discussed city, Przemysl, which was the focus of some of the bitterest conflicts during the great war. Partly Italian in origin, my family had lived in Poland a long time and was intensely musical. My great uncle, Jules Fontana, was a co-pupil with Chopin,

when the master studied with Elsner. Fontana knew Chopin intimately all his life and was probably the best-known editor of Chopin's works. During the great revolution of 1830 Fontana was obliged to flee. He settled in Paris as a disciple of Chopin. Although he died in 1869, his traditions came down through my family and were most valuable in giving me an artistic insight into the works of the great Polish-French master.

It was not intended, however, that I should become a professional pianist, although my family earnestly desired to have me become a fine amateur. Accordingly at the age of eight I was sent to Louis Marek for pianoforte instruction. It was not until the age of seventeen that I went to Leschetizky. He told me that while I played the piano with a native instinct, what I needed was a schoolmaster. I began to cry, and then he said, humorously, "Don't worry, my dear, you will marry, and it will be all right." I had little idea that I should become the wife of the master so very greatly my senior.

It did not take me long to realize what he meant when he said that I needed a schoolmaster. I was with him as a student for some five years, and enormous attention to every conceivable detail in playing was in itself a great lesson. He made me see that youth walks upon roofs. Youth does not seem to realize that it must get down to the hard, cold foundation of the art. Some young people never find this out, and they spend their entire lives up in the air, floating about in clouds of their own vanity, never really reaching any results worth while.

The first thing that impressed me about Leschetizky was his amazing youth. Not until his last two years did he acquire any of the complexion of old age. He was always discovering new and fresh ideas. He used to say to me, "I learn something from my least talented pupils every day of my life." It was not until I commenced to

teach that I realized what this meant. Teaching is a wonderful aid in learning, a most beneficial experience. When one is introspective one sees in every effort of the pupil something that is helpful. It enables one to discipline oneself. The teachers who continually pity themselves, because they are not virtuosi and have to undergo the grind of teaching, are to be pitied. They either have not sufficient initiative, or sufficient vitality, or sufficient ambition to try to progress. Every moment I was teaching I was learning something. The Professor knew this and urged me to teach.

One of the things that astounded me about Leschetizky was that his methods were almost entirely empirical. That is, he had no real method. Instead he had a method, different from every other, for every pupil who ever studied with him. In other words, every new pupil was a fresh canvas upon which to paint and, moreover, to paint in a new and different art. It was against the nature of the man himself to be stereotyped. There were certain preliminary exercises in scales, arpeggios, touch, which his assistants gave. These more or less stereotyped forms are desirable in making a foundation, but the real art follows. He used to say to me, "The making of an artist is not unlike cooking, like making a cake, for instance. There must not be too much salt, not too much sugar. The artist teacher must taste, and taste, and taste, until the result is just right."

Leschetizky had no use for stupidity. He revered the individual born with talent and gifted with natural taste. He looked upon such a one as something apart and superior to the rest of mankind. With such a pupil he was absolutely tireless. It was quite impossible to keep any domestic routine in a home with such a pedagog. Meals meant nothing to him when he was working with an in-

teresting pupil. The lesson periods would be extended by the hour and his enthusiasm seemed indefatigable.

The Professor's ideas upon technic were often very striking. Because many of his pupils have had wonderful technical equipment, he was supposed by many to have made a fetich of technic. This was far from the fact. He often told his pupils, "Technic is like money. You have to have money to buy beautiful things. But, on the other hand, you may be like the parvenu and spend your money buying trash. Money is in itself an evil unless wisely spent. So is technic." I have often known pupils to come to him with startling mechanical accuracy and speed of fingers. The Professor would turn away his head in disgust and say, "You have lots of technic; but it is not a beautiful technic. It does not interest me in the least."

In the matter of tone, Rubinstein was the mentor of Professor Leschetizky. He always declared that his own hand was not particularly pianistic, but that that of Rubinstein was ideal to produce tone, because of the large pads of flesh near the fingertips. Rubinstein's tone he said was like an organ. They were together at St. Petersburg in that golden age when such eminent musicians as Henselt, Dreyschock, Nicolai, Rubinstein, Davidoff, and the then youthful Auer were giving their best to the art. The Grand Duchesse Helene was one of the greatest patrons of music of the Russian capital! The Professor shared with Rubinstein in giving her concerts. He used to say that Rubinstein's tone was so luscious and so beautiful that he always wept when he heard it.

If there was not a good tone, there was nothing in the student's playing that interested the Professor. Tone was always first. In his time in Russia there were many great singers, including Patti, Lablache and Mario. The Professor continually used to say that he learned more

about beautiful tone from the opera than from any other source. It was always more difficult to sing for him than to play for him. He was most exacting about tone. In fact, in his later years, there was only one singer whose voice really pleased him. The Professor always advised his pupils to listen to the great singers, and also, when possible, to go to the opera to gain new standards of beautiful tone.

The Professor was ruthless in his severity upon the pupil who expected his natural talent to do everything. He used to say, "When you are studying, forget that you have talent. Work. Master time and rhythm and tone and the pedal. Do these things with your mind and your fingers. Then when you come to the real playing your talent may step in and work marvels." He also used to say that in order to make a really fine pianist one must have a first-rate talent, a first-rate teacher and at least ten years of hard, intelligent constant study. The literature of the instrument is so great that he compared the student's task with that of drinking an ocean, before success could be assured.

After tone, the Professor sought, most of all, rhythm. This he insisted was a sense which one must make part of one's very fibre. It could be taught to a limited extent; but it could best be acquired by the closest aural observation and by interminable attempts to get the swing of new compositions. The rhythmic patterns and designs, he insisted, should be the language of the pianist. They should flow free from the fingers just as the idioms of any language flow from the tongue. He was most keenly sensitive about this subject which is so difficult to explain. He would say that certain people stammer and stutter in speaking, that their words and phrases always seem stiff and stilted, that they say the terms but that there is no flow, no articulation, no accent. He claimed that musicians

often stutter in similar manner, with bad articulation; that they have nothing to make their playing interesting and intelligible. The rhythmic swing of an itinerant gypsy band meant far more to him than the broken playing of a pedagog who accurately rendered all the notes with no rhythm. He even used to insist that lack of rhythm had an effect on him like that of seasickness. He sought to argue that the broken rhythm of the heavy seas was the thing that caused seasickness and that a poorly played rhythm had a similar effect upon the nervous system. However accurate this may be from a scientific standpoint, I do not know; but I do know that the Professor was as convinced of its truth as he was of the movement of the stars in their orbits. He could not tolerate a pupil with a poor sense of rhythm.

Possibly one of the reasons why so many of the famous pupils of the professor met with world success—I refer to pupils like Paderewski, Hambourg, Goodson, Gabrilowitsch, Friedman, Bloomfield-Zeisler, Essipov, and many others, was that he always considered piano playing and the art of music in general as a human thing, an art for the people, instead of something for the limited few. In this connection he used to say that piano playing is like acting. The pianist must not merely press down keys and make sounds. He must convey musical thoughts to the audience. The larger the audience he is able to move with great masterpieces the higher and finer his art. Imagine an actor who struts upon the stage and merely recites the words of a great play. He has no standing in the theater. The greatest actor is the one who brings the most meaning and the most beauty from the text! He used to say that there should be an eleventh commandment reserved for pianists:

"Thou Shalt Have Intelligence."

Unintelligent playing, merely playing of the notes, would drive him to dismiss a pupil. He had to be assured that the pupil was thinking or he would not listen patiently to his work. Although he was really a very patient man when the pupil was doing his best, he was unrelenting in his severity when the pupil made mistakes. He used to say, "There is absolutely no excuse for mistakes. There is always some slow tempo at which you can play that piece without any danger of a mistake. It is infinitely better for you to play it at that tempo absolutely right than to hazard faster tempos and thus compel unavoidable blunders. The only practice that is worth anything at all is perfect practice, practice without mistakes. If you are stupid enough to make mistakes, and to go on repeating mistakes, how can you ever hope to play well? One of the reasons why many students do no progress is that they habitually practice mistakes, year in and year out, instead of taking the time to correct mistakes once and for all. Every time you repeat a mistake you are going backward."

The professor could be furious when a pupil played a work fast at first. He used to say, "Your fingers have less brains than a horse. You must train your fingers, patiently, slowly, surely. You are letting your fingers run wild. You must not play with your fingers alone. Play with your mind."

He attributed his own success to industry. He remarked, "Men say I am a different kind of a teacher. I am only industrious. I work harder with my pupils." Of course, this was not strictly true, because in addition to his great gifts he had a wonderful vitality which he imparted to his pupils, and his fertility in the way of fresh and interesting ideas upon everything relating to the art was amazing. Every day he would think of new and fresh things. His work never tired him or bored him. There

was always something new and interesting ahead. This, coupled with his wonderful experience, made him a great figure in the history of music of his time.

I hear in America a great deal about what is termed the "Leschetizky Method of Relaxation." Just as in the case of a great many celebrated men, there come posthumous traditions and legends which would have amused the men themselves very greatly. One teacher here describes relaxation as a "freedom from nerves," whatever that may mean. I am sure that the Professor would not have understood it. Of course, there was relaxation; but that relaxation must not be misunderstood. It was rather a kind of intense physical and mental concentration followed immediately with relaxation. Complete relaxation would mean total limpness and inertness from the shoulder to the fingertips. Of course, with the arm in such a condition it would be impossible to produce any tone whatever. Therefore the term relaxation in the stroke is a misnomer. His practice in playing all cantilena passages was to have the finger touch the surface of the key and then permit the arm pressure to bring out the tone. In other words, the key was never struck. Instantly after this there was, when the nature of the music made it possible, the greatest possible relaxation. This rests the whole playing apparatus and prevents any objectionable stiffness attending the next succeeding stroke. Of course, in very rapid finger passage work there is not the same opportunity for the alternation of concentration and relaxation. However, even in these passages there was to be cultivated a lack of stiffness in the hand, finger and the arm. These things are easy to outline in a paragraph like this but they can only be accomplished after slow, laborious training and years of careful coaching.

Leschetizky was a great believer in the daily practice of scales in piano playing. He used to quote Liszt who,

when asked how it was possible for him to keep up his immense technic, replied, "Five finger exercises and scales." Leschetizky believed that these simple means were really better than many complicated exercises. He made a great distinction between those who were "musically gifted" and those who were "piano gifted." He insisted that there was a distinct pianistic gift. He believed greatly in general culture and had little use for the musician who was an ignoramus in other lines of general culture. He had studied for three years at the University of Vienna, but left because of the Revolution of 1848.

The professor was very nervous about public performances. The last time he played in public was at Frankfurt, in 1886, when he played the *Emperor Concerto* of Beethoven with great success. The remaining twenty-nine years of his life were devoted to teaching. While this was intense work, it was perhaps less nerve-racking than the career of the virtuoso. Moreover, he was most interested in teaching.

An early experience in St. Petersburg had made him very cautious in his movements. One of his servants, an ignorant Moujik, became intoxicated and tried to kill him. The servant was overpowered and forgiven, remaining for twenty-five years more as a faithful coachman. The professor, however, could never get over the experience and always had a loaded revolver in his bedroom. He was saved from the murderous attack by a faithful St. Bernard dog, Ajax. For this reason he adored dogs. I still have a vision of him, when aroused, walking through the night with a loaded revolver in his hand and scaring me half to death.

Leschetizky had a very severe training from Czerny, the teacher of Liszt. Czerny he described as a little old man with a long pipe and a queer round cap on the back of his head—a typical schoolmaster. He was totally dif-

ferent in every way from Leschetizky as a pedagog. Czerny was the apotheosis of the mechanical teacher. He manufactured more musical machinery than almost any other man that ever composed. His works, largely technical, were over one thousand. Yet he was a fine teacher for Leschetizky, who was almost revolutionary in his musical tendencies at that time. Czerny thought of Schumann's *Carnaval* as the work of an accomplished dilettante. Chopin he described as "sugar-water mixed with paprika."

Leschetizky went to Czerny when he was ten years of age. One of his first experiences was that of being present when the long, lank figure of Liszt came to visit the old teacher. Liszt saw a copy of *Rienzi* on the piano and said, "Behold, here is a man who one day will become immortal." Wagner, at that time, was hardly known. It was possible from Czerny that the professor got some of his habits of long and exacting labor. When Czerny found that the pupil did not know a work, he thought nothing of giving him sheafs of paper and obliging him to write every single note and mark from memory. This same task was repeatedly given to Leschetizky's own pupils. We even had to write out all the orchestral part of long concertos from memory.

Leschetizky's power of concentration was enormous. If he were playing or teaching, the house might have burned down and he would not have known it. His work would keep him far up into the night. He usually went to bed about five in the morning and was up again ready for energetic work at ten. He would teach for seven hours a day, even when he was over eighty, and he was as fresh as a youth after a little rest. Once, when Paderewski visited us, he arrived at six o'clock and they visited and played billiards until five in the morning. The professor used to say that if Paderewski had not been the greatest

pianist he might have become the greatest billiard player of his time, or, in fact, anything he wanted to, such was the diverse nature of Paderewski's genius.

It seems pitiful that the professor's long career, which has brought so much joy to the whole world through his numerous pupils, should have ended with great suffering and mental distress. His professional work reached so far back that he actually played as a child for Maria Louisa, the wife of Napoleon I. He was also the teacher of some of the youngest virtuosi of the present day. With advancing years he was attacked with arteriosclerosis, or hardening of the arteries, interfering with the blood supply to the brain. All this occurred during the early days of the great war, and I find that many Americans are unfamiliar with this pathetic page in musical history. Nearly two years before his death he became blind. This wore upon his mind constantly, as it might, after such a vivid career. He became suspicious of his best friends and imagined that they were plotting against him. Sometimes he would arise in the night and try to leave the house. When I stopped him he would cry pathetically, "I want to go home. I want to go home." Finally he went to his last home, and the noble career of a great artist and remarkable man was closed.

YOUR CHANCES SCALING OPERATIC HEIGHTS

MME. MARIE JERITZA

BIOGRAPHICAL

Mme. Marie Jeritza was born at Brunn, Moravia (now Czecho-Slovakia). Her parents were musical and saw to it that the talented child received a very thorough elementary education in harp, 'cello, piano and theory. Later, as her voice developed, it was trained with great care. At fourteen she sang in public and studied for opera, her first appearance being in the role of Elsa in "Lohengrin," in the city of Ohlmutz (Moravia). In an incredibly short time she proceeded to the Imperial Opera at Vienna, where she created a real furore. Her American debut was made in 1922 at the Metropolitan, where she repeated her European triumphs. Her performances are distinguished by her very artistic singing, her eminent ability as an actress and her personal beauty and charm.

There is something about opera that is so fascinating that it is little wonder there should be countless young people who desire to live the great romances that master composers have set to music. Opera seems the apotheosis of the theater. To it the greatest musicians, the greatest artists and the greatest dramatists have brought their most precious gifts. It is opera which commands the highest prices for admission. It is opera which is the magnet, not only for society, but also for the great connoisseurs of art and literature and music.

Naturally many students with voices and ambitions point to this and that operatic success and say, "Why not try for this great goal?" To be sure, "Why not?" If some have climbed the ladder, still others can ascend



MME. MARIE JERITZA

likewise. The first obstacle is that so many do not want to climb. The demand that there shall be some kind of a musical and dramatic elevator to carry them to the top. Thousands of students think that all they have to do is to pay the expensive passage upon such an elevator run by a famous *maestro di canto,* and that some day they will step out on the top floor as full-fledged *prime donne.* Such a thing has never happened in the history of the art. Money will carry one a long way, in a great many different directions, but it will not carry one to operatic eminence without the other indispensable qualities of success.

The first attribute, I should say, is that one should be born with a musical talent, good health and a reasonably fine voice.

At the age of eight, I started at the Conservatory. As time went on I studied piano, 'cello, harp and theory. My favorite instrument was the harp, as it appealed to my sense of romance. As a child I used to let my long hair down and sing the old folk-song dealing with the legend of the Lorelei, accompanying myself on the harp before the mirror. With girlish vanity I pictured myself as one of the sirens of the Rhine. This was a pleasant lapse from the daily grind of hard work.

Work is the motto of the Moravian music schools. There is no foolishness about talent taking the place of work. The more talent evinced, the more work expected. If one should ask me what is the most important thing for the student who has gifts for the opera I should say, first and last, *work.* Create the habit of work. I work just as hard today as I have at any time in my life.

Your chance to get into opera, and, which is more important, keeping growing in opera, depends largely upon how much you propose to work. That is, of course, if you have the qualifications which only God can give you. Let

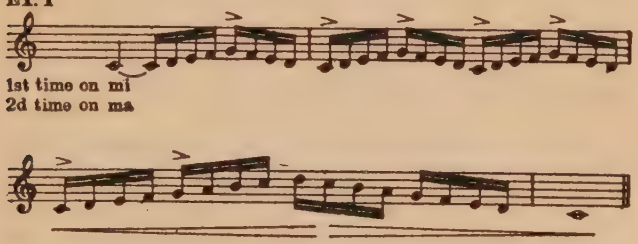
there be no mistake about this. You may have a beautiful voice by nature; you may have a beautiful face; you may have good health; you may have musical talent, but you cannot succeed without work. On the other hand, you can work your head off to attain success, and, if you do not have the foregoing qualifications you will be doomed for disappointment. This may seem cruel, but why not face the truth? The only commiserating circumstance is that thousands and thousands of students, who have their hearts set on grand opera and who are working with a zeal and intensity that deserve great praise (despite the fact that they are ignorant of the fact that they do not possess the natural gifts) even though disappointed in part, will be raised to higher standards by their work and their ambition. The effort will not be lost, although the goal may not be attained, and such students often succeed in concert and in teaching.

There is something little short of criminal, however, in the teachers who encourage many pupils to believe that they have grand opera qualifications when they know that such students will never even get a smell of the footlights. In fact, some of the teachers who lead pupils to believe that they may succeed have had no experience whatever in the art save hearing occasional performances. It is a pity that there is not some kind of a nonpartisan art jury in the large cities where, for a given fee, the student could have her voice appraised by experts who are not looking for lucrative pupils. Not that such experts would always be right, however. They have been mistaken many times, as one was in my case. But it is this very element in human judgment that makes the average girl aspirant for opera certain that the critic is wrong and that she is right.

At the age of fourteen I sang before an audience for the first time. I then studied a few operatic roles, the

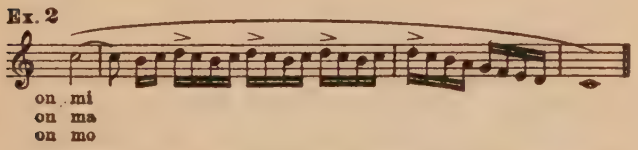
first being *Agathe* in *Der Freischutz.* My first operatic appearance was as *Elsa* in *Lohengrin,* in the little Moravian city of Olmutz in Moravia. Fortunately my voice had had a fine drilling in Italian exercises. I was literally brought up on Solfeggios. Every day of my life I go over such exercises as the following before I commence to sing:

Ex. 1



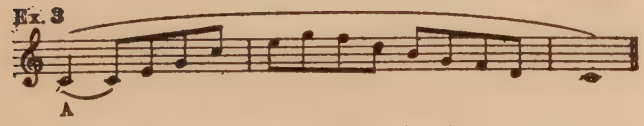
Transpose this by half-tones to the limit of the vocal range:

Ex. 2



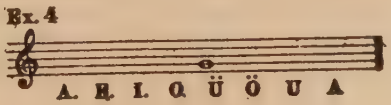
Transpose this study by half-tones up to A natural:

Ex. 3



Use some transpositions in Exercise 1:

Ex. 4



One evenly sustained tone, changing the sound of the vowels without taking breath.

Pronunciation: A as in father;
E as A in day;
I as E in he;
O as in low;
Ü as u with German umlaut;
Ö as o with German umlaut;
U as o in do.

(These studies were transcribed expressly for this conference, by Maestro Wilfred Pelletier, assistant conductor at the Metropolitan Opera House, with whom Mme. Jeritza "coaches.")

German is an extremely ungrateful language in which to sing. It is a powerful and dramatic tongue, but the consonants and the vowels make it awkward for musical settings. One must study a great deal of Italian to overcome the effects of these and keep the voice smooth and velvety. Perhaps this is one of the reasons why so few of the German singers have become very great coloratura artists.

Every day, as I have said, I sing Italian exercises. On the day of a performance I exercise my voice for at least an hour in the morning. The voice seems to thrive upon well-executed exercises. The old idea of letting the voice lie fallow on the day when one was to sing in public may have been all right when the operas of the old Italian school were very largely vocal exercises in themselves, but in this day the tables are turned completely around, and the voice must be in prime condition before attempting a modern role.

In studying a new opera I never bother with the music at first. The music must grow from the drama. I study the country in which the opera is set. I buy all the books I can find about that country and read and read and read. I study the period, the customs of the people,

their costumes, their religion, their superstitions, their gestures, their dances; in fact, everything that will bring to my mind a vivid picture of the opera. Then I study the character, her human inclinations, her psychology. Then I write out all the words. Finally I sit at the piano and play the score and study the role itself and then develop it with an accompanist. I go upon the basis that the audiences of today are splendidly real and splendidly educated. They will not stand for anachronisms. They want something more than mere voice or an effective appearance upon the stage. They want evidences of careful study and preparation. They want as fine acting as they can see in the best theaters, from the greatest actors.

What are your chances in grand opera? Have you noted that the little matter of culture in other lines and other languages is essential, and that without them you will be handicapped? Have you noted that it is a wonderful advantage to have a fine music knowledge, to be able to play, and to know something about the art of composition? Let us take an actual case. Once I was compelled to learn the opera of *Manon* in three days and to make my appearance on the third night. Do you suppose for a moment that if I had not had a fair idea of musical composition, and if I had not played the piano so that I could read the score, that I could have accomplished such a thing? This is what I mean by work. The student who is trying to climb the operatic stairs without a good musical training, especially in piano, is going to find herself seriously handicapped some day. By all means study the piano and study it with the same earnestness as though you were going to be a pianist.

"But," says the vocal aspirant, "you have had wonderful opportunities. You were born in Moravia, where everyone loves music and there are such fine teachers, and everything favors the young student." This is all

nonsense. The opportunities in America are incomparable. The best in art of all kinds is here, and I can safely say that I have had finer instruction in singing right in New York City than was obtainable in my homeland. The educational facilities in music in America are as fine as anywhere in the world. The opera is incomparable; and there is no real need in this day for crossing the Atlantic for music study. Of course, foreign travel is excellent, and there are very fine schools everywhere in Europe, but if you imagine that you can do something in Europe that you cannot do right here in America you are mistaken. Successes have been made over night at the Metropolitan Opera House by singers who have never crossed the Atlantic. One of the most notable is that of Lawrence Tibbett, a young man of American ancestry and entire American training.

America has wonderful voices. These voices seem to be equally good in all classes, rich and poor. It is easy to foresee the future of the music of this country with such astonishing material.

Physical development is so important. The modern operas demand so much. Singers are called upon nightly to do super-human things with their voices. Erich Korngold is one of the few modern composers who seems to be writing like a human being. Owing to the success of his *Die Tote Stadt,* in which I have appeared so much, he is writing a new opera for me. I recently wired him, "Dear Korngold: please do not forget the Italian style." It seems to me that an opera can be modern, as are those of Puccini, and yet not be outrageous musically. I wonder if the public does not want more music and less cacophony. I have no favorite roles, because I believe that the public is entitled to the best in all roles. Therefore I have avoided cultivating a liking for any one role.

Another important step in the work of the singing

actress is the part of acting itself. There is so much that can be learned from a good stage manager and a master of the art of acting. Every young girl has a kind of natural instinct for acting, but when it comes to fitting oneself into the broad proscenium of the opera one cannot leave things to chance. This demands that one must literally study every step, every turn of the head, every gesture. Do you realize why? No one is an individual upon the stage. One must take into consideration every other person on the stage, particularly the principals with whom you act. They expect certain "business" from you. If you do not have the right gesture or the right expression the scene is lost.

AN ITALIAN ASPECT OF THE ART OF PIANOFORTE PLAYING

MME. MARIA CARRERAS

Biographical

Mme. Maria Carreras was born at Rome. Her musical talent manifested itself at the early age of five. At the age of six she was awarded the first prize, granted in a contest conducted by the municipality of Rome, carrying with it a scholarship at the Royal Academy of Saint Cecilia. The aged Franz Liszt heard her play and kissed the little girl, prophesying a great future. Thereafter for fifteen years she studied under the direction of the great Sgambati, who also conducted her first concert with the Rome Philharmonic Orchestra, at which she played the "Concerto in G Minor" of her master. So successful was her early professional work that the famous Russian conductor, Safonoff, engaged her for a series of concerts in Russia with the Imperial Society of Music. Since that time she has toured through all of the European countries and through South America. Her services have been immensely in demand in connection with famous orchestras in Europe. Her first appearance in New York was in January, 1923, when she was received with very great enthusiasm by both the public and the critics. Since then she has toured America with great success.

Musical inclinations in children manifest themselves at a very early age and should be watched with very great earnestness and care by parents, because real talent is very precious. The child's personal inclinations are a good indication of the future. In my own case, music always meant more than anything else. I never played with dolls



MME. MARIA CARRERAS

because the piano meant so much more to me than toys. My music was my play; and therefore practice never seemed to be work. When I was with Maestro Sgambati I sometimes practiced as long as seven or eight hours a day—seven or eight hours of delightful work at the keyboard. If the pupil resents practice, there is either something wrong with the pupil or with the teacher.

Practicing is naturally the most important factor towards acquiring dominion of the keyboard and the pedals but I am of opinion that it is the way one practices more than the length of time one practices that obtains results. I never practiced more than four hours a day with one or two intervals and only in particular cases longer.

As soon as one notices that the mind is tired out and does not guide and control fully the movements of the fingers, that is, that does not grasp clearly and definitely in advance the passages which the fingers should execute, interrupt practicing, as the same becomes useless and, even worse, it becomes harmful. Your fingers acquire (so to speak) a divorce from the mind and this makes your playing mechanical, cold and soulless.

In the minds of many people, Italy is a land where opera, and opera only, is the music that is appreciated. This is largely true of certain sections of Italy; but it must not be thought there is not a very large and growing cult of music lovers who embrace a love for music apart from that of the opera and of the church. This is largely due to the splendid leadership of my master, Giovanni Sgambati. He was born in Rome, May 18, 1843, and died there December 14, 1914. He was a pupil of Aldega, Barbieri and Natalucci. When Liszt came to Rome, Sgambati became his enthusiastic pupil and disciple.

Sgambati became devoted to the more modern composers of other countries of Europe and gave concerts in Rome at which he conducted such works as the Beethoven

Eroica and the Liszt *Dante* symphonies. It was his plan to acquaint the Italian public with obsolete music. Although his concerts were artistic successes, it was only with difficulty that he combatted the racial preference for the music of the theater. Only in recent years has the fruit of his great efforts ripened into a wider appreciation. Richard Wagner took a great interest in Sgambati as a composer and found a publisher in Germany for his chamber music. For many years he headed the piano department at the Liceo. His compositions give him highest rank among the Italian composers who have devoted their special attention to instrumental music rather than to the opera and the church. Sgambati was a most artistic and painstaking teacher, who devoted himself to my career with an earnestness which must ever remain a source of gratitude.

When I was a child in Italy there were virtually but two schools of pianoforte playing—that at Rome, dominated by Sgambati and influenced by the modern and liberal ideas of Franz Liszt, and that of Naples which was dominated by Beniamino Cesi. Cesi was born at Naples, November 6, 1845, and died there January 30, 1907. He graduated at the Naples Conservatorio, under Mercadante and Papalardo. He also studied piano privately with Thalberg. In 1866 he became professor of pianoforte, playing at the Naples Conservatorio, and in 1885 at the Petrograd Conservatory. There his left hand became paralyzed and he was obliged to return to Italy, where he spent much of his time in writing. He composed numerous piano pieces, songs, and a pianoforte method which became very popular in Italy.

His playing was characterized by great neatness, brilliance, elegance and clearness of passages. These characteristics he sought in his pupils, to the exclusion of those broader qualities which the artist pianists of today identify

with fine piano playing. His technical methods were strict and severe. The hand was to be held continuously in a position parallel to the keyboard. The finger action was high and forced, not unlike what I am told was the method employed at Stuttgart in the Lebert and Stark School. This tended to rigidity and strain and it is not inconceivable that the paralysis which this master suffered may have resulted from the exhausting work that he exacted from his hands.

It is very fortunate that the newer school of pianoforte advocated by many modern masters, notably Breithaupt, and developed to perfection by the incomparable Busoni, develops freedom from restraint and independence in musical control. Fortunately for me, Sgambati was first a musician, and he concerned himself more with the getting of the artistic result than with excess of technic. It should be said, however, in justice to Cesi, that the piano he used was the piano of the old days of Pleyel and Erard, limited in tone power although so delicate and prompt in its action. It was a totally different instrument from many aspects when compared with the modern piano. It lacked in sonority and its action was extremely light. Cesi handled the piano as a solo instrument, Sgambati and, above all, Busoni, as the instrumental synthesis of the orchestra. The musical public has forgotten what the piano owes to the tremendous genius of Franz Liszt. It was Liszt who synthesized in the piano the whole symphony orchestra. This called for an instrument of a much grander scale; as it was afterwards realized by the manufacturers. He seemed to foresee the very frontiers of the possibilities of the instrument. Indeed, many of his compositions are still so difficult that they are literally unplayable in all their possibilities, except by a very few virtuosi.

It is inconceivable how such a pianist as Liszt, who foresaw the development of the piano so perfectly as to

compose works which were scarcely executable on the instrument he had at his command and which are even today scarcely playable in their entire sonority and possibilities, should not have had more influence in the way a modern piano should be treated. Many pianists, practically all today, handle the piano as an orchestra, but this is due more to the influence that Busoni has had on the pianistic world. With Liszt culminated the golden epoch of piano playing; with the appearance of Busoni another epoch began. I used to live in Berlin and was coaching with him when most of the greatest pianists (some of the older ones still living and playing today) were influenced by his amazing technic which exploited the instrument in all its manifold possibilities. I do not desire to hurt susceptibilities and consequently do not desire to mention names, but I can assure you that I have heard many a celebrity of the keyboard (I mean pianists even more celebrated in those days than was Busoni, himself) alter their ways and embrace the Busoni ways. In my mind Busoni and Liszt were the only pianists of whom one could unreservedly state that they dominated the instrument.

With the growth of the piano it has become possible to play for much greater audiences. In the time of Liszt, piano recitals or concerts at which the piano was a solo instrument were given in halls for about six hundred or seven hundred people, even less. Now recitals are given also in halls for from three to five thousand auditors. The piano made to meet the genius of Franz Liszt has made this possible. This larger and grander instrument demands a very different technical treatment from that which Cesi employed with his ten books of exercises, which were largely devoted to digital training as dissociated from the rest of the playing apparatus. No longer is piano playing a mere matter of lifting the fingers from the keyboard and hammering them down. The muscles must have more

swing to them. In fact, the whole upper part of the body must have the suppleness, ease, grace and spring that characterize the muscles of a great dancer. Moreover, with the playing apparatus in this condition it is possible to transmit the musical thoughts of the brain to the fingers so that each finger becomes a kind of individual sub-artist painting tone with an immense variety of rich colors, yet controlled. In the old-fashioned school, of which Cesi was the exponent, the colors were missing. There might have been perfection of design and great accuracy, but, compared with the modern style, it was like comparing a colorless etching with a great oil painting.

Notwithstanding the restricted methods of Cesi, it must not be thought that the Conservatorio at Naples is not a very great school with wonderful traditions and splendid accomplishments, now advancing along modern lines. Naples is, and has been, one of the foremost centers of music of the whole world. We should not forget that the piano itself is the invention of an Italian, Bartolomeo Cristofori, 1655-1731, and that the first great master of the piano was the Neapolitan, Domenico Scarlatti, 1685-1757, "the father of modern pianoforte technic."

One thing, however, we learn from Cesi, and this is that it is not a good plan to be too much preoccupied with finger technic. Of course there will always be a demand for technic. Certain studies, and particularly scales and arpeggios in very liberal quantity, will always be desirable, but one must not forsake attention to the musicianly qualities which, after all, are the highest test of fine pianoforte playing.

One may look for great things from the America of the future. America is turning away from the necessary materialism of its past. It is tired of materialism. It is beginning to realize the value of fantasy, poetry and

sentiment. If this is not shown in any other way it is shown in the marvelous architectural aspirations in America's big cities. The huge buildings often show tremendous vision, power and imagination.

American students have enormous application, but they still need more poetry. They must divine the wonderful art of conveying impressions. It is one thing to feel a thing yourself and quite another thing to make others feel the same emotions. Concert-goers go to concerts to receive impressions; memories that they can carry away with them. It is all very well to dream, but you must learn how to make others dream with you. The Italians have this gift in a remarkable degree, but they lack the American power of application. If this power of application and concentration to hard, earnest study could be brought to some of the great Italian native musical centers and combined with the inherent genius of the Italian students, Italy would fill the world with pianists. Italy is the land of singing, because, on the whole, singing does not begin to require the enormous application which must be bestowed upon fine piano playing. It is for this reason that Italy has produced so many immortal singers and so few eminent pianists. Busoni is her great outstanding genius. Sgambati, fine pianist that he was, is more renowned as a composer, as is Ottorino Respighi (born at Bologna, July 9, 1879). Giuseppe Martucci (born 1856, died 1909) was well known in his day as a pianist but better known as a conductor and as the pioneer of Liszt and Wagner music in Italy. As a composer his music is largely in German style, while that of the brilliant younger Italian composer-pianist, Alfredo Casella (born Turin, in 1883), is more in the French style, owing to his French education.

Interest in piano playing in Italy is growing continually, and it is not unlikely that there will return to the fatherland

of the piano greater laurels in the future than in the past. Italy is welcoming the great masters of the instrument as it welcomed Franz Liszt, and it is sending accomplished masters of the instrument to other lands as teachers.

WHAT MUST I DO TO BECOME A COMPOSER?

LIZA LEHMANN

Biographical

Liza Lehmann was born at London, July 11, 1862, *and died in* 1918. *Her mother (A. L.) was a noted concert singer. Accordingly the daughter was trained as a singer under Randegger and Raunkilde. She studied composition under Hamish MacCunn and Freudenberg and Klindworth. After many years of success on the concert stage she retired in* 1894, *becoming the wife of the well-known English artist and composer, Herbert Bedford. Thereafter she devoted her time to musical composition, producing many songs, light operas and song cycles. It is her work in the last-named field, particularly her remarkably successful setting of the "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam under the title "In a Persian Garden," by which she is best known. The great melodic beauty and distinctive harmonic treatment of this composition, together with its vocal practicability, have given this work a persistent hold upon the musical public.*

That musical composition demands a talent peculiar to the individual is self-evident. The mere desire to compose, coupled with the willingness to study and the advantage of the best instruction, will not make a composer unless there is that wonderful thing which can only be described by the word "talent." Please don't ask me to define talent. Many men and women have tried to do it in lengthy treatises, but talent is something which cannot be expressed in words.

I have often been asked, "How do you compose?" and I can only say, "I don't know." The melodies come to me



LIZA LEHMANN

as though purely by intuition. True, I studied the laws of musical composition for years, but when I am composing I am sure I never think of them. When a composition is sketched out and the time for revision comes, then I find whatever scientific knowledge of harmony and counterpoint I have acquired very valuable.

In a Persian Garden, which was my first work of any significance, was written just outside of the city of London, when we were living in a little home located in the middle of a lovely apple orchard. I was very deeply impressed with the wonderful beauty of the Oriental poem, and I was very happy. I am always happiest when I am composing. One might as well ask me whence come the birds in springtime, as to inquire where the melodies come from. But if one desires to be a composer, the melodies must come, and they must be melodies that have an individual and original interest. Without the facility to produce beautiful melodies it is foolish to strive to become a composer. It would be quite as feasible for the raven to aspire to be a nightingale. There can be little doubt that many students waste years and years which might be spent much more profitably in other vocations, if they could only discover at a sufficiently early age how foolish it is to attempt to accomplish the impossible.

As we have previously noted, melodic fertility is the foundation of the claim of any individual to be recognized as a composer. He must produce beautiful melodies, whether they be one measure or sixteen measures in length. Even the "motif" has a melodic character. It makes no difference whether the composer has the technical equipment to treat his melodies as a Beethoven, a Wagner, a Schumann, a Strauss, a Debussy or an Elgar, or whether he has the mere ability to harmonize his tune as in the case of the writer of folk songs, he must have first of

all good melodic material of his own invention before he deserves recognition as a composer.

Several years of public experience as a singer taught me to realize the potency of the effect of a beautiful melody upon audiences. I had always longed to write melodies. As a child it was my greatest delight. I became a singer principally because I had voice sufficient to enable me to make a success upon the concert stage and because my mother's greatest desire was to have me become a singer.

The idea of my becoming a composer was never even considered. Why? Simply because during my childhood the thought of a woman becoming a composer was not a popular one in England. It never seemed to occur to those who had the guidance of my early education that a woman could ever be taken seriously as a composer. Maud Valerie White, however, had written some very successful songs, and her career and influence were a source of greatest inspiration to me. When on my marriage I decided to retire from the concert platform, I gave my whole attention to composition. I was determined not to let my physical condition sever me from my musical ambitions, and I also realized that my experience upon the concert platform, which had made me acquainted with many of the great vocal masterpieces, was of much value to me.

Like literature, the study of musical composition is facilitated by a familiarity with the music of the past as well as the present. This in itself will not make a composer, for some of those who have been most familiar with the great masterpieces have failed dismally as composers. Compositions cannot be studied by theory alone. One must employ the keenest possible observation in noting how the masters have used their musical materials.

There is a lesson in composition on every page of Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, or any of the great musical

creators of the past. Such a knowledge is also of value in keeping the young composer informed as to what has been done, so that he may avoid ideas that have already been exhausted by his famous forerunners. Many so-called cases of plagiarism are due to the fact that the victim has composed a melody which he has supposed to be original, but which may be found in some work with which he is entirely unfamiliar. As it is inconceivable to imagine a composer producing music comparable with our modern works without having a knowledge of them, it is therefore obvious that it is most desirable for the young student to make his musical experience as wide as possible.

Among the very few painful impressions I have gained in rehearsing singers in America is that there seems to be a decided lack of proficiency in sight reading. Imagine how one would be hampered in a school or a university if one were unable to read readily and rapidly, and you will realize how serious such a defect is. This is surely due either to neglect or to faulty instruction, for the American is, as a rule, very quick in comprehending new ideas. I have also found a deplorable deficiency among singers when difficult and unusual intervals were approached. Americans seem to possess splendid voices. The voice, however, is of little value until the mind of the singer has been trained to employ it properly.

In connection with this topic permit me to say that I have also been continually forced to note that the diction of some American singers and students has been far from being above reproach. I have had the privilege of hearing many young singers with remarkable voices in this country. They come prepared to sing arias in foreign tongues, but when requested to sing in their native tongue the results have been very unsatisfactory. In fact, it seems as though the foreign tongues were their own, and as if English were a foreign tongue! This is certainly

very wrong, for if we desire to encourage musical composition in English-speaking countries, we cannot afford to put the English tongue upon a shelf.

English, contrary to the opinions of some, is an excellent language for singing purposes. It may perhaps lack some of the smooth, dulcet softness of Italian, but it possesses a charm of its own, and in the hands of our master poets has become one of the most elastic of all means of verbal expression. Let us, above all things, have English songs and properly trained, English-speaking singers to sing them. No better means of encouraging the English-speaking composer can be found than that of assuring him a proper interpretation for his vocal works.

In no art is the life of the composer more definitely reflected than in that of music. His musical breadth will depend very largely upon his personal breadth. As he has lived, so will his music be. But polish is not always a characteristic of a great composer. I remember one curious little incident which illustrates this excellently. I was studying with Mme. Clara Schumann in Frankfurt, where she had invited me to become better acquainted with the immortal songs of her husband, Robert Schumann. While I was in her home Brahms came for a short visit. Naturally, I was in a state of great excitement. The anticipation of meeting one of the world's greatest masters was quite enough to set the student heart aflame. On the morning of the first day of his visit we had sardines for breakfast. They were served after the German custom in the original containers. What was my surprise and horror upon seeing Brahms devour his fish and then take up the can and drink the oil!

Other musicians I have met have been similarly boorish, largely owing to unfortunate early surroundings. However, most musicians are men and women of high brain culture, if not exponents of what the world considers

"good manners." It has been my privilege to know many artists. My father was a painter of fame and my mother intensely gifted in music, so our home became the center for many renowned men and women engaged in the various arts. What girl could fail to be impressed by the presence of such illustrious personages as Jenny Lind, Robert Browning, Alma Tadema, Liszt, Rubinstein, Joachim and others who frequently visited us? In this atmosphere of literature, art and music it was my good fortune to spend my early years.

I would advise students who desire to become composers to meet as many men and women of note in different walks of life as possible. In this way their aspect of art and its human application will be greatly broadened.

Before more advanced studies are undertaken the student should have a thorough knowledge of the rudiments, and should have the advantage of studying ear training (sight singing). All musical progress is founded upon training of this kind. The ability to identify and sing intervals in various meters and rhythms should precede the pursuit of the more intricate studies of harmony and counterpoint. Judging from my personal observations this would seem the greatest need in musical America at this time. So long as the musician is bothered by technicalities of any kind, he is in a sort of musical bondage from which he can only escape by breaking the technical chains which bind him.

Do not belittle the necessity for studying harmony, counterpoint, etc. You may read, for instance, that Wagner had comparatively little theoretical instruction. In all probability Wagner studied much without the assistance of a teacher, but by means of his powers of intense concentration was able to accumulate knowledge at a phenomenal rate. Although in musical theoretical studies one often learns rules that he may thereafter break, he must

first of all learn how to break these rules intelligently before he can feel free in his work in composition. In fact, rules are discarded with the mastery of the subject, and the composer possesses in their stead a highly trained sense of musical intuition which leads him to avoid musical pitfalls apparently without effort. The rules have been absorbed, as it were. Although the young pianist is necessarily frequently instructed in the proper method of holding his fingers, he forgets these rules as he becomes advanced and the fingers assume the proper position without thought upon his part. It is much the same with the rules of harmony and counterpoint.

We hear of the successes of many celebrated composers, but we do not hear of those who have failed. Even those who have won fame and wealth are not always free from care and annoyances that continually arise. Upon one occasion I went with my parents to dine with Verdi at his home. I remember that among the costly dishes that were prepared for us was a huge fish at least a yard and a half long. The whole length of its spine was decorated with pink and white camellia blossoms. After many similar evidences of prosperity and material success, I found that Verdi was obliged to keep the one small piano in his house in his bedroom so as to evade the armies of young singers who insisted upon having the master hear them. He was fond of singing, however, and when I sang some Scotch songs for him, instead of the inevitable selections from his operas, he seemed greatly pleased.



CYRIL SCOTT

UNSEEN INFLUENCES IN MUSICAL COMPOSITION AND INTERPRETATION

CYRIL SCOTT

BIOGRAPHICAL

Cyril Scott was born at Oxton, Cheshire, in 1879. At the age of two and one-half years he startled his parents by commencing to play the pianoforte by ear, that is, picking out tunes at the keyboard. His father was a noted Greek scholar, and the atmosphere of his home was delightfully suited to the impressionable child. He received local instruction in piano playing at six, and again at twelve, when he was sent to the Hoch Conservatorium, at Frankfurt. He was then brought back to Liverpool, England, for his general education. Later he went back to Frankfurt, and remained for three years with Ivan Knorr, one of the most liberal of the modern German teachers of musical composition.

In addition to his musical work, Mr. Scott has published several volumes of poetry, works on the Æsthetics of Music, the Philosophy of Modernism, and has also published under an assumed name, which he refuses to reveal, several works upon occult matters. His compositions include a one-act opera, "The Alchemist," a setting of Keats' "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," two "Passacaglias," "Nativity Hymn" for chorus and orchestra, one piano concerto, one "Overture to Princess Maleine," two "Old English Dances," a "Rhapsody" for orchestra, "Aubade," for orchestra; "Christmas Overture," "Arabesque," and numerous works for piano and for voice.

To one who is susceptible to the manifold unseen influences which surround us every moment of our lives, the present world of unrest is revealed as merely a transi-

tion stage—the equalization of the classes. It will pass, of course, and the more significant matters in our development deserve our attention. Music has suffered fearfully by the war. The conditions under which the world has moved during the last six years do not lead to the production of music. It must be perfectly apparent, even to one not versed in occult matters, that the unseen influences which lead to a state of war are incompatible with those which tend to produce beautiful music.

Music does not progress in the world in any haphazard manner. There are very definite channels through which it must proceed, and those who have delicately trained clairvoyant faculties are conscious of this development. Thus much of the music of any era is ephemeral. Only those Masters of Wisdom who use music and musicians to further the spiritual evolution of the race will leave any permanent impression upon the art. This does not imply that such a master as Chopin or Schubert or Schumann, or even the inspired composer of some beautiful folk theme, is conscious of this. Men and women with peculiarly receptive, spiritual faculties are destined, by the great scheme of life, to produce precisely as the flowers and the trees produce. They do it unconsciously. It is my firm conviction that they are influenced by beings both living and dead.

There are countless instances of composers who have done their best works and yet at the same time have hardly been conscious that they were producing them. It is said that both Schubert and Mozart failed to identify their own inspired melodies after they had written them, in some instances. There is no question to my mind but that one can be trained to be open to the highest inspiration. The great composer is frankly a medium of forces infinitely greater than himself. He cannot, as a rule, control these forces, but they can control him. His higher self

will be developed by means of his general spiritual evolution, his spirit of service to mankind, his renunciation of name and fame and his lofty and pure ideals.

Of course, one must not suppose from this that technical training is not essential. Indeed, the purely mechanical side of learning, the craftsmanship in any art is merely to make one's self a superior instrument for inspired communication. The greatest violinist of all times could not get the same results from an inferior instrument that he could from a gorgeous Stradivarius. The student's preparation cannot be too thorough. There is so much to learn in music that, in these days, years must be spent at the task. Even after the technical phases of theory, harmony and counterpoint have been mastered, there is the huge undertaking of getting acquainted with the literature of music. Of course, no one will ever know it all, but just to know a part of Wagner, Chopin, Beethoven, Schumann or Bach, takes years and years of intimate hard work.

The case of Richard Wagner is a marvelous instance of psychic receptivity. Study his life closely, and you must realize at once that he was used by unseen beings to bring a wonderful message to the world. In the first place, consider the altogether supernormal rapidity with which he acquired his early wisdom. There is something uncanny about it. Naturally he worked, and worked hard, but with a scant year's instruction, he accomplished more than any other composer. He reached a spiritual height in music which had never been attained previously. In a letter to one of his friends (or was it to Mathilde Wesendonck?) Wagner avowed himself a Buddhist. This was not in any way hostile to his Christian ideals. Indeed, in *Parsifal,* a purely Christian esoteric work, there are high occult touches which only the initiated can comprehend. He may have been a man of strong passions, but I have always felt that he was very much maligned. His heart

was pure, and represented a lofty type of idealism such as the world has seldom seen.

The amazing precocity of Mozart and Mendelssohn shows very clearly how these masters were influenced by unseen forces. Both were men of gentle, charming personalities, and yet, while in their 'teens, there came to them some of the most virile and vigorous music that has ever been written. Despite the fact that it all seems very open to musicians in this day, it was clearly inspired, and not merely contrived, as the materialists would have us believe. At this time music seems to be seeking another dimension, as it were. Composers are far more subtle. That is because we are striving to depict emotions which are no longer human, but which belong to a higher plane of consciousness. This is true of the new French school, of Debussy and Ravel; the German school of Schoenberg, and the works of my compatriot, Eugene Goosens, who, despite his French-sounding name, is an Englishman who has advanced to a stage far in advance of many of his contemporaries. As to my friend, Percy Grainger, I have, on the authority of a highly trained psychic, that he is unconsciously used and that his music is the music of power and vitality.

The works of Claude Debussy are clearly inspired by the spirits of nature, those entities which look after the growth of flowers, the evolution of plants, trees, rocks and rivers. I do not know whether he was conscious of that himself, but it is all very evident in his compositions. These spirits, in occult parlance, are called *Devas*. Their speech, their language is music. For thousands of years this has been known by those versed in occult matters. All schools of occultism in all countries have identified them in some way. Many of these are very ancient, as the Vedantists, who date from 2000 to 1500 B.C., the ancient Alchemists, the Greek Gnostics, Taoism, and that

branch of Christianity known as the Rozicrucians. Ancient phases of Free Masonry were once decidedly occult. In all occult beliefs there is recognized a state, known in some by the word Nirvana—meaning a complete state of annihilation of self, in which a condition of absolute super-consciousness is evolved. The early priests of the Christian church sought by means of self-abnegation to place themselves in closer touch with divine power, and their messages, which today are a guide to thousands and thousands of believers, are the result. I am often asked what are my own religious beliefs. The only answer is that they are universal, and comprehend the great truths in all religions, as far as my wisdom has proceeded.

THE MUSIC OF THE PEOPLE

VICTOR HERBERT

Biographical

Victor Herbert was born in Dublin, Ireland, February 1, 1859. *His grandfather was the Irish novelist, Samuel Lover, who wrote many tunes, including "The Lowback Car," "Molly Bawn," and others which became as famous as his laughable stories, such as "Handy Andy." Herbert was educated in Germany. He attended the Gymnasium in Stuttgart. Deciding to become a 'cellist he studied with the famous master, Bernhard Cossmann. For a time he toured Germany, Austria and Switzerland with great success. He settled in Vienna, coming under the influence of Eduard Strauss and von Suppe. In* 1885 *he went to Stuttgart as solo 'cellist in the Royal Opera. He looked upon this post as a life position. Anton Seidl brought him to America as 'cellist of the Metropolitan Opera Company, where he remained for many years. On the death of Patrick Gilmore he became conductor of the Twenty-Second Regiment Band. In* 1898 *he became conductor of the Pittsburgh Symphony. For a time he was conductor of the New York Philharmonic. His great fame rests upon his works for the stage, which include the grand opera "Natoma," produced with great success at the Metropolitan, and his score of light operas which have included a very great number of melodies which have become among the most popular tunes of the day. These works are all characterized by a high degree of musicianship.*

It is very hard to be patient with the musical hypocrites who affect to see nothing good in any music that is not of the most serious kind. There is a great territory between the very bad music and the very complicated music of the



VICTOR HERBERT

great masters. In that territory we find the music of the people. It is absurd to suppose that the average individual who has had no musical training of any kind takes a real musical delight in listening to music that even a musician would have difficulty in following and appreciating.

We need more of the comedy in life. Who would belittle the sociological worth of Ibsen? the symbolism of Maeterlinck? or the great poetic beauty of Rostand? Still we should remember that the greatest dramatist of all found time for both *Hamlet* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* The world is hungry for something to rob everyday life of too much of its seriousness.

From an educational standpoint light opera has a greater influence upon the musical taste of the public in our cities than any other form of musical endeavor, unless it be the music in the churches. That is, more people attend the performances of light opera than all of those who attend grand opera and high-class concerts.

I have never been able to look upon the music I have written for my own light operas as music demanding less thought, or less skill, or less careful detailed attention than the music I have written for the so-called serious works. I have always held before me the motto, "Always do the best you can, no matter what the work may be." It is one of the best mottoes for the young musician to adopt. Many young workers complete a work with the "That is good enough; I'll let it go at that" spirit. They do not demand the best that is in them. This is the attitude I have always felt toward my comic operas. Everybody knows that I could write fugues if I chose to do so. The work upon a comic opera is no less exacting in a way, but of a different kind. When I look back upon the actual labor which my comic operas have necessitated, I can assure you that I have a most wholesome respect for them.

The public demand for really worthy light opera is

always strongly manifested. The American public is entitled to the best. For a time some musical entertainment with an extremely good libretto—that is, good from the standpoint of popular drawing qualities, may succeed in drawing large audiences, even though the music may be mediocre or even very badly done. However, such pieces usually draw large houses for a comparatively short time while the works based upon a good plot, and accompanied with good music, are played for years, and then frequently revived with gratifying success. To endure, both libretto and music must be good.

We are always blessed with pessimists who try to pull down that which the earnest music workers have worked so hard to build. These pessimists belittle good light opera music and claim that real musical appetite of the public is the kind of music commonly known as "trash."

It is with great regret that I note that many leading American composers have turned aside from light opera after the failure of the first effort in this line. They write symphonies, huge choral works and other complicated compositions which are perhaps performed a few times before a curious public and then abandoned for the immortal works of the older masters. Of course they are rendering a service to American musical art and I admire them for it, even though they seem to forget that they might do more good by occasionally writing good music within the comprehension of the greater number of people.

Musicians do not seem to realize that the great masters of the past wrote an enormous amount of good, light music. Consider for a moment the wonderful light operas of Mozart, some of them comic operas in the highest sense of the term. In fact, some musicians consider Richard Wagner's greatest work his comic opera *Die Meistersinger*. Look through Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Mozart, etc., as well as such modern French composers

as Saint-Saëns, Thomas, Delibes, Dubois and others, and you will find dozens of dance tunes, and mighty good dance tunes they are. Did these masters lower themselves by looking out at the sunshine and the flowers for a little while instead of everlastingly poking about in musical crypts? Play over the second subject of the first movement of Haydn's *E Flat Symphony* and see what a capital waltz it is. Do we have any such melodic fertility from the masters of today? Our young composers seem to have soared so high in Olympus that they have completely lost the ladder to earth.

The musical public is commencing to cry out again for melody—real, beautiful, entrancing melody. One of the first things the old masters sought to do was to find a theme. Now the tendency seems to be to try to make a great work out of a weak theme, or sometimes no theme at all, if my ears do not deceive me. Works of this kind can hardly last long in popular favor. I can find little hope for a great musical future in the tendencies of the later Debussy and the later Strauss. I know full well that there was a great hue and cry of a similar kind when Wagner first came to the front—but Wagner had no desire to overthrow the great harmonic systems created by the old masters.

The musical high-brows who rave over *Pelleas* and *Melisande* and *Elektra* would, in ninety cases out of a hundred, be much more comfortable at a performance of *Carmen* or *Mignon*. Between them and the unfortunates whose musical tastes are not very remote from the savagery of African forests there must come a vast army of real music lovers who want music that is beautiful and sprightly. It is absurd to be provoked with the business man who refuses to spend his evenings pouring over Dante's *Inferno* or Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*. If he demands Thackeray, Dickens, Kipling, Hugo, or even Mark

Twain or George Ade, it is a manifestation of an appetite which will do him and his neighbors nothing but good.

It is one of the hardest things in the world to get a good, strong, clean libretto. There are only a very few men who seem to have the gift of writing fine librettos. The story is continually being thrown aside for the music. It is a task which taxes the most skillful dramatist. It is almost impossible for the composer to rise above a bad libretto. I have often read dozens before deciding upon a likely one. It is pleasant to note the high character of American librettos. In fact, some of the imported librettos are crude and even ungrammatical.

If the output of librettos is small, the output of really good comic opera singers is likewise limited. There is never a great output of really good things, but grand opera continually robs comic opera of the good singers. Our American girls study here and in Europe for grand opera when many of them barely have comic opera possibilities. Yet they are insulted if the project of going into comic opera is suggested to them. Comic opera soloists receive good salaries, and if they are really worthy, are rarely without regular employment. Traveling conditions and the condition of the theater buildings are improving all the time and with legitimate comic opera of a high class the opportunities would seem to me far greater than the certain future of being a grand opera mediocrity.

The difficulty with singers recruited from grand opera ranks is that they look down on comic opera and fail to apply themselves properly. It is often far more difficult to write a good piece of light music than a bad symphony. I know, for I have written both.

The German has no false pride, no superciliousness about his light operas. He recognizes them as a necessity and patronizes them with the same sincerity which he

would give to a symphony concert. It was my good fortune to have known the Viennese composers, Strauss, Geneé, von Suppe and others. The Strausses were, of course, the providers of dance music to the great balls of Vienna. The title of dance king or waltz king which fell on different generations was justly won. When Johann Strauss commenced to write for the stage he was helped by Geneé, and I played in the orchestra in Vienna when some of the Strauss pieces were at the height of their success. Von Suppe was much more of a musician from the sense of craftsmanship than Strauss or Geneé. Some of his operas were really grand operas in the higher sense of the word. I played under him also. The operas of Lortzing have no counterpart in America. In fact they could not be successfully transplanted in American soil as they are "volks" operas, and are based upon German traditions quite alien to anything American. Millöcker ranks high as a composer of German comic operas. It is a well-known fact that von Bülow regarded both Millöcker and Lortzing as men of great genius. Von Bülow put a Strauss valse on one of his programs of a great festival at Hamburg, and during the time that I was with Seidl, Strauss' waltzes came on our programs with almost daily regularity. Lehar and Oscar Strauss both rank very high. The former, perhaps, shows the most finished musicianship. The orchestration of his works is beautifully made and his craftsmanship as a composer is extremely fine.

The light operas of the standard French composers of the past show a kind of polish which makes them inimitable and which is extremely hard to describe. My own inclinations are decidedly toward the French school, if it may be called a school; although I have tried to create a style of my own. There is a long list of French composers who have added greatly to the treasures of light opera. Auber, Audran, Planquette and Lecocq sparkle

with brilliant tunes and undulate with intoxicating melodies. Think of the longevity of the *Chimes of Normandy* or *Girofle-Girofla.* They will long outlive those who scoff at light opera and who can see beauty in nothing short of *The Girl of the Golden West* or *Salome.* Offenbach is, of course, regarded as a Frenchman, although he was a German Hebrew. He was a 'cellist, by the way, and was the inventor of the Opera Bouffe, those musical dramatic satires which poke fun at serious things. There seem to be no French composers at this day who are carrying on the old French traditions, with the possible exception of Messager whose works are truly delightful. *Veronique* is particularly fascinating.

In England the spotlight of comic opera celebrity seems still to be focused upon the works of Gilbert and Sullivan. The fact that they are frequently revived is sufficient testimony to their worth. Time is, after all, the great judge in matters of this kind. Of course *The Geisha* of Sidney Jones has been given many times on the continent and in this country, and Mr. Edward German has written some works which are, I fear, more of a credit to his thorough musicianship than to his melodic fertility, but the English tendency to engage several men in the composition of one work is ridiculously inartistic. Even a composer like Cellier could turn out an opera like the very effective *Dorothy* with far more likelihood of permanent recognition than could a congress of experts all working together, but all with their own individualities ever present and obvious. It is as though an army of sculptors undertook to make one work, one making the nose, one making the eyes, another making the ears, and others making different parts of the body.

The late W. S. Gilbert was such a master of his craft as a librettist that he stands alone among the librettists of all countries. There was never such a man on the con-

tinent, and the combination of Gilbert and Sullivan was inimitable. It should be remembered that even with this ideal combination there was still many a failure. By no means all of the Gilbert and Sullivan works were successes.

I do not think that Americans suffer for want of good light opera, even though many of the successes in recent years have leaked out of the end of my own pen. I think that the best American comic operas will stand comparison with the best that come over the seas. The fact that there is a demand for American works abroad endorses this.

I think that there is a big field for Americans in light opera. Our younger writers who would succeed must first of all learn the demands of the theater. They must become acquainted with the atmosphere of the footlights. A composer may write the most marvelous music and yet produce music entirely unsuited to the stage. Innumerable great poets have tried to write great plays, but few catch the right color. Longfellow, for instance, was a dismal failure, although he earnestly hoped and worked to produce a great dramatic work. There must be a natural feeling for the dramatic. The composer must feel and understand what music is best to enhance the dramatic effect in a certain situation. I never realized this so much as when I was engaged upon my grand opera, *Natoma*. The plot was filled with situations demanding special musical effects and all of these required particular care and a keen appreciation of the dramatic color.

WHAT PART HAS MODERNISM IN PRESENT-DAY PIANO STUDY?

LEO ORNSTEIN

BIOGRAPHICAL

Leo Ornstein was born at Krementchug, the birthplace of the famous author, Gogol, Little Russia, December 11, 1895. *He studied at the Petrograd Conservatory. In* 1906 *he came to America, where he continued his studies at the Institute of Musical Art, becoming the pupil of Bertha Feiring Tapper, to whom he gives the credit for the greater part of his pianistic training. His early appearances as a pianist attracted wide attention because of his brilliant technic and his warm, sensuous tone-color. Subsequent appearances in all parts of the country have won him the regard of critics and pianists alike, ranking him with the foremost pianists of the day. His interest in ultra-modernistic music and his radical compositions have won him the reputation of an iconoclast. His concert programs, however, have been unusually orthodox, in part; and Mr. Ornstein in the following article has indicated why he returns to the classics even on his fiery Pegassus of musical anarchy. Mr. Ornstein has taken up his residence in Philadelphia, conducting "Master Classes" at the Philadelphia Musical Academy.*

In the art of music there can be no such thing as perfection. There is always room for further development. Merely to admit the contrary would be to proclaim that the art is dead. Therefore, the attempts of the "so-called" modernists are to be regarded as efforts to carry on the development a little farther. This is the obligation of every age in which real artists work.



LEO ORNSTEIN

We must remember that, when all is said and done, no composer has really surpassed Bach, although he may have carried the art into a different avenue. The *Chromatic Fantasia* of Bach is in itself a monumental evidence of the greatness of the art of music over two centuries ago.

From Bach to the present time there have been numerous steps in different directions made by many outstanding composers. Each one in his day has been a modern, whether it was Haydn, Gluck, Schumann or Wagner. In the latter part of the last century we find men of the ilk of Franck, Moussorgsky, and others of even more iconoclastic tendencies, coming into evidence. Franck with his version and superior scholarship represents one type. Moussorgsky, infinitely less skillful technically, with shortcomings that demanded the posthumous revisions of Rimsky-Korsakoff, represents another.

Eric Satie is reputed to have been the first to employ the whole toned scale extensively.



This scale has been known since the earliest times; but its beauties were foreign to the average ear. Satie was a far more voluminous worker than most Americans are aware.

Satie and Debussy met about 1890 when the latter had returned from Rome; and the two men became intimate friends. There can be little doubt that the extremely radical Satie had a very strong effect upon his older contemporary.

Debussy had very great limitations and seems to me quite distinctly a descriptive composer. In his pianoforte works his greatest charm is indicated in such compositions as

Reflections in the Water and *The Gold Fish.* His use of arpeggios and consecutive fifths is distinctive. There can be no question that Debussy's talent is individual. To me a very much greater talent is that of Ravel. His numerous compositions should be better known in America. I consider him organically superior to most of his contemporaries. His works are well-knit and have a virile kind of musical logic which falls refreshingly upon tired ears. He possibly excels in the smaller forms. His works have not, however, the barbaric, exciting character of those of Stravinsky.

Here again we do not seem to meet with the organic, structural musical evolution of ideas such as we find in Ravel. Stravinsky's works seem like a succession of tableaux. This effect of a series of snatches does not impress me so deeply as does a work with a definite organic structure.

Skriabin was a man of tremendous talent and great musical gifts.

With such wide differences in technic and æsthetic viewpoint, there can hardly be said to be a modernistic school of music. Most of the modern composers constitute individual schools in themselves. There are too many theories floating around; and there is too little real music. The main point is that the composers have tried to go ahead. Some may be utterly wrong; but it is better to be wrong than to stagnate. The work has always advanced and it always must. Most of all we must realize that we must build upon the foundations of the past. All life is evolution. New forms do not spring into existence without relation to that which has passed.

For this reason the musical education of the child must be chronological. This is obviously the process of nature, from the first germ cell. The human being develops and passes through all the stages of the evolution of the race.

We cannot afford in musical education to disregard this imperative sign post. By this I mean that the child, after being taught the elements of music and trained to love simple melodies of the folk-song type, should be brought up in music chronologically. He should hear the music of the earlier composers and climb up step by step through Bach, Handel, Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Chopin, unto the present day.

My own works have always been an expression of moods and ideas. I have written in many different idioms.

The subject matter requires appropriate setting; and, where simple means suffice, I do not see any reason for artificially complicating the treatment.

Comparatively few people are aware that a very little-known pianist was responsible for what amounted to a revolution in piano playing. How it came about makes a very interesting story. The pianist was Julius Schulhoff, who was born at Prague, in 1825, and died in Berlin, in 1898. He is little known in this generation, in America, because most of his works were largely in a type of Salon Music, which seems to have passed. His arrangement of the Mozart *Minuet in E Flat* is, however, widely known. Schulhoff was a friend of Chopin, who acted as a patron for Schulhoff's concerts in Paris. For many years he was a popular teacher of pianoforte playing in Paris, Dresden, and in Berlin, where he became Royal Professor.

Technically, Schulhoff's playing was very much restricted. It is said that the most difficult piece in his limited repertoire was the *Rondo Capriccioso* of Mendelssohn. Yet he was immensely popular in his day as a pianist, because of the magical charm of his tone. Once he was playing in Vienna when Leschetizky was present. Up to that time, practically all pianists played the piano "on the surface of the keys." Although Leschetizky himself was one of the most remakable technicians of the day,

he was immediately impressed with the luscious tone of Schulhoff. Here was a pianist who seemed to have fingers as strong as iron, but who really played with his shoulders, elbows and wrists entirely relaxed. His efforts never sounded hard, although the volume of sound was full and strong.

Leschetizky, with his quick mind, noted this at once, and spent days and weeks trying to achieve similar effects. It was from this that the main principle of the Leschetizky method was evolved, if, indeed, one can say that Leschetizky had a method at all. Later Leschetizky met Rubinstein in Petrograd and asked him to play something. Rubinstein played and Leschetizky at once noted that he had adopted Schulhoff's methods of touch. Rubinstein was reticent on the subject, but Leschetizky always insisted that Rubinstein's playing was greatly improved.

The whole idea is exceedingly simple. The hand is curved much after the plan generally used by the best teachers. The fingers themselves are held strong as steel. That is, they do not break in at the joints at any time. The remainder of the arm is relaxed at the wrist, the elbow and the shoulder.

The trouble with most pupils is that they have good fingers; that is, fingers that are capable of playing rapidly and accurately, but which do not play with good tone because a beautiful tone cannot be produced by the fingers alone. It comes from the whole relaxed arm, and a pressure touch. To secure tone the fingers must not "get into the keys" too fast. That expression may seem enigmatical, but it is full of meaning. If a slow moving picture were to be taken of the fingers of the novice playing a passage that calls for tone, and this compared with the fingers of a virtuoso noted for beautiful tone, the result would be highly instructive. What one would see would be that the fingers of the novice reached the bottom of

the keys in about half the time taken by the virtuoso. In one case, we have fingers working spasmodically; and in the other we have fingers controlled by the brain of the player. The novice makes the stroke so quickly that it is all done before the mind has had time to consider what is happening.

This control of tone and the study of the pedal are the two things which make for big distinctions in pianistic work today. As for what was formerly known as technic, one has but to stop and marvel at the achievements of the boys and girls of America of today. They accomplish prodigious things, with an ease which would have been quite a shock to virtuosos of other days. It is in the realms of beautiful tone and pedalling (to say nothing of superior musicianship) that they fail to advance. The pedal deserves long and careful study. I spent months in Paris, working the pedals with my hands while others played, so that I could sense the pedal effects more readily. Let five pianists of equal skill play a given measure equally well without the pedal. Let the same five pianists repeat the same experiment with the pedal, and the difference will be astonishing. With such a group the master pianist will be the one who best knows how to control the pedal. If the pedals were played with the hands instead of with the feet, it would be possible to operate them with greater sensitiveness. What must be studied is to make the foot as deft as the hand.

One of the reasons why the modern piano student lacks the niceties of touch is that too little attention is given to the works of such composers as Haydn, Mozart and Schubert. The modern student wants to leap from Bach to Liszt and Debussy, playing just as little of the intervening music as possible. This is a very great mistake. The Sonatas of Mozart and those of Haydn will amply repay close study. Haydn particularly seems to develop

a kind of clarity and definiteness in playing that is hard to acquire otherwise. I would strongly recommend the study of the sonatas in D major, in E-flat major and in C-sharp minor. Later, the famous *Variations in F Minor* may be studied. Schubert is a greatly neglected composer for pianoforte. Many teachers never seem to have investigated the Schubert pianoforte literature; and to my mind he has written numerous compositions which should not be omitted from the educational repertoire. Such music enables the student to give expression to tonal and other effects which are likely to be treated in slovenly fashion if employed for the first time in music of some of the later composers. It is the old story. One does not become an artist by accident nor by mere inspiration. Work, and work of the hardest kind, is the only thing which can produce a powerful style as well as an exquisite finish.

When the student becomes sufficiently advanced, he may learn a great deal by doing a little teaching. I was amazed by this experience during my later student days. I found that I could readily discover in the work of the pupil certain faults that I was committing, although I had not been conscious of them. I believe that the thoughtful pianist can find in teaching an infinite opportunity to discover new possibilities in his own work.



FRANZ DRDLA

SOUVENIRS OF FAMOUS MUSICIANS

FRANZ DRDLA

Biographical

Of the millions of people who have heard the immensely popular "Souvenir," of Franz Drdla, few know even how to pronounce his name. He pronounces it Durd-la. (Durd pronounced with the "r" rolled.) He was born at Saar, Moravia, November 28, 1868. His father was very musical and gave him his first lessons on the violin and piano when the boy was eight years old. He studied for two years at the Prague Conservatory, under Anton Benowitz, when his marked talent urged his father to send the boy to Vienna, where he entered the Imperial Conservatory, under the famous Joseph Helmesberger, violin virtuoso, conductor and director of the conservatory. Joseph Helmesberger was the son of Georg Helmesberger, the teacher of Joachim, Auer, Ernst and many other masters. At the conservatory Drdla also studied with Anton Bruckner, and with Franz Krenn, who in turn had been the pupil of Salieri and became the teacher of such famous masters as Wolf, Richter, Mahler and Mottl. Upon his graduation Drdla won the first prize for violin playing and for composition, and the medal of the Gesellschafft für Musikfreunde. He made many successful tours of Europe as a violinist, and for many years played in the Imperial Orchestra, and also for four years in the orchestra of the Festspielhaus, at Bayreuth. Although he had written a symphony in his student days, his great melodic gifts were not discovered until the new century. He is best known through his "Souvenir," and his "Serenade." His compositions are numerous and include two operettas, "Das Goldene Netz," and "Die Ladenkomtesse," which have been very popular in his native land, now a part of Czecho-Slovakia.

The Queen of Roumania once said to me, "Professor, how does one compose? Does one go to one's study and wait for inspiration? Does one go about it at an appointed time in an appointed way? Is there a method that one pursues?"

This seems a very human inquiry, because so many, many people seem to want to know the *modus operandi*. As a matter of fact, composition seems to me translated memory. It seems a memory of some very delightful experience that expresses itself in music. The machinery of composition is quite a different thing, when one knows how any melody may be treated and developed in hundreds of different ways. The main thing, however, is the melody, the inspiration. The melody is a translated souvenir. Just where it comes from, how it comes and why it comes, I am only too glad to leave to the psychologists to explain.

My master in composition was Franz Krenn. Krenn was learned, skillful in the extreme, painstaking and hard working. He could sit down and write to order any kind of a composition. He would cover the paper with notes, and then, if he saw any bald spots, he would put in a few more notes. His idea of composition was to put notes upon paper, they must be correct, they must follow the laws. This done, he was done with the composition. But who in this day ever hears of any of Krenn's compositions? Not that he belittled inspiration, but that he was incapable of putting in his work that thing which makes people want to hear of it or which might give it that spirit without which no musical composition can survive.

This seems somewhat odd, for Krenn lived in Vienna where also lived Franz Schubert. Krenn was a boy of twelve when Schubert died in 1828. He must have realized that what gave immortality to Schubert were his inspirations—those soul souvenirs of some delightful or

impressive past experiences—and not his technic. Schubert, indeed, realized his own lack of schooling, and just before his premature death is said to have been preparing to advance his own studies. Technic is a very important thing, but, in the case of the composer, by no means the most important. One should have as fine a technic as possible, but technic merely means knowing how to do a thing, how to use materials. Technic does not, cannot, provide the materials. Whither they come only the Almighty knows. Schubert knew this and wrote his melodies anywhere, anyhow, at any time. The back of a bill-of-fare, a torn piece of paper—anything sufficed for him to use in writing down the immortal melodies.

Schubert's way is the only way, to my mind. One cannot sit down and say, "Now I am going to compose." One must, however, always keep one's self susceptible to melodic inspiration. Many of my most successful works have come to me when I least expected them. I have hundreds of scrips of paper, old cards, anything, with melodies scribbled over them. Not all of them are good. I discard the bad ones.

You may be interested in learning how the *Souvenir* came to me. As I have said, my theory of composition is that a beautiful memory, a souvenir of some very unusual and edifying experience, translates itself into tone. I was in Vienna, riding on an electric car. I was going to visit a friend in Hietzing. The car was passing through the same street where the great Schubert died. Suddenly I experienced a very pleasant memory. I found myself humming a little melody. I had no paper except the transfer ticket in my hand. Instantly I jotted down the outline of the main notes of the melody upon the ticket. When I reached home I expanded it from my hastily written notes. It seemed a pleasing melody to me; but I hardly realized that it would literally sell by the million. My

fellow-countryman, Kubelik, played it in America, and it also immediately became popular in Europe.

Anyone who aspires to compose should get as good a technic, acquire as fine a degree of craftsmanship as possible, but should at the same time listen for the still, small voice of inspiration. The composer whose life has been rich in experience, whose mind has been fed upon the beautiful things of the world, whose soul is exalted above mundane things, is the one whose works must endure, whether he be merely the writer of folk songs or whether he be a Beethoven. I have known many master musicians, and in my observation this has been their common experience.

Many of my finest melodies have come to me in dreams. Often I have heard them and have awakened with a start from a sound sleep and explored my room for paper to put the themes down. It would thus seem that melodies are a product of the subconscious mind. I have no doubt that many composers have dreamed melodies. When you force the conscious mind to produce, the melody may be perfectly correct on paper, but it will hardly live as long as winter snow in Maytime. The widow of Johann Strauss once told me that the melody of her husband's famous waltz, *Simplicius,* was conceived in a dream. It would be very interesting to find how many melodies of the past had been born in that way.

Master musicians always instinctively realize that music is something which cannot be created or even interpreted in a perfunctory way. I am reminded of a story of the famous Czecho-Slovak musician Dvořák, whom I had the joy to know for many years. Dvořák was asked to conduct an orchestra of amateurs in a town a short distance from Prague. He worked with them faithfully, but finally could stand it no longer when one of the violinists was producing a terribly scraping tone. "Hey, there," he ex-

claimed, "what is your occupation?" "I am the village carpenter," replied the frightened man. "Ah," said Dvořák, "carpenter, eh? Well why do you persist in sawing on that poor violin when you could be so much more useful sawing wood?"

It is sometimes difficult to realize our limitations. Not everyone can be a carpenter, and not everyone can be a composer or a conductor. Bruckner, whose works were not recognized until late in his long life, always felt that this was due to the antipathy of Dr. Hanslick, the friend and champion of Brahms. This cut deeply into the soul of the old master. When recognition finally came he was very generously treated in some quarters. Bruckner's first symphony was dedicated to the Emperor of Austria and he was asked to conduct the Imperial Orchestra (ordinarily conducted by the great Richter) when the Symphony was to be played upon an important occasion. Bruckner had never conducted a symphony. He, however, looked forward to the event as a great vindication. The rehearsal came, and Bruckner was as nervous as a damsel at her first dance. He mounted the conductor's stand, raised the baton high in the air, nodded his head vigorously many times and then exclaimed excitedly, "In the name of goodness, why don't you commence?" In his excitement he had not realized that the orchestra could not play until he brought down his baton for the first beat. "Here, Richter," he exclaimed, "you do it; I'm no conductor."

Composers are, from the nature of things, sensitive, nervous organisms. The calm, staid, orderly, placid person, whose every action seems to be carefully and definitely thought out in advance, is hardly likely to become a composer. I remember that when Brahms was sixty years old, a great celebration of the event was arranged in Vienna. I had the honor of being invited to play with him his *D Minor Sonata for Violin and Piano*. I was

somewhat apprehensive of the occasion, which was to be attended by the greatest musical authorities of the land. One could hardly be blamed for being a little nervous. When the night of the concert came I found that Brahms was far more nervous than I. He was so excited and so tense that he could hardly contain himself. His pedaling was one indication of this. He "worked" the pedal constantly in an extremely nervous manner.

Brahms had a reputation for extreme sanity. He was not like Hugo Wolf, who perished in an insane asylum. When I was a very young man I was selected by Krenn to transcribe for piano Wolf's symphonic poem *Penthesilia*. The work occupied nearly two months, and I was associated with the master for most of the time. I shall never forget his nervousness and excitability. He was so intense and so anxious to have everything right, and I was very glad when the task was completed.

One of the odd things about composition is that the composer rarely realizes when he has done anything unusual. He may be immensely fond of some work which may fail to please the public or may fail to survive. This is often the case. Everything is a matter of taste. The Queen of Roumania once asked me, "Who is the greatest singer of the present time in your opinion?" I replied to her, "Your Majesty, in the art of music there are no champions as one may find in the prize ring, because there is no one who is capable of deciding which artist is the greatest. It all depends upon individual taste."

Richter was very proud of his position. Every two years he used to give a great festival performance of Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*. Once one of his oboists, an almost unknown musician, had the audacity to start a rival festival in a suburb of Vienna. Richter met him and asked how he was getting along. "Ah, master," said the oboist, "it is not nearly so hard to direct as it is to play

the oboe." "That's right, Strasky," said Richter, "I know it; but don't tell anybody." A peculiar and delicious bit of sarcasm. The *Ninth Symphony* demands the best of the greatest conductors and in the hands of a novice becomes ridiculous.

Simplicity in art is a great asset. The artist should be simple in all things. In this way the greatest results are attained. Once a violinist who was famed for his gestures, his grimaces and his extravagant performance played before my master, Helmsberger. The next day Helmsberger gave his criticism of the performance for the press. It read, "Truly a remarkable violinist. He plays the very simplest things with the greatest imaginable difficulty."

VITAL POINTS PIANO STUDENTS MISS

FREDERIC LAMOND

Biographical

Frederic Lamond was born at Glasgow, Scotland, January 28, 1868. *His first teacher was his brother David. In* 1880 *he accepted the position of organist at the Laurieston Parish Church. He studied violin with H. C. Cooper, of Glasgow, expecting to become a violin virtuoso, and studied also the oboe. In* 1882 *he went to the Hoch Conservatorium at Frankfurt, where he studied pianoforte under Max Schwartz, violin under Heerman and composition under A. Urspruch. In* 1884 *he studied under von Bülow who was so impressed with the young man's talent that he advised him to stick to the piano as his solo instrument. The next year he went to Weimar, where he studied with Liszt, following the master virtuoso to Rome. He made his pianistic debut in Berlin in* 1885, *with very great public success, but was personally dissatisfied with his work and did not appear again for ten years, during which time he endeavored to improve himself by self-study and by one year under the great Rubinstein. In* 1896 *he toured Russia and also appeared in Paris with very great success. For a time he gave master courses in different German cities, but has always given the larger part of his attention to his concert work, having toured all the countries of Europe with great distinction and acclaim. His masterly grasp of the works of Beethoven, particularly the later compositions, have given him a reputation second to none in the field. His American appearances have been exceptionally successful.*

Volumes could be written upon the things that students forget to do thoroughly in their youth. Neglected founda-



FREDERIC LAMOND

tion stones are the reasons why it is sometimes necessary for teachers to take advanced students and literally give them a course in elementary technical training.

Leschetizky evidently took it for granted that the foundation stones of certain phases of technic were missing, for he insisted upon having all his students go through a special technical course with his Preparation Teachers. Technic, however, is by no means the only stone left out by the average student. Take the subject of memory, for example. No one can get very far as a concert pianist without a carefully developed memory. The virtuoso of the present day, if he wants to figure at all in the larger arenas of pianodom, must have stored away in his cerebral archives whole libraries of music; and almost everything he has must be immediately available, just as the librarian goes to his shelves and takes down the right volume from the right place and finds that volume in good condition and not a tattered and torn mess of leaves.

The memory can be developed stepwise in youth by simple pieces; and there is no earthly reason why it should be neglected or postponed to maturity. The youthful memory is exceedingly acute and susceptible to training. The student who begins at this time will find that the memory, like a muscle, develops by use. Of course he may never get a phenomenal memory like that of von Bülow. His memory was almost supernatural. For example, when I attended his educational series in Frankfurt in 1885, his memory was the source of constant amazement to his students. His personal idiosyncrasies were shown by the fact that on Mondays and Thursdays, when he devoted himself to Beethoven, he wore a blue tie; on Tuesdays and Fridays, when he took up Bach, he wore a red tie; on Wednesdays and Saturdays, when he devoted himself to Brahms, he wore a black tie. Never a note of printed music was used by him. When the students played any

one of the Bach *Fugues,* von Bülow would occasionally stop them with the remark, "That quarter you played in the fifth or sixth bar of the 23*rd Fugue* ought to have been an eighth." No vital point ever escaped him.

There seems to be an impression still existing in some quarters that the musician need know nothing but music. Some musicians make this mistake themselves and later find that it is one of the missing foundation stones. Most of the great musicians I have known have been extremely well-educated men. If they do not acquire this education through a systematic course of study, they manage to get it in other ways. Raff, for instance, was quite a learned man. He spoke Latin and Hebrew well. Liszt was a kind of encylopedia of world information, acquainted with the great things in history, art and literature.

An important foundation stone is the proper training in the true legato tone. Rubinstein had this to perfection. It was a real legato. The tones were ringing and continued just long enough, never smeared. I know of nothing better to develop this than the *Forty-Eight Preludes and Fugues* of Bach, played properly and intelligently. Every subject must be individualized, every answer must be preserved throughout. I have heard many students who have been under the impression that they have been working faithfully and successfully with Bach, but who have merely produced a kind of jumble of notes, indicating clearly that they have been wasting many practice hours.

The average pianist who has been through the conventional conservatory mill usually has in his repertoire several of the brilliant transcriptions of Liszt. These make effective show numbers which dazzle the masses, but they do not represent Liszt the great composer. The wonderful virtuoso had a dual nature. He realized the necessity of wide popular appeal, and the great success of his concert numbers of the brilliant type had overshadowed many of

his compositions of great originality and higher musical value. Apart from his *Concertos,* in E flat and in A, and the *Hungarian Rhapsodies,* Liszt wrote a great mass of immensely valuable but little played piano music; for instance, the ten *Harmonies Poetiques et Religieuses,* the three *Apparitions,* the two *Ballades,* the six *Consolations,* the two *Legendes,* the *Etudes d'Execution,* the *Valse Impromptu, Waldesrauchen, Gnomenreigen, Scherzo and March* and other works just as idiomatically pianistic as the greatest of Chopin, but not heard with anything like the frequency of the works of the wonderful Polish genius.

The student who strives to learn a great number of parade pieces in a very short time, with the idea of badgering the managers into giving him engagements, wakes up at some later date and finds that hundreds of other superficial-minded students have had precisely the same idea; that they have not gone through the mill, and that their playing does not have the distinction and character that only long and careful study with an earnest purpose and great ideal can give. Music is a morass for mediocrity. The real artists are those who have labored up the heights. The mediocrities become "embittered" piano teachers—the worst kind of teachers.

The ability to play a few of the modern piano pieces of Debussy and Ravel can never make up for the lack of Beethoven, for instance. To my mind, no student is worthy of being called an advanced pianist who cannot play from memory at least three sonatas of each of the first and second periods and four of the third period. Without these and the *Forty-Eight Fugues* of Bach, there will always be something—a lack of style and finish—that no amount of superficial lacquer can conceal.

The weaknesses of the average pianist are most conspicuous when he comes to play Beethoven or Chopin—Beethoven for outline, architectural design and style; Chopin

for pearled playing. The secret of Chopin may be said to lie in the artistic management of the thumb. He must have had a wonderful control of his own thumbs. By management of the thumb, I mean the control of the thumb in its sideward and shifting movements as it passes over the keyboard. The thumb must be as firm, yet as light and as deft, as any of the fingers. The student with a heavy, sluggish thumb will never play Chopin well; it is impossible. The pianist might spend a lifetime learning how to play well the *Etudes* of Chopin. Some people seem to think that an abnormally large hand is necessary to play Chopin. Nonsense! A very large hand is really of very little consequence in the interpretation of his exquisite nuances. As I have said, the secret is in the thumb. Its second or middle joint must be exceedingly supple and flexible, so that in the incomparable passage work there will be no bumps on the way up or down.

One of the important foundation stones often forgotten by the student who contracts for himself to build a great career is that of forming careful habits of performance early in life. It is so easy to let little mistakes pass. These stick to the end unless corrected. Nothing irritated Liszt more than to have a pupil come before him and make mistakes. He used to say, "Don't bring any dirty linen to be washed at the lesson." Or if a pupil made many mistakes he was likely to say, "Young lady, you had better play Czerny," which was considered a terrible reproof. His wit was often very biting, but not so acid as that of von Bülow. Once a brilliant young pianist of Hebrew extraction played before von Bülow, and in his embarrassment the young man made some mistakes in a run in the left hand. Bülow immediately snapped, at the end of the composition, "Young man, your right hand is kosher (clean), but your left hand is trefer (unclean),"

referring, of course, to the rabbinical laws pertaining to food.

Rubinstein was almost brutally severe in his teaching. He was very simple, very direct—but he never complimented. Once a pianist changed very slightly the piano part of the Chopin *E Minor Concerto*. Rubinstein was in a rage and insisted that the culprit ought to be taken out and beaten. The Russian master insisted upon hearing everything.

CHRONOLOGICAL PROGRESS IN MUSICAL ART

IGOR FEDOROVITCH STRAVINSKY

Biographical

Igor Fedorovitch Stravinsky was born at Oranienbaum, near Petrograd, June 17, 1882. *Very early in life he manifested extraordinary ability at the piano. His father planned to have him become a lawyer, and preparations were made for this career. The young Stravinsky, however, met Rimsky-Korsakoff and became so interested in music that he determined to abandon law. He studied composition privately with the great Russian master for four years. During that time it was reported that Rimsky-Korsakoff said that none other of his pupils brought him such distinctive works. In* 1908 *Siloti produced his "Scherzo Fantastique," which immediately attracted the attention of Sergei Diagilev, the director of the famous Russian Ballet, which startled America with its freshness and beauty a few years ago. Diagilev gave the young Stravinsky a commission to write the music for the ballet "L'Oisseau de Feu" (Bird of Fire). In Paris he was instantly identified as a genius. Many other ballets, orchestral compositions and operas followed. His music is so revolutionary that it is almost impossible to make any comparison with that of the works of other composers. Futuristic in the extreme, his orchestral scores have met with unusual appreciation. One famous orchestral director of America has gone so far as to make the statement that Stravinsky is the foremost of all living composers. His concerto, which is now familiar to American pianists through the artist's own interpretations, has attracted wide attention because of the composer's treatment of the piano as a percussion instrument.*



IGOR FEDOROVITCH STRAVINSKY

In considering the possibilities of the pianoforte as a musical instrument in connection with the composition of my concerto, I was confronted with the fact that the treatment of the instrument by the composers of the nineteenth century made no appeal to me whatever in the sense in which I desired to employ it. The composer has a definite obligation to his art which is destroyed if he is fettered by convention. Consider, for instance, the piano music of the nineteenth century. Is it not a very different music from that of the earlier composers for the instrument? If these composers felt the necessity for reaching out to new fields, why should not the composers of today? If Schumann had held to the conventions of Scarlatti, there would have been no Schumann as we know him.

In its orchestral employment, the piano appears to me as a wonderful percussion instrument. The piano has its own individuality and its own significance. Like all art, it is subject to a chronological development. In the past the piano has been treated at times as though it were an orchestra, at times as though it were a vocal instrument —that is, it was made to "sing"; in fact, it was cheated out of everything but its own very evident and individual character as a percussion instrument. The piano has its own melodies and its own harmonies. They are totally different from those of the violin for instance. To try to imitate the violin, the flute, the 'cello, the bassoon or any other instrument on the piano, is an error in art for which it is high time to atone.

This concept of the piano seemed to be developing in my mind for a long time like a great tree. During the past year it bore its fruit in my concerto. I have endeavored to restore the piano to its rightful place as a percussion instrument.

Every composer must see and hear his artistic visions with his own eyes. Chopin, for instance, saw his piano in

a totally different manner from that in which I see it. Through the better part of his life he wrote melodies for the piano which could be played by other instruments and even sung by the voice with quite as great facility. Yet Chopin is known pre-eminently as the composer for the piano. Please do not think that I do not admire his works enthusiastically. It is merely that he had other gods than mine. Aesthetically, he belonged to another age. Chopin is not my musical god. I have higher honor and admiration for the great Liszt, whose immense talent in composition is often underrated. Yet I do not go for my goods to Liszt, nor to the nineteenth century, but rather way back to John Sebastian Bach whose universal mind and enormous grasp upon musical art has never been transcended. One must go to the door of Bach and knock if one would see my musical god.

I am sure that the native ear, that is, the ear undistorted by musical convention, will find in the music that I am composing new auditory suggestions of my great love of the master of Eisenach. Possibly a badly trained ear might say that it is a caricature of Bach. Yet I am convinced that in Bach the composers of the future will find immense inspiration. There is an organic character to his broad and rich art that carries with it not only the promise of immortality but also a kind of ever vernal character. Unlike the music of many of his contemporaries, it can never grow old.

Those who see in my music a caricature of Bach are to my mind greatly in error. My works have always been contrapuntal in character, but now they are even more so, more melodic and less harmonic in type. But this does not mean that I have sought to caricature the polyphonic writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. But we must realize that the polyphony of today should be differently employed from that of the polyphony of other

days. Consider the difference in the speech of the Elizabethan period in England or the France of Racine, from that of today.

Some critics have even gone so far as to ask, "What would Bach say if he heard your compositions?" I can only reply that Bach would unquestionably be astonished, he would be amazed. But it is only fair to ask at the same time what Bach would think and say if he were to be transported to a modern American city so utterly different from the quiet Thuringian village of Eisenach. What would he say to all that he saw and heard in the streets, the tall buildings, the electric cars, the subways, the radio? He would probably think that he had stepped out in an insane asylum filled with crazy people running hither and thither.

Therefore in my music, particularly in my concerto, I have endeavored to catch the note of our marvelous present, not the remote past. We do not live in the past, we live in the present. We must realize the necessity for feeling the inspiration of the tremendous things that are going on about us all the time. I feel this modernity very deeply. More than this, I find in it musical forms which interest me tremendously. America, with its gigantic growth, inspires me. The American people expend enormous sums for music. However, it is not this about America that interests me most but rather the fact that there is no premium on laziness in America. Everybody works. The possession of huge wealth does not exempt the owner from work, if he desires to retain the respect of the people. The tempo of America is greater than the rest of the world. It moves at a wonderfully swift pace. It all appeals to me.

In my own musical training I had the advantage of studying with Rimsky-Korsakoff. He was a very remarkable teacher, exceedingly careful and particular. He

was very wise and very witty. When he made a remark it was made in such a way that it was hard to forget. One thing his pupils well remember and that is that he made no complimentary remarks. The pupil who expected pats upon the back would have been disappointed with Rimsky-Korsakoff. On the contrary, he could be unrelentingly severe in his criticism. I did not study with the master at the Conservatory, but privately; because the formal life of the conservatory would have been abhorrent to me.

As for my training in piano, I am largely self-taught. I was devoted to Bach and studied his piano works indefatigably. I also worked very hard with the works of Czerny for whom I have very great admiration. He was a wonderful fellow and many of his compositions are invaluable in forming a good pianistic education. He had a great temperament and possibly did more for pianistic training than any other teacher of his time or since.

The works of the early English writers for keyed instruments, such as Byrd, Bull, Gibbons, Purcell, made an immense appeal to me because of their freshness and originality. Handel seemed exceedingly dull to me in comparison with Bach. Handel was a schoolmaster. Bach, on the other hand, was a real creator in the same immortal sense that Rafael, Goethe and Brahms were creators. His resources seemed infinite. His art reached out in all directions. During the past year I was in Switzerland and played my concerto in several cities. While there a friend asked me if I had heard the famous guitarist, de Segovia. I replied in the negative. "You must hear him," he answered. "Segovia's playing is a treat." He came and played part of what is known as the Sonata for violin solo. Schumann, as you probably recollect, wrote a dull accompaniment for these works. Much to my surprise I learned from de Segovia that Bach wrote these sonatas originally for the guitar and not for the violin. I cite this largely

to show the many ramifications of the art of Bach which seems to reach out in all directions. So great is this accomplishment of one man that it is impossible to concede that one is well educated musically who has not studied Bach very thoroughly indeed.

During the past six years I have given very close attention to a phase of musical development which has interested me intensely. This is the making of records for the piano. Making records to me does not by any means refer merely to the process of playing them. Of course the piano, which is the most generally used musical instrument, will always retain its position as a kind of door to musical education. It will continue to be played and studied indefinitely. However, the instrument has other possibilities than those confined to the fingers. These have been made accessible through the marvelous developments in the piano-playing machines, so that the composer can now take records and add all necessary additional notes that could not possibly be played with ten fingers of any one player. More than this, he can so introduce these notes from the standpoint of rhythm, pedaling, touch and dynamics that he creates something quite new in musical art. In other words, these wonderful mechanical inventions are merely carrying out the possibilities of the piano which, in itself, is really a music machine with a very great number of co-ordinated parts. The piano-playing machines enable me to "orchestrate" for the piano. That is, I can take apart and study a work, not merely as the composer puts it down upon paper, but I can secure the nuances and the rhythms and the climaxes—everything. This is done by cutting the paper rolls. An infinite number of trials are made before the right artistic result is attained. Imagine what this means to the composer! Heretofore he has been largely dependent upon the whims of this or that interpreter. This is fortunate, in some

ways, because a variety of interpretations must add to the spice of life. Yet, what about the conception of the work which was in the mind of the creator? Surely this deserves to be considered and preserved.

There should be no thought that these machines are mechanical in the sense of being hard or angular. Quite the contrary is true. In making a record in the newer sense, which I have described, I feel that I have my soul in my hands. The result is not like a photograph, in which the camera makes a negative that may or may not be touched up by the photographer, but which is always a mechanical result as compared with an oil painting. The results I seek are those of the lithograph or fine etching, in which the artist has completed his work upon the original plate. It is the work of his own hands. Only the process of multiplication of the lithograph or etching is mechanical.

Most of the records I have made could not be played by hand. If it were not for this wonderful producing machine, this phase of my art would be lost. The machine is a practical way of preserving this. It is a different art from that of the playing of other days. One cannot compare the art of the racing chauffeur to that of the art of driving a coach. They are two entirely separate and different things. Entirely too little importance is laid upon the composer's ideas in playing his works. I have refused to have my concerto played by others at the outstart, because I have been confident that no one would know just the artistic effects which I have sought. It is better not to have it played in public by others until the composer has been given an opportunity to make his own ideals and artistic aims known to the public.



WILLIAM VAN DE WALL

HOW MUSIC IS SAVING THOUSANDS FROM PERMANENT MENTAL BREAKDOWN

WILLEM VAN DE WALL

Biographical

Mr. Willem Van de Wall is one of the most unusual figures in present-day music. In the first place, his study of music was undertaken with the definite aim of determining its psychological and sociological value, and his whole life has been focused in this direction. He decided to study the harp so that he might play in different orchestras and in many different countries and thus view different individual types and different conditions. He was educated at The Hague, where he studied at the Royal Conservatory. He then studied the harp with the first harpist of the Gewandhaus orchestra in Leipzig. This was followed by many years' service in foremost orchestras of Germany, Russia and the United States. For a time he joined a vaudeville "Banjo Quartet," in order that he might see all parts of England. For seven years he was harpist of the Metropolitan Opera House Orchestra in New York and for one year he was with the New York Symphony Orchestra under Walter Damrosch. During the War he joined the Marines and was stationed in Washington, where he became a part of the U. S. Marine Band, which regularly furnished music for functions at the White House. In 1919 *he finally felt himself in a position to embark upon his chosen career as a specialist in the utilization of music in the direct treatment and prevention of mental diseases. His story of his work thus far is intensely interesting. His work has received the endorsement of medical specialists of highest standing, particularly because he has dogmatically striven to study and develop his methods under the guidance and with the co-operation of the leading psychologists of this country, recognizing their authority in the*

field of general mental medicines of which music is, according to his principles, an adjunct therapy. The committee for the study of music in institutions was organized in New York City to enable him to experiment along the lines of his endeavor. The success of his subsequent efforts caused the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to engage his services for the organization of musical activities on his principles in the various State institutions.

In making any statement in connection with the utilization of music in connection with mental disorders, it is necessary to employ the greatest scientific precautions. The whole subject is so vast that as yet only the thin frontiers have been explored. Physicians and penologists, besides institutional and governmental administrators, have made important steps at all times, and it has been my wonderful good fortune to have the benefit of the advice and cooperation of the finest minds in their field. Otherwise I would have great temerity in expressing any opinion at all.

Some harm has been done to the right understanding of the value of music in mental treatment by self-advertising charlatans. The public is therefore warned against any exploitation of the thought that music is a panacea healing the highly complex disorders known as mental diseases in a cure-while-you-wait service by the conjuring strains of the fiddler's bow.

My first actual experience was at the Central Islip State Hospital, New York, an institution caring for six thousand patients. The Superintendent, Dr. G. A. Smith, is a music lover, and he organized in the early nineties one of the first hospital bands in the United States. This band was of unquestionable value to the institution. It was not a difficult task to gain Dr. Smith's sincere interest in my vision, which was to utilize music first of all as a means of self-expression for patients, in addition to any enter-

tainment value it may have. The patients were induced to make the music themselves in whatsoever form they pleased, rather than to sit still and listen to musical offerings, although that type of diversion was by no means neglected. In such an enormous institution, however, it was also necessary for me to gain the confidence and co-operation of the heads of various departments in order to obtain the necessary co-operation. The most prominent of these was the clinical director, George Mills, now Medical Inspector for the New York State Hospital Commission. Here was a serious scientist, averse from any faddism, musical or otherwise, who had to be convinced by pure results and who became in time a genuine supporter.

My first patients were possibly the most difficult cases to handle. They consisted of some sixty elderly women, patients of the chronic or prolonged type. Some had been in the hospital for decades. Many were considered unmanageable. The worker with mental diseases, however, must never consider a case hopeless. I know of one case of a man who was given up for twelve years. He more or less suddenly regained full control of his mental powers so that he was able to go back to society.

In my first experiments I reached the individual by way of the group. The first step was to introduce a type of music which might possibly mean something to the audience. I sat at the piano and threw out several forms of bait. They were the folk songs and the popular songs of the day and of some years ago, possibly representing the favorites of the youthful days of the patients. Immediately several patients came forward, joining in the singing, asking in turn for many others, starting to tell me about their life experiences and woes. This in itself is one of the most valuable products of music treatment; that is, it establishes a bond of confidence, and

causes a patient to overcome his inhibitions and express himself about many things long harbored in his mind. Another type of reaction is the impulse of the patient to take part in the musical exercises. Here we achieve one of the most important gains; that is, that the patient who has turned himself away from the world, turns round about and joins again with his fellows on a plane of harmonious group expression.

One patient in this group had wrapped herself in a blanket of old newspapers, passing her days by dozing on the floor. She had done this for years. She went to the piano, expressed her delight in the music and, when invited, played and sang, with some hesitation, the beautiful Celtic song, *Flow Gently, Sweet Afton.* This was the simple beginning of a change in her life. She is now of her own inclination leading the bedtime group singing in the ward. This is a most valuable work, creating a spirit of beauty and peace which continues even after the music has finished, causing a momentary happiness which ever gives to the lives of those who have to spend the rest of their days in an institution, a rosy glimmer and a satisfaction like that enjoyed by someone who receives affectionate caresses. This woman, although not the type of a case in which a cure could be affected at her stage of advancement, developed so many new interests, also assisted by other forms of therapy by which she could thereafter be reached, that she discarded the paper-blanket stage of her existence and became a patient of greater usefulness and even of "bliss" in her environment.

Of these prolonged cases, sixty patients, only a few left the hospital, about twenty-five showed an active response, which manifested itself, preponderantly musical, by singing or playing, or, more physically, by dancing, and other similar manifestations. Approximately twenty-five others were usually interested but did not partake.

A very small minority, only, did not show any apparent reaction.

However, the very encouraging results of this first experiment were such that at the Central Islip Hospital the work was continued and expanded, until at present, when some 1700 patients weekly, in regular sessions, according to a schedule, are undergoing a more highly developed form of musical exercise. This includes choral, choir, solo and community singing; band and orchestra playing; solo, aesthetic, social and stage dancing; musical calisthenics and musical dramatics.

Now what is there strictly original and new about this? In a certain respect, nothing at all. History offers many instances of cures resulting from the knowledge of the people of the therapeutic power of music. In the Bible, I Samuel, Chapter 17, we find that wonderful verse: "And it came to pass when the evil spirit from God was upon Saul, that David took an harp and played with his hand; so Saul was refreshed and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him." Jumping to the eighteenth century we have the wonderful case of the singer, Farinelli, who, in the year 1736, went to Madrid to sing for the melancholy King Phillip V. So resultful was his singing that the King recovered his mental health and rewarded Farinelli by an enormous annual salary of fifty thousand francs.

Another important point to be mentioned, by which this type of musical application is characterized, is that it is used as a means to have the patient unburden himself; to lift him from passivity to activity; to revive the energies and sublime aspirations of his youth; finally, if possible, and desirable, in several cases, to develop his power of aesthetic self-expression. This means that the technical perfection of music practice has also its place in hospital music work. Right playing, right singing, correct inter-

pretation, all of these things are therefore observed as closely as possible. Mental patients are keen, often unsparing critics.

For years mental patients have been played to, often by people who have an idea that anything, including their own musical antics, were good enough for the mental patient. When there was good music, it had some entertainment value, but the music made by the patients themselves is of far higher therapeutic value.

Participants in the musical activities do so often figure among the numbers who are discharged from the hospital that the turnover of members of the patient band of Allentown State Hospital was eighty-five per cent in one year. The presentation of hospital musical dramatic production has often to be repeated in a very short time, if at all, because of the discharge from the hospital of so many actors participating.

Let me cite, for instance, a very striking case. One Italian boy was found by us as the inhabitant of a ward of very disturbed cases, liable at any time to make assaults. This boy begged to be permitted to partake in our exercises and rehearsals, promising to make good if he had the opportunity. He was a baritone, of a very boisterous character. First he was sent out under guard, but, behaving extremely well, was paroled to the grounds; the more he sang the calmer he became, and when our production was over (six weeks after we found him in the place where the most dangerous cases are kept for safety) he left the hospital a free, self-controlled man, and seemingly has made good. This is a typical case.

We have now worked out a plan by which the medical staff and the musical staff co-operate on a clinical basis, which has lifted the musical work from an amateur to a professional standing, the musician co-operating with the other therapeutic departments of the hospital service.

There is also a great field for music in prison work. The modern penologist is inclined to look upon many criminal traits as symptoms, physical as well as mental defects and diseases. One stroll through the average prison will easily confirm this. A progressive penologist, just like the progressive psychologist, welcomes any legitimate aid which will improve the physical, mental and moral condition of those confined in his care. Music does to a prison inmate what long talks and enforced discipline often fail to bring about; that is, the association of the prisoner with his fellow-prisoners of his own free will in harmonious teamwork for a socialized goal of beauty.

Music often produces instant improvements in behavior. On one of my regular visits to the Woman's Work House, on Blackwell's Island, the jail for New York City, I happened to come in just after a serious outbreak among the hardened type of women prisoners incarcerated there. I was advised for safety's sake not to go near them. The bitter fate of the guards who had tried to reduce the wrath of these furious ladies caused this warning. Eager to give music the acid test, I regarded this as an opportunity and faced the group. The cells were opened and an excited, screaming, bawling mob surged into the room. Meeting them on the boiling emotional plane to which their seething anger had pitched them, I jumped upon the piano and ordered a colored prisoner to play for me. I started off as quickly as possible the strangest concert I ever led by shouting with all my strength, *The Battle Hymn of the Republic.* The mob gripped the suggestion and falling, in blind passion, in with any type of violent action, shouted and raved with me, taking over my tempo. This first number was followed by a gradual succession of calmer songs, intoned without an intermission of a second. The explosive rhythmical selections were systematically replaced by far more melodic and sedative tunes which I thought

of as I went along. We wound up finally with such a song as *Hush-a-Bye, My Baby* (*The Missouri Waltz*). By this time the mob had entirely exhausted its emotional energy and was consequently tired and satisfied. The mood from the furious had changed into one of pleased contentment. When the command came for them to go back to their cells they obeyed in orderly fashion without murmuring. They thanked me for the entertainment they had enjoyed, forgetting that they had entertained themselves and that this is as a rule the most satisfactory entertainment anyone may experience.

In the work with male convicts in the big state penitentiaries as well as in the juvenile reformatories, musical activities have been shown to bring in an element of benevolent order and culture.

A great number of prisoners are very anxious to be brought into contact with new thoughts and ideals, to feel finer emotions and to get rid of the darkness and filth which have so often clogged up their outlook on life and their actual careers. They welcome music as a message from another better, more hopeful, world.

In surveying the work as accomplished thus far, there have been some very significant factors which seem to prove:

1. That music can be utilized in systematic medical work to relieve mental suffering and improve institutional morale.

2. That it is an inexpensive, practical and agreeable method welcomed by progressive authorities.

3. That it is a technic which can be learned by adaptable persons.

4. That the government authorities have already recognized and utilized it as a branch and a department of public service.

5. That conservative Europe is now looking to the

United States for further research which may make a vast difference in the lives of thousands who heretofore were considered doomed.

The prospect is a most encouraging and inspiring one for the future.

THE MASTER SECRET OF A GREAT TEACHER

ALEXANDER BRAILOWSKY

Biographical

Alexander Brailowsky is the last of the notable group of pupils taught by Theodor Leschetizky to reach international fame. He was with the famous master until shortly before his death. This sensationally successful star among the younger virtuosi of the world was born at Kief, February 16, 1896. *His father was a talented amateur who undertook to teach his son when the boy was five years old. After three years with his father he went to the Imperial Conservatory at Kief and graduated with the Gold Medal, the highest distinction. He then went to Leschetizky to complete his musical educational work. His tours in Europe, South America and the United States have brought him extraordinary approbation from the critics. Mr. Brailowsky has endeavored to emphasize the main principle of his famous master.*

The question, "What was the secret of Leschetizky's greatness?" has often been presented to me. It has been answered variously by many of his pupils. There was certainly something which made the famous man stand out above the other pedagogs of his time. The number of his famous pupils is an indication of that. It might be said that after the success of Paderewski he naturally drew the best pupil material to him. There is something in that. Success draws success; but it is inconceivable that he could have maintained his high position in the teaching world if he had not produced actual results with these pupils. The reasons for his great success I have summed up into two sentences. He had, it is true, great



ALEXANDER BRAILOWSKY

musicianship, a splendid, active mind, and the ability to discipline with effect; but in addition to this there must have been something which other teachers did not have. This to my mind was:

1. A love for beautiful tone;
2. A respect for the individuality of the student.

Leschetizky put "TONE" first and foremost in his list of technical needs. Everything else was secondary. More than this, he did not care how the student got the tone as long as the tone itself was there. It has been made to appear that he had some patent methods for producing tone. This was not so. He had his own ideas, it is true; but he once said that if the student played with his nose and got the right tone it would be perfectly satisfactory to him.

Secondly, his respect for the individuality of the pupil was wonderful. Every pupil was a new problem. He was the very opposite of a musical educational machine. Each new pupil was a wonderful human canvas upon which he might paint a work of art, if he learned the pupil's own natural musical inclinations. It is for this reason that the Leschetizky pupils are all different.

His reason for having preparatory teachers was largely to see whether any points had been neglected in the training of the student which should be corrected before he gave his valuable time and attention to that student. Leschetizky used vorbe reiters of different nationalities. Some were American. I studied for a time under one of his assistants who was a lady from Chicago. However, he repudiated the very idea of having a distinct Leschetizky method. He had as many methods as he had pupils. When I went to him he was pleased with my technic, and I think that this was because I had been developing it for years.

Technic was made a childhood pastime for me. I

had none of the methods of the present day, by means of which the child mind is coaxed to music through little tunes or melodies. My father played the instrument well; my first music was scales, but oh! such scales! Father made them a game, and, like a pacemaker, he carried me on and on. I would try to beat him in speed and accuracy, although I did not know at the time that he was really leading me on into what seemed like a delightful rivalry.

You see, very little of anything was said to me about tone or about pieces. This information I gradually picked up largely by myself. I found that, with facile fingers drilled through interminable scales, I was soon able to play without looking at my fingers, and the matter of notation was readily comprehended. There I was, exercising my fingers as the normal child exercises his legs running about. Therefore, if the child can be induced to practice scales very liberally, I am certain that he will gain a kind of digital facility which will stay with him for the better part of his life.

It is of course a great advantage to be able to start in the music life in very early years. This is largely because of the ever-increasing size of the repertoire for the piano. The public is educated up to such a degree of musical expectancy that there seems to be no room for artists who have not worked enormously to acquire a grasp of the entire literature. It was for such a reason that I have endeavored to learn the entire literature of many of the masters by memory. In Paris, for instance, I gave six recitals of Chopin, which included practically all of the outstanding works of the great Polish master.

It is as necessary for the player to know the personalities of the great musicians as it is to know their music. That is the reason why the pianist should also be a very great reader of musical history and musical biography. The pianist is like an actor. He is an inter-

preter. An interpreter is one who takes the thoughts of another and gives new life to them. If one is studying painting it is not always so necessary to study the lives of the great painters, unless one has the task of copying or re-creating the paintings of those masters. With the stage and with music, however, one has to know the mind of the master in order to give new life to his thoughts. That is one of the reasons why the musical magazine is so valuable. It gives the average reader a vast amount of information that cannot be found even in books. This information takes him closer to the master and what the master wanted.

The matter of interpretation is after all the fascinating thing about music. Leschetizky often had pupils come to him to play the same composition; and each would play it in his own way, often quite differently from each other. Yet, Leschetizky would praise each performance. Both were excellent. Each had seen something new and interesting in his aspect of what the composer wanted.

The technical considerations have to be met; but they are inconsequential in comparison with the larger considerations. For instance, there are those who have tried to evolve a "Leschetizky Method" of touch. Leschetizky could explain the main features of his ideas in this connection with any intelligent pupil in a short time. It did not take months to study for the matter of touch alone. It consisted largely in not permitting the fingers to land down upon the keys without preparation and also the avoidance of anything like striking the piano with a hammer-like blow. There is literally no hitting or striking in the Leschetizky scheme but rather a natural flow of energy to the keyboard, through the arms, from the shoulders. The pupil is taught to learn to prepare his fingers before playing rather than to permit his hand to

jump spasmodically and hysterically toward the keys in a kind of musical epilepsy.

Leschetizky was far more concerned in the matter of interpretation than in that of technic. Every now and then some technical idea would occur during a lesson; and this he would introduce at the time, but always as a means to an end. This could not, however, be construed into a method. In the following extract from the Chopin *Etude, Opus* 25, *No.* 3, *in F Major,* the master employed a rotating touch which gave a peculiar effect. This touch is like that employed in turning the knob on a door.



Thus the outer fingers—that is, the fifth fingers—are played with the finger held straight and literally immobile. As the hand rotates the stroke really comes from the rotation and the finger springs off the key like a gazelle leaping from one hillock to another. The effect is very exhilarating and very beautiful. If it were to be attempted by the old-fashioned finger-stroke method, it would be clumsy and hard. Try the etude mentioned in this way, and you will conclude that it is one of the most fascinating of all the Chopin works. Furthermore, it becomes much easier and vastly less tiresome to the hands and to the arms.

The matter of endurance is one of no little importance to the pianist. By this I mean mental as well as physical endurance. The modern recital demands superhuman concentration. Few workers in any sphere of human action are called upon to concentrate so continuously as is the pianist in a modern recital. Mathematicians and scientists may think out their problems at leisure; but the pianist must play continuously, and he must be just as accurate as the scientist, or the critics will catch him up at once. There is an amount of physical and mental effort put out in one single composition like Balakirev's *Islamay* (which Franz Liszt said was the most difficult piece ever written) that represents more energy than the average man puts forth in a day. This wonderful composition is strangely modern, considering that it was written in 1869, long before the day of so-called modernism.

The great secret of Leschetizky's art as a teacher was his intuitive sense of musical beauty which he placed over and above every other consideration. His genius as a teacher was continually brought to bear upon one thing, and that was to elevate the pupil's enthusiasm for consummately beautiful effects, and then to make it clear to him that these can only be achieved by unsparing sacrifices in work and time. Possibly it was this which inspired Paderewski to practice from eight to ten hours a day when actively engaged in playing, and induced him to have a grand piano built into his private car on tour so that nothing could interrupt his continual quest for new musical beauty.

THE HUMAN NEED FOR MUSIC IN DAILY LIFE

WALTER DAMROSCH

Biographical

In 1871 *Dr. Leopold Damrosch, then thirty-nine years of age, came to America as conductor of the Arion Society of New York. He had previously held important positions in Europe—notably that of the Breslau Orchestral Concerts—and had toured with von Bülow and Tausig. With him came his sons, Frank and Walter, both of whom have risen to high positions in the musical life of America. In* 1873 *Dr. Damrosch founded the Oratorio Society, and in* 1878 *the Symphony Society, succeeding, in a way, concerts of the Thomas Orchestra at Steinway Hall. In* 1884 *he inaugurated a season of German Opera at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, which attracted wide attention through his masterly interpretations of Wagner. In fact, for many years Dr. Leopold Damrosch was the leading force in music in the metropolis of the new world. His useful and distinguished career was cut short by his death in* 1885.

Walter Damrosch was born in Breslau, January 30, 1862, *and is two years younger than his brother Frank. Both sons were fortunate, not only in having a musical father who knew the greatest musicians of his time on terms of intimacy, but also in having as their mother a well-known singer, Helene von Heimburg, who married Dr. Damrosch when he was the solo violinist under Liszt in the Grand Ducal Orchestra at Weimar. Walter studied with his father, Draeseke, von Inten, Boekelman and von Bülow. Upon his father's death, in* 1885, *he became the conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra and the New York Oratorio Society and assistant director at the Metropolitan Opera House. In* 1892 *he made the New York Symphony Orchestra a permanent organization, and in*



WALTER DAMROSCH

1894 *he organized the Damrosch Opera Company, which gave remarkably fine presentations of grand opera, particularly Wagnerian opera, with notable Wagnerian stars. Mr. Damrosch has written two grand operas, "The Scarlet Letter," and "Cyrano de Bergerac," both of which have been given several times in America.*

Is there a real need—a human need—for music in daily life? To him who has not answered this really momentous question to his own satisfaction one might ask in turn—What is the main object of life? To what purpose do we live? If the end and aim of life is happiness, then we must ascertain what can produce real happiness. The artist and the philosopher would certainly say that happiness comes through the appreciation of beauty. By beauty we must not conceive of that external beauty of nature alone—the beauty which brings delight only to the eye—but we must comprehend that supernatural beauty which comes to us through the creative mind of the master artist. In this respect the artist is closer to God than the rest of mankind, and being gifted with a vision of beauty which the ordinary world has not yet perceived, he is able, through his art, to make that vision real to the world.

The first principle of all educational work should be to build up the power to eliminate the ugly things of life; not only to annihilate evil, but to be able—if not to destroy—at least to ignore the material life which constantly seeks to crowd in upon our inner self and to choke our aspirations. Someone may say that this is not practical, that it is too Utopian. Not at all. It is the most practical life plan of all, for of what consequence is it for a child to learn how to employ figures, language, maps and sciences if the sole purpose of this knowledge is to be for material gains only?

Music is an art in which the conception of the beautiful is in no sense based upon the physical world which surrounds us. Its power to evoke an inner dream of beauty is greater and more immediate than that of any of its sisters, and in minds and hearts that have been educated properly to appreciate its wonders, music will give happiness beyond the possibilities of any other agency created for that purpose. If music is a language which begins where words end, or a vision which is made clear long after the eye can no longer perceive, it is nevertheless a medium which in its highest manifestation demands not only a heart full of feeling, but also an ear and mind well educated to understand its noblest appeal.

As most men and women have to spend a great part of their lives in duties the object of which is merely to obtain the wherewithal to prolong life, it seems to me an absolute necessity that music should enter their lives largely and constantly in their hours of relaxation, in order that their lives may not be merely animal. The man of affairs who tries to do without music atrophies part of his soul—blots out one of his God-given privileges. Music has obtained a strong foothold among the civilized nations of the world, and accompanies us all from the cradle to the grave.

Indeed, one might ask what the condition might be if the world were not blessed with music. The higher appreciation of art may be one of the significant outcomes of the war. We have seen with what horror the world has greeted the destruction of a great library and a great cathedral, not for the sake of theology so much as for the sake of art and learning. Fortunately, music cannot be destroyed. Music is everywhere where men and women can be had to make it, and though the very promiscuity of music has in a sense vulgarized it so that many of its manifestations cannot be regarded in any way as artistic,

yet much has been done toward establishing standards of taste and educating our people to an appreciation of music in its true sense.

Musical America has great problems still ahead of it—problems as great as those we have already solved. We shall need men and women to deal with these problems in a big way. Education, and education alone, will make these champions of the future. But it will not be the conventional schooling that will produce the really great. They must know what the last three hundred years have produced in music. The dramas of Euripides, Sophocles, Aeschylus, make it possible for us to reconstruct the life of that day in a most astonishing manner. Shakespeare is a reflection of the days of good Queen Bess.

Beaumarchais foreshadowed the revolution which burst over France and tore down the conventions of that period. Why should not the amateur have a knowledge of musical history reflecting the periods as nothing else can? Take, for instance, the marvelous fifty years centering around the beginning of the nineteenth century. Note how by successive steps music advanced through Haydn, Mozart, and finally Beethoven, triumphantly proclaiming the freedom of man and preaching the universal brotherhood of love in the *Ode to Joy* of the *Ninth Symphony.*

When men of wealth or men of affairs have turned to the study of music and its benefits to the community, many have resolved to foster music with very liberal means. There is something very significant in this. These men are supposed, by the public, to be business men, pure and simple. They are supposed to demand a dollar in return for every dollar given out. Some of them are all that, but they are something far more. They are business men with a real vision. They realize the value of music to the individual and to the state. Boston owes its splendid symphony orchestra to the en-

thusiasm of Colonel Higginson who, as a young man, became an ardent student of music, and later, after becoming one of the great bankers of this country, decided to found and endow a model orchestra. In New York, Mr. Harry Harkness Flagler, a highly gifted and accomplished musical amateur, endowed the orchestra of the New York Symphony Society with an income of $100,000 a year. Mr. James Loeb endowed the New York Institute of Musical Art with $500,000. Mr. Andrew Carnegie has given liberally to churches, irrespective of religious beliefs, with the view to enabling them to install better organs. Mr. Joseph Pulitzer gave a fortune to the New York Philharmonic Society, and, indeed, it is possible to record many similar instances.



HAROLD BAUER

THE PIANIST'S PALETTE

HAROLD BAUER

Biographical

Harold Bauer was born at London, April 28, 1873. He studied the violin with his father and with Alfred Politzer, making his debut at the age of ten in London. Thereafter he toured in England as a violinist for nine years. He then became associated with Paderewski, playing the second piano parts for the old pianist in rehearsal. While on a tour in Russia the pianist of the company was taken ill and Bauer played the solos. Thereafter he devoted his talents to piano playing, meeting with very great success in all parts of Europe and in America. He is an artist of broad, rich experience, always ready to sacrifice his personal interests for those of his art and his colleagues.

Recently it was my privilege to spend several hours in the company of the great inventor, Thomas A. Edison, at his laboratory in Orange, New Jersey. I was anxious to gain his opinion in connection with some theories and experiments which had interested me for a long time. In the course of a most interesting conversation it was brought to my mind that most people seem to look upon tone in relation to pianoforte playing as something which should invariably be as perfect as possible from the standpoint of clearness, sweetness, and charm.

The artist of today, however, realizes that in good pianoforte playing quite a different attitude must be preserved. It is not a matter of making one beautiful tone after another but rather that of employing the most convincing

means of saying to the audience what the composer had to say when he created music. In order to do this the pianist's palette must contain not only all manner of musical colors, from the deepest purple to the lightest red, but also harsh tones and colorless tones in addition. It is the ability to make and employ contrasts, which distinguishes the great from the mediocre artist, no matter what his medium be, paint and canvas, stone, bricks and plaster, or a beautiful garden in which he induces nature to pour forth her colors so that the effect will be a thing of loveliness.

If the pianist were to follow some of the popular conceptions of interpretation, his efforts would be as monotonous as the music of the old-fashioned music-box. Do you remember the instrument with the revolving barrel and its projecting pins each sounding one of the prongs of a long steel comb? In the music-box each tone was acoustically as perfect as it could be upon such an instrument. There was no variation except that of pitch.

It has been the effort of all leading piano makers for years to adjust the strings, sounding board, the position of the pianoforte hammer, etc., so that the average tone produced by the instrument will, when struck in the ordinary manner, produce on the ear the flattering effect I have mentioned. However, it does not require many explanations to convince the ordinary musician that, with the most perfect instrument, more than this dulcet tone is required to bring out a musical masterpiece. If you would understand just what I mean, take any poem and read it in a strict monotone of vocal quality. Piano playing requires in addition to the sound produced by the vibrating string the introduction and use of all the different percussive elements. It is these elements which contribute variety to touch and tone.

The percussive effects are three, namely:

A. The impact of the finger on the key. If you would understand what this is, strike a few chords on a table with the same force with which you would strike the piano keyboard.

B. The impact of the key levers as they strike down against the key bed.

C. The impact of the hammer against the wire string.

It is a great mistake to imagine that these percussion sounds disappear when the pianist is playing. They are not heard as separate sounds because they combine with the vibrations of the wires, but it is the use and modification of these percussion elements that give difference and distinction to the playing of one pianist, whether it be a ten-year-old child or a world-renowned artist, as contrasted with any other pianist.

The dulcet sound, the ear-flattening sound, is perhaps nearest approached by letting the finger rest upon the surface of the key and then applying the pressure through the finger itself, through hand or arm weight. This is dulcet largely because the first impact—that of key—disappears. This effect must of course be employed largely in modern pianoforte playing, and, I believe, is the aim of the so-called weight or pressure touch employed by many teachers; but, as I am not a teacher of "technic," my training having been quite different from that of other pianists, I do not attempt to employ the nomenclature of the method. It is very good for the student to learn how to produce this dulcet tone, whether softly or sonorously, because it is used so much; but if he imagines he can make his piano playing interesting by such a tone alone he is making a serious artistic blunder. How, for instance, could this passage from the third movement of the Beethoven *Sonata Appassionata* be played without the use of extremely percussive effects?

Ex. 1



Certainly banging is permissible in the right place. Indeed, the right kind of banging, in dramatic, strenuous passages is most important; and all great artists bang when it is proper to bang. Much otherwise good piano playing is spoiled by seeking after monotonous sweetness. A Punch and Judy show, done with the proper dramatic feeling, is far better than Hamlet rendered by a droning actor. Indeed instinctive emphasis of the good amateur is often far more musical than the over-polished playing of many pianists seeking to make every tone exquisitely beautiful.

In the make-up of what we might call good piano playing there are so many factors that analysis in a conference like this is well-nigh impossible. Mr. Edison has been quick to sense the vibrato which comes with the mingling of the overtones of one note with those of another. This is evidently very delightful to him. It is experienced in what is generally called legato playing. Legato means "bound"; that is, one tone bound to the next and it is effected on the piano in quite a different way from that in which it is usually accomplished on the violin or on other instruments—notably the wind instruments. The flute, for instance, cannot sound two notes at the same time. It is either A or B; but never A and B together.

In legato playing on the pianoforte, a fraction of a second elapses when A continues or laps over before being relinquished after B is struck. This produces a

kind of "vibrato" which tonally sensitive ears like those of Mr. Edison can hear. Those with less sensitive ears are conscious of it without knowing what it is that makes legato playing so effective on the piano when it is well done. Legato playing is not everything, however, and I am forced to differ from Mr. Edison's viewpoint in that I feel that tones which are merely flattering to the ear, while of indispensable importance in all piano playing, are of artistic significance only when used in conjunction with and contrast to all other color tones—the reds, the blues, the mauves, the greens, the greys, the yellows and purples of the pianist's palette—all of which are produced through the magic admixture of percussive effects.

The pianist adds color to his palette very much in the same manner as the painter. A well-trained mind, a fine imagination and interminable experiments are all essential to obtain the best results. Imitation of course is valuable; and this can be learned through concerts, through the phonograph and through the player-piano. To my mind the player-piano should be used in the music room or conservatory as a regular part of the piano student's training. By this I mean the instruments using rolls made by hand from the playing of the actual artist by the almost miraculously clever devices now employed for doing this. The opportunity for comparison of the playing of one pianist with that of another is most interesting and instructive. For this reason a ticket to a pianoforte recital is often as good as a lesson.

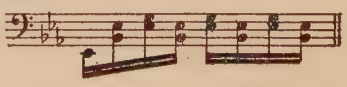
Before I had any idea of becoming a pianist, and before I relinquished my ambitions to become a violinist I was fortunate enough to be asked to play second piano parts of different concertos for Paderewski in London. The great Polish virtuoso, for whom all pianists have such extreme regard, was then in the first flush of his early triumphs. No one can ever realize how hard Paderewski

worked for his results. Sometimes one hears of the great heroism of the pianist who practices six or seven hours a day. Time and again I have known Paderewski to keep on working until three and four in the morning, often doing from fourteen to sixteen hours a day. Of course, only a physical giant could have accomplished this—and indeed such was Paderewski. His endurance and strength were enormous. At that time he was especially strong—even powerful. When I was playing with him at Erard's, he insisted upon having a chair that was especially heavy. It had a weight under the seat and stood like a rock in front of the keyboard. It must have weighed at least eighty or ninety pounds. I know, because my own traveling chair weighed forty-five pounds. Once I said to him, "Move one of these chairs," and he lifted it as though it were a slight bent-wood chair.

This very physical power gave Paderewski an enormous range of tone color possibilities. His palette was extremely broad and always remained so. It was possible for him to go from gossamer effects to veritable storms. This was attained as I have said by unlimited zeal and unlimited industry which has always been a lesson to me. After his labors he would go to bed and sleep like a child. Indeed, if it had not been for his enormous endurance he could never have accomplished the work which gave him a seat at the Peace Conference as the foremost citizen of Poland a—proud position for a musician.

Once in Paris he gave me an appointment to come to him at a certain hour, and when I arrived he was practicing a few measures from the Beethoven *Sonata Opus* 31, *No.* 3 *in E Flat.* This contains the extremely difficult left-hand part

Ex. 2



This he continued to play for nearly an hour and a half. When he came out I ventured to suggest that, to the ordinary auditor the passage was quite as effective played in the following manner

Ex. 3



and indeed was played thus by most all pianists I had heard. He became very much incensed and said, "No matter how anyone else plays it, I play it in this way for my own satisfaction."

After all, that was the way in which Beethoven wrote it.

FROM PLOUGH BOY TO PARSIFAL

ORVILLE HARROLD

Biographical

A biographical preface has been omitted because the narrative is largely a life-story of this notable artist, who rose to the position of foremost tenor of the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York, overcoming supposedly impassable obstacles.

Yes, Orville Harrold is my name and not a stage name. I suppose I am about as American as they make them. I was born on a farm at Muncie, Indiana, in 1877. I know that some of my folks way back were French and others I think were Danes, but I am told that if we go back to the time that the Pilgrims settled in America we would find that we had some 2000 ancestors. I don't pretend to know who all those folks were or where they came from, but I am mighty certain that they did not all come over in the Mayflower, because they say that there were only one hundred and two people on that famous vessel.

I was brought up upon the farm and I have always been glad of it. What in the world could give a singer a better background of health than tumbling out of bed at daylight, working hard all day, mostly in the open air, and turning up at every meal with an appetite like an ostrich?

Even when I was a boy my voice seemed to attract attention. I was an alto out in Kansas; the music teacher in our public school took a great interest in me and gave me some lessons. We used to have singing festivals in



ORVILLE HARROLD

those days. They were something like the Welsh Eisteddfods and unquestionably they were a great stimulus, especially in such a large territory, sparsely settled, as Kansas was in those days. Once we met, at Hutchinson, Kansas, and I was selected to sing *He is a Man of Sorrows and Acquainted with Grief* from Handel's *Messiah.* I won the second prize and for a little while was the proudest boy on earth.

My musical education was no cut and dried conservatory course. I just had to grab an education when my means and my time permitted. Nevertheless I don't boast of trials and privations.

Before long I found that the combined singers from Kansas Public Schools were going to send a delegation to the World's Fair in Chicago and that I was to be among the number. My visit to the big city gave me an additional spur.

My folks managed so that I could have some lessons on the violin and I advanced as far as Kreutzer. The violin is a fine aid to the singer as it promotes correct intonation. Sembrich used to play the violin and Mario Chamlee once played the clarinet. I used to play a clarinet once, too, in the country band.

Gee, what fun we had in that band. Along came the Spanish-American War and we all decided to enlist and go to the front. Most of us were little more than boys and we went off with a whirl of patriotic enthusiasm. When we got to Indianapolis the Government wasn't used to having a war on its hands and didn't know just what to do with a volunteer band. The first night they quartered us in the Indianapolis Racing Stables. Well, all of us boys had been used to good homes and good beds and the idea of sleeping in a box stall on a rainy night didn't take very well. One of the papers described it the next day. The reported said that during the night a bass drum

was seen moving north and a euphonium and a trombone were seen going west. Anyhow, when morning came our conductor awoke and found that his band had dwindled to three. All the boys had cut out for home. I was one of the three that stuck and when it came to enlist they wouldn't let me because I wasn't of age.

After some years in Kansas I went back to Muncie and joined a male chorus conducted by the very able musician, A. Ernestinoff, conductor of the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra. At one of the concerts Schumann-Heink heard me sing and advised me to go to New York to study. With my means this was like advising the postman to buy a steam yacht. Yet, her encouragement set my brain into a whirl of dreams. I had secured a job at $10.00 a week and somehow had the courage to get married. Ernestinoff gave me many very valuable lessons and treated me with unforgettable kindness. After our daughter, Adeline (since then a star on Broadway), was born Ernestinoff asked me how I would like to go to Cincinnati to hear the Metropolitan Opera Company in *La Giaconda* and *Parsifal*. I grabbed the chance and spent two days of entrancement, thanks to my good friend.

Inoculated with such an experience I could get nothing out of my mind except that I must make a plunge and get to New York, in some way. How I had the nerve to do it, I don't know. I fixed up things at home and decided to take the great chance. My capital was my carfare and $1.50, that is when I landed, a stranger in the great metropolis, I had exactly $1.50 in my pocket. I found a boarding place and took a letter of introduction to Claxton Wilstach at the Schuberts. I wonder if they knew what was going on in my mind, half-centered upon that $1.50 in my pocket and my folks at home and my possible career. I never tried harder in my life. When Mr. Schubert asked me if I could learn a song in a day

and go on in a show the following night at $50.00 a week I almost fainted with delight. To a man who had been making $10.00 a week working all day as a shipping clerk $50.00 a week seemed something like all the money in the world. I thought that all my troubles were over, but that was where I was mistaken.

I went on in the show and the song went over big. Soon I found that the difference between a job at $10.00 a week as a shipping clerk and a job "with all the money in the world," of $50.00 a week as a singer, were different in that the shipping clerk worked fifty-two weeks a year and the singer worked as long as the public liked the performances of the show. Next I found myself with a quartet known as "The Harmonists." I took this, as it was a vaudeville act and it guaranteed longer terms of employment and I had to have the wherewithal to meet my obligations. Nevertheless I always felt that I was destined for better things and even when singing for the vaudeville audience I always endeavored to give my very best. I realized that if I once lost my vocal ideals I was "gone."

This is one of the secrets of success to my mind. It is one of the things which determines whether the young singer is going ahead or going behind. What am I getting at? Just this, be practical. Many young singers are so afraid that they will injure their reputations that they would rather loaf around than take an engagement not to their liking.

In the olden days it was absolutely impossible for a singer to sing in vaudeville and hope to gain an appearance at a large opera house. Times have changed all this. This is the day when the commercial maxim, "deliver the goods," is applied to art as well as everything else. If you are a Galli-Curci and circumstances force you to get a start by singing in small concerts, or in back-

wood's opera, or even in vaudeville, it will not hurt you if you keep faith with your ideals. When I sang in vaudeville I tried just as hard to make my work artistic as when I was touring in concert with Tetrazzini. In fact if I had not made the break and sung in vaudeville I might never have met Oscar Hammerstein, who really gave me my operatic start. It was at his Victoria Theater in New York. He called me to his office after a performance and pointing to his throat said, "Young man, you have got it here"—then he pointed to his head and said significantly, "I wonder if you have got it here!" I told him of my ideals and he arranged to have me study with Oscar Saenger. I coached all that season, but alas, that was the last year of his opera and I was forced to realize that my chance to appear with his company was over.

This put me back in vaudeville again and in musical comedy. I went out with a company that was very successful for a time but after awhile came to grief. Finally we came to Cincinnati, where I had received my first great operatic inspiration. The show failed and the Sheriff served notice on the company. The effects were seized and, alas, all the personal trunks containing the clothes of the singers. Surely a disheartening mess! Finally one of the chorus men cooked up a scheme of starting a fight in a neighboring saloon. This attracted the doorman away from the theater and in company with another singer I went upstairs and threw all the personal trunks out of the window into the alley. They didn't belong to the creditors and we had to have them to get out of town. It was taking the law by the ears but there was justice at the bottom of it. If you have never been stranded a thousand miles from Broadway you can never understand. Puccini's *La Bohème* has a real meaning to me which few in the audience suspect.

Fortune again smiled and I found that my friend, the unsuppressable Oscar, was building a great Opera House in London. He sent for me and as a preliminary had me study hard with Frederick Boyer in Paris. The same season I made my debut at the London Opera House and was received with so much favor that I was again certain that I was upon the operatic rung of success. My opening performance was in *William Tell* and the public as well as the critics were unforgettably kind. Meanwhile I kept on working at my repertoire until I acquired at least thirty operas that I can now sing at an hour's notice.

Returning to America I expected to be engaged by Hammerstein at his now Lexington Avenue Opera House. He was violating his contract and the Metropolitan prevented his making public performances. Accordingly I joined the Century Opera Company, and later the Ravina Opera Company. Still the big operatic goal was not at hand but it was in sight. While waiting I took engagements at the Hippodrome and with the American Society of Singers.

In 1918 Maestro Papi called upon me and told me that I could have an audition with Mr. Gatti-Cazassa. This led to an engagement at the world's great opera house, after twenty years of waiting, but mind you, not loafing or dodging the practical issues. The public has grown more and more kind, and this year I shall have given forty-eight performances including my great ambition, Wagner's *Parsifal.*

That's about all there is to tell. The loss of the incomparable Caruso, of course, made opportunities for other tenors. That I should follow in some of his roles thrills me more than I can tell. Again, my great asset, apart from my voice and experience, is health. No singer can be successful and continue to be successful without health. This, I strive to keep up by a more or less

abstemious life. I do not even drink coffee, as I find it very injurious to my voice. When I am to sing, my meal in advance is beefsteak and spinach. I eat no fattening foods and am devoted to whole wheat bread, keep away from medicine and play handball vigorously nearly every day during the season. To this I attribute the fact that I am among the very very few in the Metropolitan cast one season who did not lose a single performance. You would perhaps be amused to see me playing handball on a winter's day on an open-air court in an athletic suit with bare legs, notwithstanding snow on the ground. What is snow to a farmer's boy accustomed to getting out on a blizzard morning to feed the stock? Singers coddle themselves too much and take too much dope. Old Doc Nature is the best if you will follow his advice.

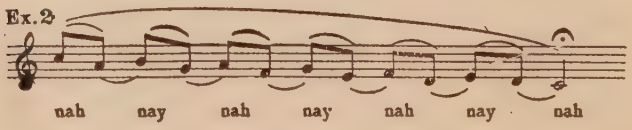
As for my voice I have a regular scheme of practice every morning when I arise. Every voice used as much as mine needs limbering up in the morning and I find that the best time. At first I run scales, usually upon the syllable "Oh"

Ex. 1



Then I take this exercise, singing it with my mouth and jaws almost like a fool and imbecile. You know what I mean. You have seen them going about with their jaws hanging.

Ex. 2



Then I take scales on different vowels and upon the nasal sounds such as Ung, ong, ahng and ing (French nasal sounding like ang in bang). These help me,—perhaps they will help some other fellow.

WHAT EFFECT IS JAZZ LIKELY TO HAVE ON THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE

PERCY GRAINGER

Biographical

Percy Grainger was born at Brighton, Victoria, Australia, July 8, 1882. He studied for five years under the direction of his mother, then under Louis Pabst of Melbourne, under James Kwast, of Frankfort on Main, and finally under Busoni. Since his boyhood he has been appearing with ever increasing success as a pianist. For some years he was a protege of Eduard Grieg. In 1915 he came to America, where his reception was so enthusiastic that he became an American citizen, enlisting during the war in an American Artillery Regiment, giving numerous concerts for war purposes and for a time playing a saxophone in the band.

His compositions for piano and orchestra are bold and hearty. He has employed folk themes in new and novel manner. Strong rhythms, unhackneyed effects and a vigorous Anglo-Saxon atmosphere distinguish his playing and his works alike. He has shown a fine spirit in championing the works of Debussy, Ravel Albeniz and particularly his friends, Frederick Delius and Cyril Scott.

What is this bug-a-boo of Jazz? Is it polluting the musical art of today? Or is it something which will vastly increase the musical interest of the future? These are interesting questions, but by no means of the vital importance that some attribute to them. It was quite natural that Jazz should first bubble up in the melting pot of America, and equally natural that it should spread all over the world The fact of the matter is that Jazz



PERCY GRAINGER

differs not essentially or sociologically from the dance music all over the world, at all periods, in that its office is to provide excitement, relaxation and sentimental appeal. In this respect it differs not from the Chinese or native American Indian music or from the Halling of Norway, the Tarantella of Italy, Viennese Waltzes, Spanish Dances or the Hungarian Czardas. The trouble is that too much fuss is made about Jazz. Much of it is splendid music. Its melodic characteristics are chiefly Anglo-Saxon—closely akin to British and American (white) folk-music.

In speaking of Jazz I have in mind the extremely clever jazz manipulation of popular themes with marked rhythm that has taken place in the last few years. These orchestral arrangements are often made by musicians with unusual experience. To my mind, this form of Jazz is the finest popular music known to me in any country of today or even of the past. Its excellence rests on its combination of Nordic melodiousness with Negro tribal, rhythmic polyphony plus the great musical refinement and sophistication that has come through the vast army of highly trained cosmopolitan musicians who play in Jazz. There never was a popular music so *classical*.

One of the main characteristics of Jazz is that taken from the improvised habits of the Chinese and other musicians of the Far East. The seductive, exotic, desocializing elements imputed to Jazz by musical ignoramuses have no musical basis. Musically speaking, the chief characteristics of Jazz are solidity, robustness, refinement, sentiment, friendly warmth. As music it seems to me far less sensuous, passionate or abandoned than the music of many people. It is what one would expect from a solid, prosperous Nordic race.

What is there new about Jazz? All of the rhythms existed before. Nothing distinctly fresh and original has

been contrived rhythmically. Surely the Scotch snap, such as we find in the old Scotch tune *Comin' Through the Rye,* is not new. Yet this is one of the elements in the Jazz prescription. Nor is there anything new about the after beat, such as we find in the Hungarian dances of Brahms.

Though the elements out of which Jazz is made are not original when taken singly, yet, no doubt, the combination of these widely diverse and highly contrasted elements is new and constitute the originality and characteristics of Jazz.

The music of all free peoples has a wide melodic sweep. By free I mean those people with strong pioneer elements—people who live alone in isolated stations. This accounts for the great melodic fecundity of the Nordic race. Folk who live in congested districts cannot be expected to write melodies with wide melodic range. Their melodies are restricted by the group. The group can sing just so high or so low. It has a narrow range. The compass is short. On the other hand, the Scandinavian, the Englishman, the Scotchman, the Irishman, whether he be in his native land, an American cowboy or an Australian boundary rider, is often wholly solitary in his music-making; and his melodies have, therefore, wider range of melodic line, as, for instance, in such a tune as *Sally in Our Alley* or the *Norwegian Varmlandsvisa.*

This strong Anglo-Saxon element preserved in America was musically mixed with the equally virile rhythmic tendencies of the Negro. The Negro is not natively melodic, in the bigger sense. His melodies are largely the evolution of tunes he has absorbed from his white surroundings. His musical instinct is rhythmic first of all. (Note the Negro folk songs collected in Africa by Natalie Curtis.) To this came, doubtless, via San Francisco, about ten years ago, certain Asiatic influences which in

turn were to make some of the other elements of Jazz. Oriental music is allegedly "in exact unison." A great many people play the same melody at the same time, or at least they endeavor to do so. The fact is that they rarely play quite in tune with each other and a very strange effect is achieved. Somehow this got into Jazz as an occasional discordant feature, but one which gives it unlimited individuality. Beethoven, in the *Scherzo* to his *Pastoral,* has satirically suggested a peasant group in Europe doing the same thing. Indeed, it is a characteristic of many aboriginal groups. The Maoris, of New Zealand, when singing in alleged unison, often reveal that certain individuals are a quarter of a tone sharp or a quarter of a tone flat. The effect, especially in the distance, is far from disagreeable. There is always a kind of fuzz around the note. One hears this done deliberately in Jazz orchestras in America—of course in a more sophisticated way.

If Jazz had done nothing more than to break down certain old orchestral jail walls, it would be justified. It is in the instrumentation of the modern Jazz orchestra that the musician is principally interested. This is momentous in every way. To me it represents an advance in instrumentation only to be compared in extent with that which occurred in another line between the instrumentation of Beethoven and the instrumentation of Wagner.

It is amazing to me that the Saxophone, the supreme achievement of the great instrument maker, Adolphe Sax (the inventor of the bass clarinet and the perfecter of the brass instruments which made many of the most beautiful passages of Wagner possible), should have to wait until this day and time to come into its own through the popular music of America. The same genius which Sax displayed with regard to wind instruments, America has

displayed with regard to percussion instruments, such as the Deagan Xylophones and Marimbas, which I have prescribed for the score of my symphonic poem *The Warriors*. This American genius, taking the instruments from Africa, Asia and South America, has given them reliable pitch so that they may be legitimately employed, both in vaudeville and with great orchestras, in extremely beautiful effects. Most of the ancestors of these new American instruments may be traced in great collections, such as the Ethnographical Museum of Leyden, Holland, or the Crosby Brown collection at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.

The Jazz orchestra has shown us how the percussion instruments add clarity to the orchestral mass. The instruments of the conventional symphony orchestra have something of a spongy character and lack the sharp, decisive qualities of the bells, xylophones and marimbas which have a clarity and sharpness, yet when well played seem to float on the mass of orchestral tone color like oil on water. The Russians have seen the possibilities of bells in their orchestral music. Bells and the percussion instruments I have mentioned cut through the tone mass but do not interfere with it. They seem to be in a different dimension of sound.

Another great achievement of Jazz is the introduction of vibrato in the wind instruments. All wind instruments should be played with vibrato; at least as much as the strings.

Apart from its influence upon orchestration, Jazz will not form any basis for classical music of the future, to my mind. The tendency will be to turn to something simpler.

We are now musically located in an epoch which is not dissimilar from that which confronted the world at the time of Johann Sebastian Bach. That is, a vast horde

of musical influences of great complexity seem to be coming together. Jazz is one of the manifestations of this. But Jazz is not likely to prove very fructifying to a classical music. On the other hand, it has borrowed (or shall we say "purloined"?) liberally from the classical. The public likes Jazz because of the shortness of its forms and its slender mental demands upon the hearer. No music is ever really popular which is too long or too complicated. On the other hand, length and the ability to handle complicated music are invariable characteristics of really great genius. We realize this if we compare the music of Bach, Beethoven, Wagner, Delius and Tschaikowsky with the music of such fine but smaller musical talents as Scarlatti, Jensen, Roger Quilter, Reynaldo Hahn and others. Therefore, the laws which govern Jazz and other popular music can never govern music of the greatest depth or the greatest importance. I do not wish to belittle Jazz or other popular music. The world must have popular music. We should rejoice that the ragtime of ten years ago has reformed into the Jazz of today, but there always exist between the best popular music and classical music that same distinction that there is between a perfect farmhouse and a perfect cathedral. The more we examine Jazz we see that its entire effect is aimed at short, sharp contrasts. There is, of course, a vast chasm between this and the Bach *Passion Music,* the Wagner *Music Dramas,* or the Delius *Nature Poems.* In the education of the child Jazz ought to prove an excellent ingredient. But he also needs to drink the pure water of the classical and romantic springs.

MANY ROADS TO ARTISTIC PIANO PLAYING

ALEXANDER SILOTI

Biographical

Alexander Siloti (often spelled Ziloti) was born at Charkov, Russia, October 10, 1863. *His father played the violin and his mother sang. His mother's name was Rachmaninoff—the pianist-composer, Sergei Rachmaninoff, being a cousin of Siloti. At the age of ten he became the pupil of Zvierev and later on studied with Nicholas Rubinstein and P. I. Tchaikovsky at the Moscow Conservatory. His debut was made in Moscow, in* 1880. *This was followed by other appearances, until he played before the Tonkünstlerversammlung in Leipzig, in* 1883, *with such success that his services were demanded everywhere. He then went to Franz Liszt for three years. From* 1887 *to* 1890 *he was professor of pianoforte at the Moscow Conservatory. After ten years devoted almost exclusively to touring, he returned to Moscow to conduct the Philharmonic Concerts which have since that time been an immense success. He then organized his own orchestra in Petrograd, giving six or eight concerts a year and paying especial attention to the orchestral works of his master, Franz Liszt, and to the newer works by the masters of Russia.*

It may seem paradoxical, but I have learned almost as much from teaching others as I have from studying with others. There is nothing like making one's mind alert by taking the responsibility of seeing that others play correctly and artistically. It is my firm belief that every teacher should play. He should be able to do more



ALEXANDER SILOTI

than play,—he should regulate his style to the pupil's performance. Nicholas Rubinstein was a past master at this. In fact, I could learn far more from Nicholas Rubinstein and his playing than I might from that of his great brother, Anton Rubinstein. Why? The reason is a simple one. When Anton played, his performance was so astonishing and so overpowering that the pupil became discouraged. He was inclined to throw his hands in his lap and say: "What is the use of my trying? I can never play like that; I may as well give up at once." But when Nicholas Rubinstein played, he gauged his playing so that it was only a little ahead of that of the pupil. The pupil then thought, "Well, I can perhaps play as well as that with a little practice." The mother when teaching a child to walk, does not run ahead as though in a race. She walks slowly and carefully. Many teachers seem to think that they must amaze their pupils by playing in a very bombastic and showy style.

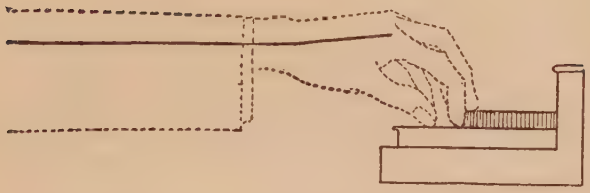
As I look back upon some of the lessons I had from Anton Rubinstein, they seem like a nightmare even now. I felt that he was absolutely indifferent to what I played or how I played. There was naturally no question of enjoyment for him or for me. He did not actually teach me anything. He only gave a superinspired rendering of the music, and if the desire to learn was not killed in me it was due to my happy disposition which allowed me to regard these lessons as a temporary evil. Zverieff, my earlier teacher, who was a real pedagogue, felt the same way about them; after each lesson he talked to me in a peculiar way, as if he were making excuses for having made me study under such a master.

The Russian conservatory system provides for distinct staffs of the elementary and for the advanced departments. Because a man like Zverieff devoted his life to the training of the young did not rob him of any honor

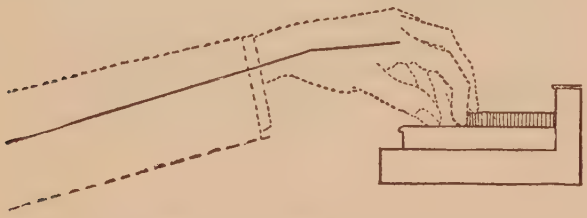
or any distinction in the faculty of the conservatory. Nor was such a man expected to have had any less severe general musical training than the teacher of the advanced classes. He was simply one of the professors who had elected to make a specialty of training the pupils in the lower grades—a very important work, and one bringing him renown as a specialist. No one in Russia would dream of sending a beginner to other than such a specialist. It is a great mistake to place elementary pupils under the tuition of some famous virtuoso who, as a rule, is not adapted to teaching youngsters.

One of the first things that the student discovers in advanced playing is that there is no royal road to learning in music or in anything else. It is for this reason that the principal thing in all good art is the mental picture, the conception, the ideal. The reason why many students do not succeed is not that they do not work, but that they have no proper picture of what they aspire to do. They play, play, play at the keyboard, but they never think and dream away from the keyboard what their interpretation should sound like.

The average student spends his time in worrying about methods, about the minutia of touch, fingering, accent and so forth—all necessary to the point of indispensability—but by no means all in the art of playing. For instance—during the last half century there have been two quite radically different methods of seating oneself at the piano. I incline toward the method of Franz Liszt, because that seems to me the most rational and the most effective. It may be described by a few simple lines: Liszt (judging from his own position at the piano) always felt that his forearm should be approximately parallel with the level of the piano keys thus:



On the other hand, Leschetizky apparently took an opposite view (judging from the playing of many of his disciples). He seemed to feel that the seat should be low producing, an angle of the hand and arm tending in this direction:



Who can say which is right? No greater pianist than Liszt ever lived and he produced his results by his own manner of playing. The Leschetizky pupils play marvelously, so apparently the mere position of the hands and arms does not make such a radical difference in either case. What does make a difference with the individual pianist is the playing ideal—the mental conception of the work whether it be program music or pure music.

The best teacher for the student is the one who can bring the most from that student. Fame means nothing. Take the case of Tschaikowsky. With a good student, he was a most excellent teacher, taking great pains to help him, but if Tschaikowsky was not interested, he was not only indifferent to the student's progress but he would

scold frightfully. Scolding never makes a good teacher. It is rarely necessary. It upsets the pupil's state of mind and unfits him to do his best. When I studied with Tschaikowsky he never neglected the details of the pedagogical side of his work although he did not like teaching. He corrected all the harmony exercises with care and minute precision.

The pupil often does well when he has a teacher of opposite temperament. The effervescent pupil needs the hard training that a serious minded, patient master can give, while the sluggish pupil benefits from having a brilliant, alert teacher always ready to spur him on. When I was teaching my cousin, Rachmaninoff, he already manifested some of the sombre, almost pessimistic traits which marked his early career. On the other hand, I was an optimist. To me it was always the gold of morning sunshine—to him it was the black of midnight.



CHARLES M. SCHWAB

MUSIC, THE GREAT HUMANIZER

CHARLES M. SCHWAB

Biographical

Charles M. Schwab was born at Williamsburg, Pennsylvania, February 18, 1862. *He was educated in the village schools at Loretta, Pennsylvania, and in the College of St. Francis. As a boy he drove the stage from Loretta to Cresson. Entering the service of a branch of the Carnegie Company as a stage driver in the engineering department, he became, by dint of great industry and natural aptitude, chief engineer and assistant manager of one of the branches when he was nineteen years of age. His advancement was so rapid that we find him, in* 1897, *at the age of thirty-five, President of the Carnegie Steel Co., Ltd. From* 1901 *to* 1903 *he was President of the United States Steel Corporation. Since that time he has directed his interests toward the Bethlehem Steel Company and brought world prestige to that corporation and its allied industries. During the war he was Director General of Shipbuilding of the United States Shipping Board and the Emergency Fleet Corporation. Since then he has been identified in a directorial capacity with some forty of our foremost industrial enterprises. His qualities of leadership are nothing short of tremendous. His services to the Shipping Board were in a large measure responsible for the unprecedented manner in which ships were supplied to the nation at the most critical period of our national existence. His personality and what one famous admirer has called his "ten-million-dollar smile," are all-compelling. His interest in music has been lifelong; but we prefer to have him tell of this in person. One of his pamphlets, entitled "Succeeding With What You Have," has been printed in ten million lots for distribution among Chinese school children. His musical experience will be a surprise to many.*

Music came to me first as it should to every normal child—a thing of real joy. My family was so musical that I could never understand what it meant not to have music in the home. Fortunate is the boy born into such a home and such a life. He will carry with him all his life a priceless asset. My grandfather was a musician and was determined to have me play the organ. He gave me the first lessons; and a severe and exacting teacher he was. The organ was of the type known as a melodeon. It was used in the little church on Sundays, but it was so small that it was carried to our home after the Sunday services, in order that I might practice upon it during the week. My musical education began at eight years of age. My progress was fairly rapid, and before I knew it I was playing in church. Grandfather was proud of my playing, but kept me continually under stern discipline. I remember on one occasion that we had a piece of music that had a rest for the organ while the choir went on singing *a capella.* As fortune had it, my nose itched, and I scratched it, and thereby came in with the organ part a beat too late, and I was instantly treated to a sharp box over the ears by grandfather. Unquestionably the discipline and the training in precision were excellent for me, but it is very hard for a youth to see it in that way.

The more I delved into the wonderful art of music the more interesting it became to me. Every new piece, every new step in musical advancement seemed to open up new and fascinating worlds. I played the organ in church for five years. I had the good fortune to meet a recluse priest named Bowen who was a wonderful musical advisor. He was a pupil of the great Franz Liszt. I studied piano and the violin, and Father Bowen's advice upon musical subjects was invaluable. He became very much interested in me, and soon I found myself actually teaching music. I continued as a music teacher for three years.

In this period I saw the need for elementary teaching—music that was practical. I wrote a number of compositions published under a *nom de plume* and was proud to receive royalty at the rate of one cent a sheet.

Fortune cast me into the iron and steel industry, and from that time I have done nothing in music except as an intense lover of it, promoting music in my own home and participating in the art by helping different musical enterprises that seemed to me of real value to the world. There has been an erroneous report that I met Mr. Carnegie through musical associations. This is wholly false. My relations with Mr. Carnegie were solely of a business type. Of course the world knows of his innumerable musical benefactions. I succeeded him as the President of the New York Oratorio Society, but withdrew after some time. Mr. Carnegie had the remarkable gift of selecting the right men, and he used to say that his epitaph should read, "Here lies the man who knew enough to secure the services of better men than himself." Mr. Carnegie was an immense stimulus to me. He was a most moral and idealistic man. To him, making men was far finer than making money. He chose promising men, gave them unhampered opportunities, and then rewarded them justly and richly as he prospered.

Although I have been too busy to take a practical and personal part in music, the art has been the center of my home life and will always remain so. In my home I have an exceedingly fine Æolian Organ, and I have the good fortune to retain Mr. Archer Gibson as organist. I consider Mr. Gibson one of the foremost of living organists, and many eminent organists have praised his playing in the highest terms. This music in my home is a real and vital thing. Under great strain of important matters it becomes a source of constant inspiration and refreshment. It is a joy to see music in some form or

other going into myriads of homes. This is bound to have a more and more beneficial effect upon American home life and upon the American men, women and children. We can never have too much of it.

Blessed is the family in which music reigns, for great shall be their happiness. My whole family loved music and were musical. Music was a thing of first interest and importance in my home.

My belief in the value of music in industrial life is based upon the firmest possible convictions that nothing can exactly take its place as a great humanizing agent. My first step in taking over the control of a new plant has been to improve the condition of the buildings. There is nothing so depressing to the worker as dirty, slovenly, run-down buildings. How can one expect fine work amid dismal surroundings! My next step is to organize a musical interest in the plant or the community by establishing a fine brass band, or, as in the case of Bethlehem, a fine chorus. The wisdom of this has been shown time and again. Moreover, it is just as good business as it is good humanity, because *it is impossible to think well or to produce fine work in an unhappy state of mind.*

It is sometimes even dangerous to try to do important work or important thinking when in an unhappy frame of mind. The judgment is warped; prejudices enter; inspiration is curbed; the body does not properly respond to the brain. This applies quite as much to the worker operating a complicated machine, where one turn of the hand might mean mutilation or even death, as it does to the financier handling great sums of capital invested by thousands of other people. A happy frame of mind, therefore, is a priceless possession; and music, possibly more than anything else, tends to promote this condition. Therefore, music and industry, music and life, should always go hand in hand.

What was the result of the musical development at Bethlehem? The little city in the hills was known industrially as an iron center; but in the great world of art there was nothing to give the people a real pride in their community. There were musical and choral traditions that had grown since the beginning of the settlement around the Moravian Church, with its unique trombone choir, which played upon occasions from the church towers. When I took over the plant at Bethlehem I immediately sent for Dr. Fred Wolle, who was then in California, and asked him to resume the musical work of the town, the wonderful singing of the Bach Chorales, and at the same time to expand the work and carry it to its highest possible standard. The results have been gratifying beyond my highest expectations. For a time the deficits, which I met largely in person, were very heavy—as high as fifty thousand dollars a year. Now the Bach Bethlehem Choir is practically self-supporting. More than this, it has given every citizen something of the highest artistic nature, of which he may be as proud as Leipzig is of the Gewandhaus Orchestra, or Rome is of the Sistine Choir. Arturo Toscanini, when he heard this choir, proclaimed it the greatest choir in the world.

But there is something finer and bigger than all this. It is the spirit of Democracy the choir has brought into being. Nothing is so democratizing as music. Nothing will so quickly annihilate snobbery. In the Bethlehem Choir one finds the mill worker standing side by side with the professor from the university; the head executive rubbing shoulders with the shop girl. The moment the glorious contrapuntal tapestries of Bach commence, the whole choir is woven into one body of humanity—the highest phase of democracy imaginable.

Industrial leaders everywhere are becoming conscious of the tremendous power of music. Music is not a pana-

cea for unjust industrial conditions, and it is wrong to regard it as such; but, given decent working conditions and right wages, there is no worker who can fail to feel the compelling power of music. There is something about it that "gets you"; something that lifts up; something that wipes out useless restlessness and imagined wrongs. When the great Bethlehem Steel Band of one hundred and twenty-five men marches down the street, in this and other cities, there is no one at the Bethlehem Steel Works who does not take a proprietary pride in it, from the small boy up to the oldest employee. It is *our* band, and it makes us all glad to know that we are connected with the organization that supports it.

Considering the exceptional interest in band music in public schools, it is not difficult to imagine what the effect will be upon the industrial bands of the future. These boys who now are tooting on horns in public schools will in many cases graduate to industrial bands. This will mean competitions of bands and a general improvement in the whole situation throughout the country. It is my firm opinion that this will have a most beneficial effect upon American industry as well as upon American music; because it will produce happy workers, and that means superior workers, better products and business success.

I am often asked why I have taken such a decided attitude upon the value and importance of music to the business man. Of course, much can be said as to the intellectual value of a musical training. But, that is not the main thing. What American business needs is soul and sentiment! Because music develops this in man, it is of especial importance to the business man. Of course one hears it said that "There is no sentiment in business." That is the greatest nonsense in the world. A business without sentiment is a dead business. The

idea that in order to be successful a business man has to be "cold blooded," is radically wrong. Time and again I have seen businesses run upon the basis of cold profits, eliminating the heart factor and squeezing the pennies like the last drops of blood, no matter what the human cost. They have failed dismally and deservedly. It makes no difference whether one is selling steel, rubies, sheet music or shoestrings; if the manufacturer thinks only of his margin of profit, without having a genuinely sympathetic interest in those who make the products and those who buy them, he is sure to discover some day that the people will find out his real motives and that his "cold-blooded" business methods will lead to his downfall. A business must have a heart, it must have a soul, it must have sentiment; because a business deals with human beings with hearts, souls and sentiments. There never lived a greater business man than the late J. P. Morgan. The world that did not know him thought of him as adamant, hard, cold. On the contrary he was a man of great and real sentiment. He may have thought it necessary to preserve a stern exterior; but I knew and admired Mr. Morgan and I know that his heart was human and affected by human needs.

American business needs imagination. We must dream dreams. Only the little man with his nose to the grindstone is afraid to dream dreams. The big men of all time have been dreamers who have made their dreams come true. There you have it; because music more than any other art helps us to dream dreams, helps us to rise from small things to big things, it is a priceless asset for the business man. What better proof of this can one wish than the fact that business men in all parts of the country are not only supporting music by attending concerts, but also are having their children musically educated, and, in some instances, very rich men are giving

fabulous amounts for musical education and musical enterprises. These are investments in happiness and in power. The men who are making them are far-seeing. Human power, brain power, soul power are far more important to our land than water power or steam power.

The interest taken in music by leading men, such as General Charles G. Dawes, Vice-President (1926), or let us say Alvin Kreck, President of the Equitable Trust Company of New York City, who is a very fine organist, is merely representative. Some years ago the man who was musical seemed to think it was something to conceal—something feminine, perhaps. Now they are going back into their youth and pointing to the time when they, like President Harding, played in the Silver Cornet Band. One of the greatest men I ever knew and one of the pre-eminent men of the times, John Brashear, whose recent autobiography is a most fascinating book, played a horn in a band at one time. This great astronomer, whose rise is one of the romances of America, is proud of his early musical activities.

The most important music, it seems to me, is that which enlists the sympathy of the whole people to their highest advantage. I detest above all things the musical snob who seems to go upon the principle that the greatest music of the world is that which is of interest to himself and to as few other people as possible. Art is that which will live in the minds of the world. The greatest art is that which reaches out to the greatest number of people for the longest time. Jazz is ephemeral. It lives the life of a butterfly and is soon gone; but the great Bach *C Minor Mass* lives on forever.

I believe in healthy choral contests. For this reason I believe that the Welsh Eisteddfod in America should be fostered. It has given men great pride and joy to participate in them, by promoting them. I believe in

the School Orchestra which gets the children together with a common spirit. Recently I went to Dayton, Ohio, and was welcomed by many men of distinction in the industrial world. But I told them what pleased me above all things was the fact they had brought forward the School Orchestra of one hundred and fifty pupils, who did remarkably fine work for their age. That was the new spirit of America—the new voice of the land—and it is a most beautiful and useful spirit.

Anything that promotes musical interest of a wholesome character is beneficial. It does not have to be a symphony orchestra or a great choral society or a magnificent opera house. We have given too little attention to music that springs from the people. At the recent County Fair in Cambria County, Pennsylvania, we had contests of the local bands; but the most interesting of all were the contests of old-fashioned country fiddlers. They are a law unto themselves and something peculiarly American. They play almost exclusively in first position, play from memory and play traditional tunes. About twenty fiddlers turned up, and the rivalry was intense. I arranged that everyone should have a medal, which amused them above everything. After the contest they went around saying, "There, I told you I was going to get the medal."

Finally, we need music because it helps us in its inimitable way to the Successful Life. Real success in life is far away from the mere matter of making money. Some of the richest men I have ever known have been some of the greatest failures in life. Their riches have brought them misery instead of joy. Success in life is the possession of the ability to appreciate the higher things in living. Most of the really worth-while things cost the least. Friendship, love of one's fellowman, love of nature, love of art, and love of music, are among them.

In these days great music and great art are brought to us all for so very little money that it is hard to keep away from them. There is no excuse for not hearing fine music in America at this time. The very air is full of it.

Many people make themselves miserable because they do not think that they have as much money as they should. Really the ideal state is the possession of a small income —enough so that one is always in need of something, and which thus develops the spirit to work and wait for what is wanted. When one has so much money that one can write one's check for anything in the world, the joy of life fades into monotony. One fails to stop to appreciate the simple things. The girl who works and saves to get a ticket for the top gallery at a performance of Verdi's magnificent *Aida* has a thousand times more real joy out of that one wonderful night than the jewel-encrusted dowager who has sat for years in the diamond horseshoe and improvised an obbligato of conversation to *Celeste Aida.*

The joy of existence is in growing, developing, working, learning to understand and to appreciate the good and the fine in everything. Because music offers opportunity for this, the art of music is one which is studied with ever-increasing profit.



ERNEST SCHELLING

THE HUMAN ELEMENT IN FINE PIANO PLAYING

ERNEST SCHELLING

Biographical

Ernest Schelling was born at Belvedere, New Jersey, July 26, 1876. His early training in music was received from his father. His debut was made in the Philadelphia Academy of Music, when he was four years of age; and thereafter during much of his childhood and youth he played as a prodigy. At seven, he studied at the Paris Conservatoire, a pupil of Mathias, the famous Chopin pupil. At ten, he was at Stuttgart, Germany, the pupil of Pruckner and Gotschius. Then for a short time he became the pupil of Leschetizky. Next we find him at the age of twelve in Basle, Switzerland, the pupil of the greatest of Swiss composers, Hans Huber. At fifteen, he came under the hands of Heinrich Barth in Berlin. Probably no musical youth ever received a more varied educational mauling. The result was that he developed an attack of neuritis which almost ended his career. Meanwhile he had toured several of the foreign countries and played almost incessantly. It was on the verge of despondency that he begged Paderewski to take him in hand. For three years he was the sole pupil of the great Pole, to whom he, naturally, attributes the greater part of his later successes. Mr. Schelling's compositions in larger form include a "Concerto" for violin, a "Symphonic Legend," a "Suite Phantastique" for piano and orchestra, and "Impressions of an Artist's Life," and "The Victory Ball." During the World War he served as a major in the United States Army.

"The Human Charm in Fine Piano Playing" is a most fascinating subject for anyone, who for years has had

the opportunity of witnessing the effect of music upon hundreds of audiences. Too many performers neglect this great principle. They seem to fail to realize that they must play for human beings, with human impulses, human experiences and human likes and dislikes.

Let us take the case of that famous scholar-pianist, Hans von Bulow. One could not exactly say that he was frigid or entirely lacking in charm, but his playing certainly lacked warmth. It was admirably clear and clean cut. There was never any fear that he would not strike the notes and the right notes. But his mind was that of the musical surgeon, carefully dissecting and analyzing every touch, every phrase, with the most minute care. It was logical. He had a keen sense of proportion; and he showed great erudition. On the other hand, there was a lack of imagination. There was a kind of satisfaction that one gets in hearing a well-prepared, well-delivered, scientific lecture, but surely not the pleasure that one derives from seeing a great impassioned performance of a great play.

One might say that the first basis of human charm in piano playing is TOUCH. It cannot be written large enough. Right at the beginning the student should realize that (with the possible exception of the organ) the piano is one of the deadest mediums of musical communication. This is not to disparage the instrument, because it has other advantages which make it one of the greatest of all musical instruments. Touch must never be considered from the standpoint of the stroke which hits one note. A single note on the pianoforte has practically no musical significance. It is the relation of that note to the notes that follow and to the notes which precede it which counts. If it is a staccato note it is most effective in contrast with legato—and so on.

There is, of course, such a thing as a human touch,

something which can be easily distinguished from a mechanical touch. Notice the difference, in the player-piano, between rolls that have been "cut" mechanically and those which have been reproduced from hand playing. What is this magic which translates human characteristics to the tone of such an instrument as the piano? To me it seems to proceed from the cultivated ability to have the body, arms, fingers and all parts of the playing mechanism sufficiently relaxed so that they are responsive to the slightest inclination of the player's musical sensibilities. When I came under the instruction of Paderewski it was this point which he emphasized more than any other.

It is partly an attitude of mind, an understanding of the principles of relaxation as contrasted with the old-fashioned stiff and angular technic of years gone by. When I was a child at Stuttgart I came under the old regime. I was taught to raise my fingers like the trigger of a gun and literally fire them at the keys as though they were upon strings. My hands and arms were to be held as solidly as possible. What was the result? A terrific case of neuritis, from which I did not recover for years; until my good friend Paderewski showed me how, by means of relaxation, I could acquire many times the force with far less effort.

What makes the great difference between the playing of one performer and that of another, upon the same instrument? To my mind the difference is in the combination of touch and pedal. Strike a note on the keyboard without the pedal. It may be hard and cold. Strike the same note, with the pedal, and it takes on a softness and warmth that is as different from the first as is a piece of marble and the smooth, glossy coat of a fine Persian kitten.

The whole difference lies in the pedal. That is what

makes the whole subject of touch so interesting. The moment you press down the damper pedal there are infinite varieties of tone quantity possible and some varieties of tone quality.

Indeed, much of the modern music is so dependent upon the pedal that it cannot be dissociated from it when one thinks of the matter of touch. I have in mind a composition of my friend, Enrique Granados, greatest of modern Spanish composers, who was drowned on the "Sussex" when that boat was torpedoed in the English Channel during the war. The piece was his *Second Goyescas* (Coloquio en La Reja). I heard him play it many times and tried to reproduce the effects he achieved. After many failures, I discovered that his ravishing results at the keyboard were all a matter of the pedal. The melody itself, which was in the middle part, was enhanced by the exquisite harmonics and overtones of the other parts. These additional parts had no musical significance, other than affecting certain strings which in turn liberated the tonal colors the composer demanded.

What finish means to any piece of craftsmanship is what finish means to musical art. Bungling work or attempts to conceal a rawness or crudeness are always futile. Even the untutored public knows instinctively whether the work of the pianist has a fine finish or whether he is merely trying to make them believe that it has. A finely finished piece of cabinet work, an exquisitely worked piece of jewelry, an automobile made with precision and "finish" within or without, are self-evident.

After all, no piano playing is great that does not come from the heart and soul of a great individual. As with an actor, the empty-pated chap who knows the so-called technic of his art has no chance in these or any other days with the gifted, highly educated, richly en-

dowed minds who can deliver the lines of a great playwright with real eloquence. Booth, Mansfield, Beerbohm Tree, Irving, von Possart, Cocquelin, were all educated men, not necessarily from the academic sense, but from that of world knowledge. In addition to this we must recognize the eloquence that is born with the individual. Some people have minds so constituted that they become the messengers of great thought early in life. They communicate the spirit of the masters and not merely the notes. The simplest phrase played by a great individual has eloquence in it. Consider, for instance, the *Nachtstuck* of Schumann as played by Paderewski! The audience feels at once the *recueillement*—the inner spirit.

If you aspire to greatness as a pianist, you must yourself be great. The time has long since passed when the untutored ignoramus can hope to make a place for himself in the world of music. Practically all of the pianists of today, whose names and whose playing draw great crowds to our big auditoriums, are well-educated men—often learned men—whose knowledge of world problems would put to shame many a business man or many men in other professions.

The pianist will soon find that he has, broadly speaking, two kinds of audiences. First, the musically trained audience, alas, only too inclined to look down upon the unfortunates who have never trod the path of Clementi, Czerny, Cramer et Cie, and the great general musical public. To the general public, music has no special significance other than that they enjoy the beautiful association of sounds, caring little why or wherefore. It is for this reason that it is a good plan when possible, in playing for the general public, to remember the human inclination to be interested in pictures. The love for pictures is one of the most elemental traits. The first form of expression, hieroglyphics, is merely picture writing. Therefore,

Program Music, that is, music associated with a story or legend or attempting to create a suggestive atmosphere, is by no means a passing fad.

One final word to students: Don't get discouraged. Every time you permit discouragement to rule you are losing ground. In my own youth I had so many, many discouragements and often I found myself yielding to them to the point of despair. When I went to Paderewski my nerves were in such bad shape that I wondered that he accepted me. I was twenty years old and, despite all the work that I had done, all the lessons, all the touring, I realized, that in the modern sense, I had neither technique nor repertoire. Imagine, I had had a severe case of neuritis for four years which made playing practically impossible. Could anything be more discouraging to a young man! Paderewski made me practice regularly with the utmost relaxation. Like Leschetizky, he did not believe in wasting time. He felt that the average person is capable of attaining results far quicker than he imagines if the degree of concentration is right. When I went to Leschetizky as a boy he gave me the Etude *Mignonne* of Schutt to learn and memorize in one day. In similar manner Paderewski insisted that I learn and memorize the entire *Carnaval* of Schumann and prepare to play it at a concert two weeks later. This was simply a test of my ability, as Paderewski believes in long and careful study of pieces which are to be part of one's repertoire.

Finally, the time came for my first concert. My hopes, of course, were colossal. At the end, however, I realized that I had not played nearly so well as I should have done, and I came in for a thorough and deserved dressing down from Paderewski. I was so discouraged and disconsolate that I resolved to give up music forever; and I went to a monastery conducted by the monks at Simplon. I felt that I could not face my friends at

Morges who had been so kind to me. Meanwhile they were greatly worried over my disappearance. At Simplon, however, I found the wonderful autobiographer of Hector Berlioz; and when I read of his infinitely greater disappointments and discouragements I went back to Paderewski who lectured me soundly.

You ask me what elements in playing Paderewski insists upon most? There is no answer but—*Everything.* He is most exacting. Rhythm is perhaps the first thing he looks for. If the rhythm is not right there is no life to the piece, no design, no reason for its existence. Then phrasing, tone-production, and finally ELOQUENCE. The pianist must say something through the notes, not merely press them down as the music indicates.

BEAUTIES OF THE MUSIC OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN

THURLOW LIEURANCE

Biographical

Probably no other American composer has delved so deeply into the musical customs of so many different tribes of American Indians or has sacrificed so much to secure results of a thoroughly accurate character, as has Mr. Lieurance, who was born at Oskaloosa, Ia., March 21, 1880, *the son of a physician. His first musical training came in the town band. Thereafter he studied the cornet under Hermann Bellstedt. At the age of eighteen he enlisted in the United States Volunteer Army and became a bandmaster in the Twenty-second Kansas, serving during the Spanish-American War. During his military service he saved four hundred dollars and resolved to spend this in furthering his musical education. Going to the Cincinnati Conservatory he studied composition under Frank Van der Stücken, voice under W. L. Sterling and piano under Ollie Dickenschied, score reading under Bellstedt and Van der Stücken.*

When his $400.00 *was gone but* $10.00 *he realized that he would have to earn more money in the quickest manner possible. He therefore joined the chorus of the Castle Square Opera Company at a salary of* $10.00 *a week. He remained with the opera company for two years, singing in fifty different productions ranging from "Mikado" and "Pinafore" to "Lohengrin," "Tannhauser," "Faust," "Il Trovatore" and "Carmen." Out of his salary of* $10.00 *a week he purchased a complete piano score of each work in which he sang. After leaving the opera company he taught privately for one year in a small village in Kansas. Finding teaching not to his taste, he or-*



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THURLOW LIEURANCE

ganized the American Band which played on the Chautauqua circuits for years.

In 1905 the United States Government, which had been unsuccessful in securing the records it desired of certain tribes, gave Mr. Lieurance a chance during the wintertime of visiting the Crow Reservation. Mr. Lieurance thus made his first musical acquaintance with the Indian and led to the preservation of over five hundred records of different tribal melodies now kept under seal in the Museum at Washington as well as many other collections of records held at the New Mexico Museum.

His records are also preserved in Berlin University, Germany, and the University of Pennsylvania. Among the tribal music which Mr. Lieurance has taken down at first hand is that of the Northern Cheyenne, Sioux Groventre, Blackfeet, Winnebago, Omaha, Kiowa, Creek, Seminole, Cherokee, Comanche, Taos Pueblo, Santa Clara Pueblo, San Juan Pueblo, Hopi, Teseque, Navajo, Apache, Chippewa, Ute, Pawnee and other tribes from the far North to the South. These observations are not a matter of a few short visits to the groups but often have been prolonged stays of several months at a time, during many years. In his lectures, with the assistance of his gifted wife, Edna Wooley Lieurance, Mr. Lieurance introduces many original themes and shows the process he has taken to idealize them. Many of the themes were secured with immense difficulty and personal risk. Upon one occasion a wagon upon which he was riding in mid-winter in the Yellowstone broke down, throwing one companion down a ravine half a mile deep and injuring Mr. Lieurance so that together with the consequent freezing in a temperature of over twenty below zero his legs became crippled for life. His songs, especially "By the Waters of Minnetonka," have been sung by many.

The passing of the red man has been one of the tragic episodes of American history during the last half century. Of the fifty-seven odd Indian nations, only a very few are increasing in membership, although some have

estimated that there are as many Indians in America now as when Columbus landed. The decrease is due quite as much to psychological as to physiological conditions. The Indian was given a reservation by the government in a spirit of justice. Often he was moved to a reservation from parts of his country long hallowed to him by traditions. Thus his spirit was broken. We need not stoop to maudlin sentiment in the matter, but anyone who has lived among the Indians—been privileged to gain their confidence, as I have been, studied their customs sympathetically and understood their ideals which are on the average, considering surroundings, often much higher than our own much-vaunted "civilized" ideals—must feel a pang of regret when he realizes that the Indian population of the country, with a few notable exceptions, is vanishing along with the prairies, the buffalo and the Spirit of the West of yesterday.

Few people know that the Indians have a sign language, whereby an Indian from Canada can communicate with an Indian from Florida, although they have totally different dialects. Thus the Cree and the Seminole have a common means of communication. This applies to all tribes except some in the Southwest, such as the Pueblos.

Before discussing the music of the Indians, let me acquaint the reader with some things pertaining to Indian civilization which may make some of the things I may say about the music less astonishing. The only Indian tribes that are now increasing are those which have been isolated from civilization—the Pueblo Indians of the Southwest. These Indians who tenant the same territory which their ancestors tenanted hundreds of years ago are believed by many ethnologists to be the lineal descendants of the Cliff Dwellers and Aztecs. Their great hero is still Montezuma, as it was in the days of Cortez. They are agriculturists and are often very thrifty. It is said that

the percentage of morality among these Indians is often higher than that found in our own large cities. Among the Taos Pueblos it is reported that divorce has never been known. Among themselves the honor system is everything. If an Indian council decrees that an Indian is to die, the prisoner is not confined. He goes himself to meet his death at the appointed hour, with a sense of honor that is inexplicable to the white man.

Of all the Indian music I have investigated, that of the Pueblo Songs is probably better marked than that of the Indian music of the tepee or the timber. This may be due to association with the early Spaniards or it may not. Who knows? The ceremonial songs are both spiritual and religious. The strong psychic character of these works is shown by the fact that the Indian regards them as "good medicine," since they are supposed to communicate with the unseen, the supernatural, and thus work the miracles which he desires. Such songs are those to Montezuma or to the animal spirits—the deer, the turtle, the eagle or the buffalo.

Few people know that certain characteristics apply only to certain tribes. For instance, the famous Snake Dance which the Hopi Indians indulge in, is peculiar to that tribe. The object is to acquaint the rattlesnakes of the vicinity with the fact that the Indians are good people and have no desire to injure them or the spirits they represent. The Indian dances in a circle with a live rattlesnake in the mouth. The snake's attention is, however, diverted by another dancer, who carries a feather on the end of a staff. The dancers fast for nine days before the dance, and if they are bitten they wrap themselves up in a blanket and continue the fast, with the administration of some herbal medicine. The bite is not said to be fatal. After a certain number of days, the Indian dancer is as good as ever again. Nature seeks to work a cure, although the

bite is usually a life or death matter with the white man. The music for the snake ceremonial dance is wild and extreme, as may be imagined, but is a matter of the greatest seriousness to the Indians.

Just as the Snake Dance is peculiar to one tribe, so are certain trades and occupations peculiar to others. The Navajos, for instance, are the only tribal blanket weavers; bead work is done by other tribes; pottery by others; basketry by others, and so on. When we remember that, like the peasants of Russia, the Indian has occupational songs for almost everything he does, the fund of material available for composition purposes is inexhaustible. It has always been my feeling that this material should not be dragged into musical composition where the purpose is more archeological than musical. Unless these themes can be idealized and presented in a way that does not destroy the original flavor, and unless the composer can see the beauties of them, he had better not attempt them. They must stand on their own musical merit or not at all.

The Indian's burlesque songs include his Pleasure Dances, the Owl Dance, the Sage Hen Dance. These are often done as a kind of improvised dramatization of certain things that have happened in the tribe during the past few moons. In that way they are not so very different from the dramatization of the king's murder which Hamlet played before his father. These songs and dances are often improvised in vindication of the virtue of some member of the tribe who has been subjected to scandal. Again, some brave will boast about his victories, or of how many horses he has stolen (remember that among the Indians, of days gone by, horse stealing was a virtue).

In contrast to the burlesque songs are the spiritual songs, such as Tobacco Planting Song, in which the leaves are burned as incense, the Medicine Pipe Songs, the Ghost Songs for both good and bad ghosts. The priest, in sing-

ing such a song, claims communication with the Great Spirit. In singing them, the Indian is so earnest that they are often very impressive.

Lastly, we have the love songs and the flute melodies. The flute, the tom-tom, the big drum and the rattle constitute the Indian's orchestra. That, however, is a misnomer, as these instruments are never played in ensemble purposely as a part of a regular song. The big drum and the tom-tom are, it is true, sometimes used together.

Indian flutes are of various kinds, and usually take the form of a flageolet, in that they are blown from the end. As a rule they have six intervals. I have a Cheyenne flute, however, with five holes, and a Hopi Indian flute with four. Nowadays one may find them made of wood, gas-pipe, beaten silver and bone.

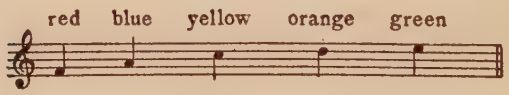
In singing the Indians know nothing of harmony. I have never heard Indians attempt to harmonize. In the Squaw Song, the squaw will chime in at times one octave higher to produce some desired effect, but otherwise the music is wholly in unison.

The Indian musician is very proud of his voice. Indeed, he does not welcome any rivals. The one with the largest compass is supreme. Some have developed abnormally high voices, which are not what are commonly called the effeminate falsetto voices. The man who has the biggest compass and knows by rote the most songs is the best musician. The Indians are very particular that the songs be given accurately and resent any tampering with them. They do, however, recognize an idealized song, when it is well executed, and as everything beautiful implies to them the power of the superhuman, they delight in it. It is a very grateful task indeed to play some of my own songs for the Indians—they can trace the relationship between the original theme and the idealized song—notwithstanding the fact that the piano with its equal-tempered scale is in

no way able to encompass the Indian's split intervals or his portamentos.

A great many of the dance songs have nine measures; that is, a group of five measures followed by four. These are marked by drum beats. The war dances are for the most part in 2/4 rhythm. Practically all of the other songs and dances are in 6/8 rhythm.

There is very little deliberate or systematic private musical education of the children of the tribes. It is true that, in many of the dances, the children are gathered in the middle, and in that way they hear the melodies that they never forget. Little children of six, seven, eight, nine and ten often catch them very easily. The Sun Priests of the Pueblos teach the young in morals, etc., but I do not recollect whether they give special instruction in music. The Zunis, however, about which Carlos Troyer has written so effectively, do teach their young seven tones of the scale and curiously enough associate colors with them. These scale intervals may be approximated in our notation by the following:



This, however, only gives the tonal pillars around which revolve many tones, which are so minute in their intervals that they cannot be put down in print.

The greatest similarity among the music of different tribes is certainly in the war songs. One can see a certain unmistakable resemblance in many of them, but this is probably due to the similarity in rhythm. The Sioux, however, have different war songs. The music is often very imitative. The long, chilling yowls of the coyote, the

braying of the hungry wolf, the growls and snorts of the bear, the caw of the crow and the melancholy hoot of the owl are all manifested. The singing is done with surprising expression. In the eagle dance, for instance, the soaring of the eagle as he flies from rock to crag is connotated by wonderful *pianissimos* rising to astonishing *fortes.*

Many readers will doubtless be amazed to learn that for the most part only in the Love Songs and in the Prayers or Petitions to the Spirits are words used. Other songs are sung to syllables as vocalizes are sung. The syllables most frequently used are:

Hay-uh and *High-uh.*

Strange to say, tribes thousands of miles apart will use these syllables. They seem to be the easiest for the Indian to vocalize. They sing with no visible movement of their lips or jaws. In other words, they rarely open their mouths as we do. The opening is just a little slip. Their voices, especially in the low tones, are marvelously resonant. Their endurance is beyond belief. For a singer to sing continuously for twenty-four hours is in no way extraordinary. Imagine a recital or an opera twenty-four hours long—wouldn't it have made Richard Wagner jealous? The only good "good medicine" for the voice, according to the Indian, is what we call "calamus" root. If anything gets the matter with his throat he instinctively goes and digs up some calamus root, just as a dog will eat grass when he feels that he needs it. I hope that I am not starting patent medicine advertisement.

The carrying power of Indian voices surpasses belief. I have heard Crow Indians, where there have been eighteen or twenty singers singing in perfect unison, eight, nine and ten miles away. I should explain that this phenome-

non must partly be due to the fact that this was heard in a dry, cold atmosphere twenty to twenty-five degrees below zero. Accompanying such singing would be six or seven drummers beating upon huge drums made from the entire skins of beavers mounted on wooden posts. The skins are wet with water and then red-hot stones are brought in and placed under them until they steam and steam. Then they are as taut as the best tympani in your symphony orchestra. The players spank them with rods topped with calico balls. Added to the singing and the beating of the huge drums are the playing of tom-toms. Approach this through the forests and over the mountain ranges in the middle of a dark February night, when the mercury thermometer has resigned in favor of alcohol, and you will get a dramatic thrill you will never forget. Alas, it is a thrill reserved for only a few.



ERNEST HUTCHESON

ADULTS AND PIANO STUDY

ERNEST HUTCHESON

Biographical

Ernest Hutcheson was born at Melbourne, Australia, July 20, 1871. *His talents were recognized so early that he was classed as a "wonder" child. His first teacher of note was Max Vogrich. At the age of five he made an extended tour of Australia. His talent was so pronounced that he was taken to the Leipzig Conservatory where he became a pupil of Reinecke and others, graduating in* 1890. *He was then sent to the noted Liszt pupil, Stavenhagen, in Weimar. During the following ten years he devoted most of his time to teaching and practice, making his first mature tour in* 1900, *when he played with notable success in Germany, England and Russia. In* 1907 *he came to America, playing occasionally with success but studying by himself continually and doing much teaching. For a time he was head of the piano department of the Peabody Conservatory in Baltimore. In* 1912 *he returned to Europe, meeting with enormous success at all his public performances. Returning to America in* 1915 *he played at a single concert in New York the Liszt "E-Flat Concerto," the Tschaikowsky "B-Flat Minor Concerto," and the MacDowell "D Minor Concerto"; a mastodonic feat which naturally created a sensation.*

Is there a time when progress is hopeless? This question is a very "live" one to the many students of mature years who find progress discouragingly slow, to many teachers who in the stress of work have been obliged to neglect their playing until it seems to have gone beyond recall.

Obviously, in considering the question, technical capacity offers the most critical point, for undoubtedly this is most easily developed in childhood or youth, most hampered by a late start, most quickly impaired by lack of practice. Yet even here no one need despair.

The scientist will probably tell you that our physical powers normally increase up to the age of thirty, then remain constant for about fifteen years, and gradually wane after the age of forty-five. The average is less favorable in certain pursuits; for example, prize-fighting. In piano playing, on the other hand, it is more favorable. Saint-Saëns, at the very advanced age of eighty, still possessed phenomenal speed, accuracy and flexibility. Many of the best pianists living have perceptibly bettered their technic after the age of forty. Has the musical world noticed any recent deterioration in Hofmann, Bauer, Lhévinne and others? Quite the reverse; they have improved steadily, even on the mechanical side.

It is true that certain great geniuses, after reaching maturity, become noticeably careless of small details. They are so occupied with the spirit that to some extent they lost interest in the letter. Rubinstein was a notable case in point. When this happens, the public rarely fails to discern the truth; it, too, willingly sets the spirit above the letter, and finds compensation for the smaller loss in the greater gain. It is true, too, that the preservation of high technical ability depends largely on the solidity of the foundation. Saint-Saëns had behind him the painstaking finish of the French training; Lhévinne went through the long and severe discipline of the Russian schools; and similarly did others.

Given a good foundation, then, there is no reasonable limit or period to technical accomplishment. Further, a well-grounded technic is often recovered without undue difficulty, after long neglect. I know several fine young

pianists who served in the war, perforce giving up their playing entirely for a year or two. Released, they reached their old proficiency in a few weeks. During this season we have witnessed the triumphal return of Paderewski to the concert platform after no less than five years of pianistic inactivity.

Such things are possible because all technic is essentially *mental.* The mind controls the body, and the mind must remain in control of the playing mechanism if that mechanism is to function adequately. If Hofmann is a greater interpreter of music than you are, you know quite well that it is because he has a better musical mind. Perhaps, however, you think that his superiority in speed and lucidity is due to some inherent difference of hand and finger? Not a bit of it! He excels you in speed and lucidity of *mind,* and his mind directs his fingers, just as your mind directs your fingers, and with exactly proportionate results. It is not by exercising his fingers on the keys, but by exercising his mind on his fingers, that he has attained his perfection of technic.

What may be said, however, of the player who has reached adult years without having secured a good foundation? What hope may be held out in this case?

While it is true that a *virtuoso* technic is only possible if a solid foundation is laid in early years, a good action is *never* impossible to acquire. A good action is the proper basis of technic; without it limitations and difficulties will always be felt; with it you can build indefinitely, according to your diligence, mental equipment, and the time you spend on it. With a good action, you can always get all the technic you can use. Few persons need or could use a virtuoso technic, and no one should lament an inability to play the whole piano literature.

Now the technical troubles of most players are readily traced to some elementary fault of action—a heavy arm,

a stiff wrist, a bad hand-position, or poor finger-training. These are all very simple things, and the fault may be corrected at any time or any age, because it is purely a matter of habit.

A whole sermon might be preached on habit. The student is apt to believe that fixed old habits are almost impossible to overcome. I should do them a very great service if I could thoroughly disabuse their minds of this nonsense; for nonsense it is. If you go about it properly; that is, with a determined spirit and a rational mind, *you can establish any new habit in about three days.* Not permanently, but well enough for your purpose. Please consider these points:

1. *Do a thing a hundred times per day, fifty times one way and fifty times another way, and you will not establish a habit.*

2. *Do a thing ten times a day, eight times one way and twice another way, and you will establish a likelihood but not a habit.*

3. *Do a thing five times per day, always the same way, and you will very quickly establish a habit.*

It does not matter a particle how old or fixed a habit is, ignore it, think only of the new habit, and you cannot help succeeding. The power of habit is indeed strong; but the power of the new habit is as strong as the power of the old.

Behind faults of action such as have been mentioned above, there usually lies a hindering mental condition. Often it is a false belief in the difficulty of the thing to be done, bringing about a tense approach to the task and some form of stiffness. This is the wrong kind of concentration. Or it may be a limp want of directed effort, resulting in some form of unclearness—the wrong kind of relaxation. This brings us back to mental control, and I insist again that you cannot progress unless you use

your mind. In fact, it might well be argued that the adult, in general, learns less quickly than the child because his mind has been allowed to become comparatively inactive—not because he is older.

Still, do not be discouraged if, as you continue your work, progress seems increasingly slow. Of course it does! When you know little, you can add enormously to your knowledge with very small effort. Knowing much, it is harder to add. As Oliver Wendell Holmes says, you can pour out nine-tenths of a jar of honey in a minute, but you can hold the jar upside down for a long time before you get rid of the other tenth.

Outside of technic the most serious problem in relation to adult progress is that of memory. But again, if your mind is functioning properly, there should be no great difficulty. The memory, normally used, is singularly reliable. Scientists assert that our subconscious memory is infallible, that it *always* remembers *everything*. I am not writing a scientific treatise, so I content myself with pointing out that normally the memory only fails in extreme old age, and even then what I may call the "professional" memory is often retained. I knew a celebrated preacher who in his last years sometimes forgot the persons and names of his own family, but was absolutely dependable in the pulpit for a coherent sermon.

The rest is plain sailing. There is no conceivable barrier to unlimited progress, at any age, in the purely artistic qualities of playing. Added maturity, wisdom, aesthetic sense and experience, all tend to widen the scope of interpretation. Year after year, the value of a personality should augment in every way, and especially in its chosen field of expression. The pianist who fails to progress has become a stagnant personality. Arrested development is unnecessary, unnatural and immoral. The lesson of the parable of the talents is as vital today as when it was first spoken.

PATHS TO AN AMERICAN NATIONAL SCHOOL OF MUSIC

REGINALD DE KOVEN

Biographical

Reginald De Koven, whose operas and songs made him one of the foremost of American composers, was born at Middletown, Conn., April 3d. Although the descendant of several old American families he was taken to Europe when he was eleven years of age, because his father, a clergyman, was obliged to go abroad for his health. The youth was accordingly educated in distinguished European institutions, taking his degree from St. John's College, Oxford, in 1880. *In Germany he graduated from the Stuttgart Conservatorium, where his teachers were W. Spiedel, Lebert and Pruckner. He also studied composition under Dr. Hauff in Frankfort. In Italy he studied singing under Vanuccini, and in Paris he studied composition under Delibes and in Vienna under Genee. For six years he was the conductor of the Washington Symphony Orchestra. With this thorough drilling in every branch of the art, combined with a rare melodic gift, it is not surprising to note the immense success of many of his works. "Robin Hood"* (1890) *has been given* 16,000 *times.*

De Koven wrote over forty works for the stage, most of which have been signal successes. His "Canterbury Pilgrims," produced at the Metropolitan Opera House last year, and based upon the fine libretto of Percy Mackaye, proved so successful that it was retained in the repertory of the company for two seasons. De Koven wrote over three hundred songs, several of which have become the most popular works of their time. Reginald de Koven died January 16, 1920.

The interest in American music and music in America is by no means a matter of recent development. American



REGINALD DE KOVEN

operas were being heard in the forties, and at the time of our Civil War there were many men in both the North and the South who had great ambitions for the future of the art in our country. Sidney Lanier is a notable example. Although he descended from a famous family of musicians, and although he was an accomplished musician himself he realized that it was through his prophetic poetry that he could accomplish the most for American music.

The time for prophecy is now, however, long since past, and America has, thanks to those musicians who have given their lives to the higher ideals of the art in this country, now come to a place where American musical art has begun to be a force in our national development. Yet we have even now no American music that is distinctive and recognizable as such. Some reasons for this may be noted:

I. The fact that music is the last art to develop.

II. The fact that our Puritan ancestors and our Quaker ancestors not only did not favor music, but actually fought it "tooth and nail."

III. The fact that the dominant commercialism of this country has denied to man the right to pursue an art, and still remain untainted with this same commercialism.

IV. The fact that musical snobbery in the past, and unfortunately in a very large measure even to this day, seems to prefer foreign artists to native-born American artists and composers.

V. The fact that our lack of musical atmosphere and musical material has hampered the musician in expressing himself in a national way.

VI. The fact that all our best musicians, with few exceptions, have been trained abroad under foreign influences and therefore express themselves in accord with their training.

The result of all this (and it is a serious result) is that our musical education hitherto has been from the top down and not from the bottom up. It has been grafted upon us and is not the native growth. There is really no such thing as American music in the bigger sense. Europeanized Indian chants or Negro melodies, whether written in symphonic form or not are surely not national in their meaning or their influence. As a nation we were still a collection of hyphenates lacking a national voice. The Civil War—the great battle of brothers—came at a time when our national cultural eyes were just opening. When the nation should have been most united it was separated by thirty years of hate and prejudice. This did not disappear until the Spanish War again made us one. The great impetus in American music has all occurred since the Spanish War. Sectional discords died out and we became for the first time in modern times a United States.

With the call to arms of the Great War Americans again felt the uplift of patriotism. From the horrible welter of the world war we emerge, not a nation of hyphenates, but a nation of Americans, a democracy of races united as brothers in a manner that the world has not seen hitherto. Such a nation must truly be "of the people, by the people, for the people." It is because of this that Americans realized that song was the one great thing of the hour. Rejoice that you are a musician in this great day in our national life. It is song that shall weld with the white heat of patriotism and brotherhood those bonds which shall make America the real commonwealth of material and spiritual freedom.

I am always immensely amused when the very superior people, who imagine that the musical progress and good taste of the country is to be controlled and directed by their judgment, revile the popular song. Some of the popular songs of yesterday were admittedly pretty bad.

It is a very encouraging fact that the artistic value of the popular song is being raised. But the popular songs of yesterday, even though they were in some instances bad, were necessary to develop latent musical interest. They were the steps upon which to climb toward a national musical expression.

Twenty or twenty-five years ago in America the average theater audience was composed for the most part of the educated and cultured classes. But, as during these last twenty-five years, theaters and places of amusement have multiplied exceedingly, the taste and culture of the consequently multiplied audiences have inevitably decreased in direct ratio to their numbers, and this must be held to account for the present wholly unsatisfactory condition of the musical stage in America, so that anything like an artistic musical piece does not exist outside of the Metropolitan Opera House. The good light operas as musical pieces of ten or fifteen years ago has degenerated into vulgar banal, formless and meretricious "reviews." But having reached the bottom we have now the chance to build us, and the public having been accustomed to music as a pleasurable sensation are now beginning to ask for something better, especially in their songs.

It may be that even the need for using foreign names is passing. Perhaps Lillian Norton, had she lived today, would have been Lillian Norton and not Mme. Nordica, just as Emma Wixon would have been Emma Wixon and not Mme. Nevada. They would have been proud of their Americanism and America would have been proud of them. Could Farrar have been a greater success if her name had been Farrarini, or David Bispham a greater success if his name had been Bisphamovitch?

The community spirit in music will certainly teach our people to have a new reverence for our American music workers. I have never been willing to glorify

exclusively our poets, painters, philosophers, authors, architects, statesmen and inventors at the expense of and to the exclusion of our musicians and composers. Why is this? Why should we not all be as proud of MacDowell, Chadwick, Foote, Hadley, Parker, Mrs. Beach, Nevin, Cadman, Kelly and many others of the same rank and accomplishment as we are of Longfellow, Poe, Howe, Stuart, Whitman, MacMonies, Edison, Lincoln, Emerson or Washington? Where does the difference come? Has it not been due to snobbery pure and simple? My old friend, Edward MacDowell, often said to me: "I refuse absolutely to be coddled as an American composer, but I do claim, if I write music worthy of an American, that I shall not be discriminated against for being an American."



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MME. MARGUERITE MATZENAUER

GET A MUSICAL EDUCATION FIRST

MME. MARGUERITE MATZENAUER

BIOGRAPHICAL

Mme. Matzenauer was born at Temesvar, Hungary. Her father was an orchestral conductor and her mother a dramatic soprano. Her first impulse was to become an actress, but with the development of her voice she was placed under the instruction of Mme. Neuendorff, in Graz, and later Antonia Mielke and Franz Emerich. Her debut occurred as Puck in "Oberon" in the Opera at Strassburg. This was followed by a three-year engagement. From 1904 *to* 1911 *she sang the leading contralto parts at the Court Opera in Munich and at the Prinz-Regenten Theatre. In* 1911 *she sang at Bayreuth. In the same year she made her debut at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. Since then she has sung at Buenos Aires as well as London, Paris, Madrid, Berlin, Vienna, Hamburg, Frankfurt, and has also devoted much of her time to concert tours all over the U. S. A.*

"Get a musical education first." That is a sentence which should be written over the door of every vocal studio and every school where voice is taught. There are numberless singers who have been crippled throughout their entire careers because they have not had any inkling of the background of music. In their childhood they have perhaps aspired to become singers. Some fond parent has discovered what he believed was an unusual voice. Then either one of two things happens—the child is sent to a teacher with experience and a conscience, who tells the parent that it is not safe to begin vocal instruction in childhood; or the child is sent to an ignoramus or a

charlatan, who will do anything to get money and actually tries to teach the child things which should be given only to the mature person.

This is particularly the case with girls. The girl who sings about in her childhood in a natural way, rarely does any harm to her voice. Let her fall into the hands of the ignoramus or the charlatan—particularly the charlatan with a method—and a burden is placed upon the voice. The child's pride is aroused. She likes to show off before her friends. She likes to "hit" high notes and does so all the more when she finds that they are the sure bait for ignorant applause. Before she really is old enough for proper instruction in singing her voice will already show signs of wear. Now and then a particularly strong voice survives; but there are numerous instances of children who did show a great deal of promise whose voices have been destroyed by ignorant teachers. It has always seemed to me that seventeen or eighteen years of age is sufficiently early for the girl to commence actual vocal study.

No actual time will be lost by waiting until sixteen and seventeen. In fact, the girl should keep very industriously employed every day of her youth in getting a musical background. Music has advanced so enormously that it is difficult to get the right kind of a foundation in ten years. In the same time the girl is supposed to get a good general education, keep her health and have a little of the fun to which all young people are entitled.

My strong advice would be to have all vocal students start with the piano at about the age of six or seven (earlier if the conditions are propitious). After a knowledge of the literature of the piano has been secured, so that the student can play with facility, attention should be given to the operatic scores. It is assumed that the

student has also had lessons in harmony and knows something of the instruments of the orchestra.

My father was a conductor at the Opera and my mother was a prima donna. Fate had not been altogether kind to them; and, owing to various political conditions, positions in the opera houses were not any too secure. It was for this reason that it was decided that I was not to follow a stage career. My father and mother expected me to become a pianist. Therefore, I had a very careful training. I was not advanced to the virtuoso stage, but I was able to play such things as Chopin *Nocturnes* and Beethoven *Sonatas*. This has been of enormous advantage to me all my professional life. In the first place, I have not been dependent upon a "coach"; and in the second place the piano is an instrument which gives one such a fine insight of the whole background of music that it enabled me to learn scores thoroughly and accurately in far less time.

Moreover, it is extremely difficult for the singer to study the piano later in life when there is so much else to learn and so many other things to think about. Therefore, if you have a daughter whom you expect to have become an opera singer at some time, do not fail to give her a thorough drilling at the keyboard. My father used to play with me such works as the *Euryanthe Overture* and the *Meistersinger Vorspiel* in four-hand arrangements. Thus I had the opportunity early in life of absorbing certain musical characteristics which can come only from long experience with operatic music.

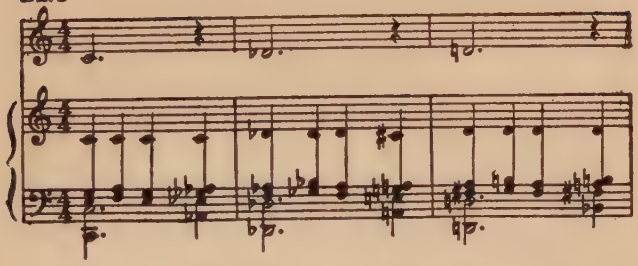
One of the greatest curses of the operatic stage is the coddling of mediocrity. There is no profession in the world more terrible than that of opera, if you have not climbed to the top of the ladder. Unless the child shows indications of being something very extraordinary, better not think of a stage career. Get a fine musical ed-

ucation, of course, that will be a delight and a joy as long as you live, but keep away from the professional side of opera. I believe in this firmly. My daughter does not show distinctive operatic talent, and for that reason I am not giving her such training. It is far better for the girl to be happily married and at the head of a fine home than to struggle through the terrific battle of operatic life, unless she is endowed by nature with exceptional gifts.

One other word of caution seems necessary in addressing American girls. They do not seem to realize that the voice has to be trained and built like the muscles of the athlete. The strain of singing in opera is nothing short of enormous. Only the very best voices, housed in strong bodies and carefully and thoroughly trained, will stand this strain. The average parent has no idea of this. Let him stand in a huge armory and try to talk for an hour in a loud tone of voice and he will grasp what I mean. The American girl who steps from the studio (after a few short months of training) to the operatic stage, is very likely to be doomed to tragic disappointment. She should have acquired her strength under a skilled trainer, just as the athlete trains in the gymnasium and on the track. The impatience of the American girl and the American parent to get quick results and sudden fame has been responsible for many failures. Wait! Don't hurry! There is plenty of time! The period of study may be expensive, but it is far more expensive to fail.

My mother, fortunately, had been a pupil of Mathilde Marchesi, and she started me with my first vocal work. Some readers may possibly know the famous Marchesi *Elementary Exercises for the Development of the Voice* (*Exercises Elementaires Gradues pour le Developpement de la Voix*). Marchesi believed that the first exercises should be in half-tones, thus:

Ex. 1



In this way each scale within the range of the voice was treated, the exercises being sung very slowly indeed. This chromatic study of the scale was excellent for intonation—that is, correct pitch. It is possibly better than starting with the regular scale tones. The regular scale was, however, Marchesi's next step, in an exercise like this:

Ex. 2



These Marchesi exercises advance to the trill, the mordent and the grupetto, and, while not difficult technically, do nevertheless embody all those simple things which are, after all, the most difficult to do when they are done well. While the exercises in themselves are important (and the Marchesi Exercises may be obtained in many editions), the manner of singing them is more important. Voice is one of the arts in which a teacher in

person seems imperative. Few artists succeed in doing entirely without a teacher. One's own ear is treacherous. The teacher who fearlessly points out faults and suggests remedies for their correction often hears the singer far better than the singer does herself. Nevertheless, one must form the habit of incessant self-correction and self-analysis. As long as the singer lives there are the daily problems of how to improve, how to advance in art. Without these the life would be very dull and uninteresting indeed.

Rest is very desirable for the voice. I know that there are singers who contend that they exercise their voices every day, even while on their vacations. I don't. I am convinced that if the voice is properly trained one may take even a long vacation and resume work again after a little preliminary practice, with definite gains for the voice. One does not forget how to walk, or how to swim, or how to speak; and if singing is natural, one should not forget how to sing.



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OWEN WISTER

SOME ASPECTS OF AMERICA'S ADVANCE IN MUSIC ART

OWEN WISTER

BIOGRAPHICAL

Owen Wister was born in Philadelphia, June 14, 1860. *His family is one of the most distinguished of the Quaker City. The biographical dictionaries make mention of the fact that he received his A.B. degree from Harvard University in* 1882, *followed by A.M. and L.L.B. in* 1888; *that he was admitted to the Bar in* 1889; *that he has been engaged in literary work since* 1891; *that he is an Overseer of Harvard University; that he is author of a long list of notable novels, including "The Virginian"; that he has written a number of important political essays, such as "The Pentecost of Calamity"; that he is a member of many learned societies; that he has received distinctions innumerable, but no mention whatever is made of the very significant fact that his training and ambition up to the time he commenced his legal studies were focused upon becoming a professional musician, a composer; that he won the enthusiastic praise of world-famous music critics, and that he still retains a deep interest in the art. His own relation of the incidents of his musical activity makes one of the most interesting and surprising stories of the annals of our complex musical life.*

When we speak of the musical advance in our country, we must not forget that there were over fifty years ago, in America, certain roots of musical culture which, however attenuated, were nevertheless active forerunners of the present notable and widespread interest and enterprise in the music art of today: Numerous American families

had representative members well versed in music; and it was my privilege to have been born in a family where music was hereditary, as it also was in my wife's family.

My mother and I used to play four-handed arrangements upon the pianoforte—Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert; she formed my taste.

Once when in late years I was playing Mendelssohn's charming overture, *Die Schoene Melusine* (Opus 32), with my eldest daughter, I was able to tell her that from those same pages I had played the same overture with her great-grandmother, Fanny Kemble, who was the daughter of a well-known musician named Decamp; with her grandmother, Mrs. Owen Jones Wister; her mother, and my own great-grandmother, Mrs. Charles Kemble. My great-aunt, Adelaide Kemble, was a singer of note, and her favorite role was *Norma*.

My earliest musical recollections are those of hearing my mother play Beethoven *Sonatas* and some of the works of Chopin. My lullabies were played upon the piano rather than sung; although my mother did sing Schubert and Franz, as well as cradle songs. The piano fascinated me. It seemed a very wonderful thing to be able to make one's fingers fly over the keys and produce beautiful music. My mother's playing has been unforgettable. Why is it that the music one's mother plays seems so different, so distinctive from that of all others? The mother influence in art is always a vivid one, and many an artist of the past has merely translated into his own career the ambitions and impulses of his mother.

Fortunately, at about the age of seven or eight, I was started in the study of Solfeggios under a Mr. Bishop, of Philadelphia. It is hard to imagine a better foundation of ultimate musicianship. Before one can get very far in music one must learn the keys, the intervals and the chords. These are the vocabulary of the art. I have a

strong feeling that one can learn them better by singing them than in any other way. Singing seems to fix the relation of the notes in the mind as nothing else does.

At the age of ten I was taken to Hofwyl, a school near Berne, in Switzerland. There I was given my first lessons in pianoforte playing. These continued in other places for some three years. Coming back to America I went for five years to St. Paul's School at Concord, New Hampshire, where the organist and choir director was James C. Knox, writer of much excellent church music and composer of the well-known anthem, *O Pray for the Peace of Jerusalem.* His musical taste was like my mother's—perfect. It was from them I heard the first strains of Wagner, when Wagner was almost unknown here.

At eighteen I went to Harvard, where I became the pupil of the well-known American composer and educator, John Knowles Paine. Paine was an admirable musician who was sometimes given the name of being more erudite than practical. This, however, was not the case; he was a splendid performer upon the organ and produced many works for chorus and orchestra. He gave many organ concerts in Germany and in the United States. He went to Harvard as a teacher of music in 1862, and became Professor of Music in 1875. He, like scores of teachers of theory in that by-gone era, refused to recognize as legitimate, many harmonies which today seem like Sunday-school commonplaces, and which I was rather prone to use in the exercises I wrote for him. The musical receptivity of the public the world over has advanced enormously during the past fifty years. Sometimes I feel that this advance is more notable than the progress of the art itself. upon the trained intelligence of listeners. Paine, who died Music, in order to develop, must depend upon the ear and in 1906, went through a period of strict classicalism, fol-

lowed by an indulgence in romanticism. He would probably, nevertheless, enjoy as little as most of us some of the orgies of cacophony which are brayed by orchestras continually in this day. His music for the Sophocles trophy, *Œdipus Tyrannus,* was his highest achievement and deserves to be revived more frequently. He wrote the words and text of a Grand Opera, *Azara,* which was published in 1901.

It should be remembered that when I was at Harvard, music in this relation to University life was still regarded by many as something of an experiment and by others as an intrusion upon the conservative academic plan of study. Professor Paine, and Professor Hugh A. Clarke, at the University of Pennsylvania, were the first University professors of music in America; and both were appointed as recently as 1875. In the English Universities the post of Professor of Music has existed for hundreds of years. Among Harvard students, Arthur Foote, Converse, Carpenter and Hill are well-known musicians today. Foote preceded, the others followed me. Frederick Russel Burton was in my class. Burton received his entire musical education at Harvard. He later became conductor of a notable choral society in Yonkers and also a music critic for the New York *Sun.* He published an excellent work on the Songs of the Ojibway Indians and in 1898 produced a dramatic cantata, *Hiawatha,* employing real Indian themes.

Upon graduation in music from Harvard, I took highest honors in that course with a *Sonata,* a comic opera in three acts, and some fugues. During college, I wrote three comic operas with Thomas Whaton. I have written eight altogether, none ever offered to a manager, three privately performed. In my senior year I wrote the text and some of the music for our Hasty Pudding Show, *Dido and Æneas,* the first Hasty Pudding opera which

had an orchestra. It was played in Boston, New York and Philadelphia. Some manager made us an offer to go on "The New England Circuit," but we had our degrees to get. I also had two or three things published at that time, one of which I remember was a dance of the semi-popular sort. I was very proud to have this become one of the favorites at the dancing class.

At twenty-two came one of the great events of my early life. I went to Europe and it was my wonderful fortune to come to know Franz Liszt. Imagine my excitement and my trepidation when I learned that the great master had consented to have me play for him one of my own compositions and that the audition was to occur in Wagner's home, "Wahnfried." To see Liszt once was to remember him always. I was lucky enough to see him several times. I played for him, at Wahnfried, an operatic duo, *Merlin and Vivien.* He was most encouraging and said in French that I had *"un talent prononcé pour la musique."*

He advised me to continue my studies, and I then went for one year to Paris where I studied with Ernest Giraud. At that time my sole thought was that of making music my profession. Circumstances called me back to America, and I returned to Harvard where I entered the Law School. Upon graduation I was admitted to the Bar in Philadelphia. My practice was short-lived, because I soon found myself writing stories. The public and the publishers demanded more and more of my writings, and since that time music has been compelled to step to the background. Nevertheless, I have never lost my great love for the art and find myself continually writing music. Indeed I have just completed another comic opera, *The Honey Moonshiners,* which will be given by the Tavern Club in Boston this year.

It is a great gratification for me to see the vastly

different attitude of the public towards music in this day. At Harvard, for instance, there is a totally different sense of appreciation of the art. This is in a large measure due to the very liberal attitude of President Emeritus Dr. Charles W. Eliot. In Paine's day, whenever Harvard was poor the corporation said, abolish the Music Department. To this advice Mr. Eliot never listened. Today the Music Department stands Dean, Premier and Consulting Engineer for all others. It has drawn students from all over the country. The methods of Professor Walter R. Spalding have been widely adopted, even in France at the University of Toulouse. Music in university work is of course largely theoretical; but I cannot see why there should be any legitimate objections to the study of practical musical work in the modern university. The world cries for trained men. The universities are supposed to furnish them. The modern university without fine equipments for practical study of chemistry, engineering or medicine would feel itself woefully behind the times. Why should not the musician have every possible facility for practical study of the instruments as well as for theoretical study? The chemist has his laboratory, the athlete his gymnasium, the doctor his hospital.

Of course some universities, such as Harvard, are so located that there are fine adjacent conservatories where piano and other instruments are taught and there is really no need for creating a "musical laboratory" on the campus to teach these instruments.

In the field of composition America unquestionably suffered from the Puritan pall which shrouded so much of our early creative work. In music the effect was terrible. The English have never been a profound musical race; and even at that time, some fifty years after the landing at Plymouth Rock, when England was revel-

ing in the beautiful music of Purcell, our blue-nosed Pilgrim and Quaker forefathers were finding in music the double-distilled quintessence of fire and brimstone. It is difficult to estimate the damage done to music by the Puritan commonwealth. The genius of Purcell was one in which the British people have reason to glory. Unfortunately, they were in poor position to promote it; and when the overwhelming genius of Handel arrived, the native composer was neglected—a misfortune for which Britons even today are trying to atone.

In America the situation, in so far as composition is concerned, is most hopeful at this time. We have our men of Anglo-Saxon heritage, such as John Alden Carpenter, Foote, Hadley, Converse, all musicians with most excellent technical training. We have had the Celtic MacDowell. Now we may expect a great admixture of blood of many different nations; and already in the works of younger composers, such as Sowerby and Hansen, this new note is to be heard. Have no fears about the music of the America of tomorrow. The whole world will listen to it.

Our equipment in music will excel that of the world. I refer to the schools cropping up in many parts of the country, with endowments which would have seemed enormous if they had come from an imperial hand instead of that of American manufacturers, merchants and publishers. Our orchestras command world attention. Charles Martin Loeffler, of Boston, told me that he considered the Philadelphia Orchestra the finest in existence. I certainly have heard nothing to equal it. I have heard the great orchestras of Europe, and there are many magnificent ones. I remember a particularly beautiful performance of the G Minor Symphony of Mozart, by the excellent orchestra of Barcelona, conducted by the brother of Pablo Casals.

The nations of Europe have long recognized the value of music to the State. To me this value seems enormous, because music adds greatly to the joy of life. It gives all an additional reward for existence. Its appeal is so broad and its effects are so exhilarating that its importance is immense. In religion it is indispensable, if only because it appeals so definitely to the emotions. A religion without emotion is worthless.

Music, as an art, may be best approached through the pianoforte; that is, unless one is preparing to make a specialty of some other instrument, it is perhaps a mistake to inaugurate a musical education with another instrument. There is nothing in the literature that cannot be explored through the piano. It is for this reason that I feel very strongly that everyone who desires to study music, whether the design is professional or amateur, should at first strive to gain a certain pianistic facility. The piano is easily the most practical instrument for this purpose, and the average student gets more from it.

The ability to play the piano, if merely for exploring purposes, is a valuable possession for anyone in these days when there is such a world interest in music. I rather pity the man or the woman who has not this ability, just as one is to be pitied who cannot read. The further this ability is developed the more interesting the subject becomes—precisely as the acquisition of the ability to read in foreign tongues widens and deepens one's outlook in literature.

This is peculiarly true in its relation to the American people. Probably we work harder and longer than most peoples. The strain is often terrific. The American man, deeply engrossed in business, has scant variety in his life. If he has learned to turn to music, he finds a precious relief from the grind. The turning toward

music in this country has become very marked in recent years. It seems to have come almost like a phenomenon. Certainly the interest in 1880 is not to be compared with that of today. The occasional concerts given at the Philadelphia Academy of Music, by Theodore Thomas and his wonderful orchestra, were played to half empty houses. Now there are queues around the whole square an hour before the doors open on orchestral nights.

Except drama, music is the only fine art which can be recreated wherever there is the right medium. By this I mean that in order to see the "Sistine Madonna" or the "Descent from the Cross" one has to travel to Europe. Photographic reproductions leave a great deal to be desired. With music, however, one may recreate a Beethoven Symphony in the backwoods, if one but has a proper instrument. I have been told that Handel's *Messiah,* for instance, is given in the little college town of Lindsborg, Kansas, in remarkable fashion, by a large chorus and orchestra. The St. Olaf Chorus of a small college town of Minnesota tours the East, singing the masterpieces of the early church composers in a fashion that wins the enthusiastic applause of great critics. The girl in the country town, with a little library of Bach, Beethoven, Haydn and Mozart, can get just as much joy from playing these works as if she lived in a great metropolis. Thus music grows daily more an American possession, instead of being, as it used to be, an American importation.

MUSIC COMPOSITION AS A FIELD FOR WOMEN

CARRIE JACOBS-BOND

Biographical

Carrie Jacobs-Bond was born at Janesville, Wisconsin, and was educated in music in that city under Professor C. G. Titcomb and Professor J. W. Bischoff, the celebrated blind composer, later of Washington, D. C. At the age of four she commenced to improvise at the piano in a way that attracted the serious attention of many. She has the remarkable gift of repeating by ear almost anything she has heard. Her story of how she became a composer and how she entered the publishing business is extraordinary in many ways. This is the first time that it has been given from this standpoint in its completeness. Combined with her balance of business ability and wholesome sanity, she has as well a broad, kindly, human outlook upon men, women and affairs. This, together with great energy and pluck, has made Mrs. Bond a success where thousands have failed. Only a woman endowed with diverse and versatile gifts could expect to achieve such a success.

Imagine a little girl with a tiny dog as her only confidant—a small, silky skye terrier, his bright eyes half-hidden under a fringe of fluffy hair, an animal intelligence that seemed to know and understand all that I said to him and a faithful little heart that never failed in sympathy. His name was Schneider, and many thousands saw and knew him, for he was none other than the very dog that Joseph Jefferson used at one time in his famous play, *Rip Van Winkle*. Jefferson came to Janesville and made a great friend of my grandfather, G. H. Davis.



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CARRIE JACOBS-BOND

I fell in love with the tiny dog, and when Jefferson left he gave the little creature to me. It was to Schneider that I first told my ambitions to become a song writer. Schneider was my friend, companion and confidant for five years. Then he died. We found him frozen in the snow. I hope those who do not love dogs will not smile at this incident, for it was one of the tragedies of my childhood. Every day until spring I went out in the yard to the tomb I had made in the snow for poor Schneider and combed the silky coat of my little friend until my mother forced me to bury him, which I did with my own hands. This was my first great grief, and it made a lasting impression upon me.

Music was a matter of the deepest concern to me, but I scarcely believe that my parents ever dreamed that I would devote my life to it. I was to be—like thousands and thousands of other women—a good wife, a good mother and a good housekeeper, etc.

One day, when I was about eight years old, Blind Tom came to town. It was a feature of his program to play a piece from memory after it had been performed for him just once. In order that there might be no mistake, my teacher, Professor Titcomb, played an original composition which Blind Tom could not possibly have heard before that time. He played it in fine fashion after once hearing it. Then someone said, "We have a little girl in our town who can do that, too." I was brought forward, and Blind Tom played an original march of his own, which I promptly repeated, to great applause. I was put down as a genius and was given the very best instruction the town afforded.

Years passed like a panorama. Many beautiful and many terrible things happened. After the death of my husband, Dr. Frank Lewis Bond, at Iron River, I moved to Chicago with my son, ready to do anything to earn a

living. At the time of my husband's death I had a lovely home, but with his passing everything changed and I found myself, as more than one doctor's wife has found herself, with very little. In leaving Michigan I lost my dower right to my home also, but I had been able to keep the furnishings which I took to Chicago, and there rented an apartment large enough to sublet and in this way earned barely enough to support myself and my boy for the first year. I managed to keep out of debt and now I scarcely know how I did it. The report that I was a seamstress is not altogether true. I really had not been practically educated in anything, but, like many other women twenty-five years ago, I knew how to make my own clothes. I did sew for some of my relatives and did a week's sewing in the house of a friend in return for an advertisement in her musical magazine. I think those hours in the six days that I sewed for her, trying to make myself believe that I was earning the money, were the longest hours of my life.

I also did china painting and was very successful at it—so successful, indeed, that it was later a question whether I would take up a musical career or make china painting my means of subsistence. As things turned out, the china painting went hand-in-hand with my music. For many years I designed and painted the covers for my songs with wild roses, the flower I took for my trade-mark, as it was the flower I loved the best. The past few years I have been too much occupied with other things to paint, but I always design the titles and have been very successful in finding artists who have painted more beautifully than I.

Perhaps you know, to begin with, I was too poor to hire anyone to write my verses or draw my little pages, so I had to do it all myself.

The first song that I ever wrote was a child's song,

which I sold many years ago, but the first song that I published was *I Love You Truly.* As I look back now I wish I could feel once more the thrill that came over me when my good friend, Mr. Nelson, who printed my songs whether I had the money to pay him or not (and who believed in me) handed me the first copy of *I Love You Truly,* and I realized that I had written the words and music, that I had drawn the title page, and that I believed, even though I could not sing, that I could go out into the world and make somebody buy that song. Well, I did this with many songs; in fact, my songs were given their publicity by my singing them in homes of my good friends. They generally paid me $10 for my services, which I presume now was a pretty big price for the way I did my work.

My musical work was not altogether unknown in Chicago. Two publishers had accepted and issued some of my songs. However, I realized that if they were to pay me the amount I *must* have, the promotion that these publishers were giving the works and the returns therefrom were entirely inadequate. A song is like any other piece of merchandise when you consider it from the commercial standpoint. Write the best song in the world and lock it up, and it is a dead issue. I had always desired to be in business, and accordingly I decided to publish my own songs. My son was growing up and I realized that in him I would have a fine aide in the matter of business details later.

Had I known then what I know now—had I even imagined the terrible hardships, humiliations—yes, even cold and hunger—I do not believe that I would have had the courage to make a start. Let me give you one little example. When I had published about twenty-five songs I showed them to Mr. David Bispham (always a noble friend to ambitious and deserving workers), who was to

give a great recital at the leading hall in Chicago. The songs pleased him and he agreed to put them on his program. The manager of the concert thought it suicidal. He begged Mr. Bispham to change his plans—to put anything on his program but the works of an unknown composer, and a *woman* at that! However, Mr. Bispham, with his mind once set, was not easy to move and he determined to carry out the idea. And, as a further assurance of his belief in my songs, he invited me to accompany him in this group.

In a well-known piano company of Chicago I found a friend who recognized my talent as a song writer and whose sympathy and encouragement meant more than anything else to me at that time, Mr. Carl Bronson, now living in Los Angeles, through whose influence this company offered to pay all expenses for a public recital for me, furnishing hall, program and advertising, and at the concert I was assisted by Jessie Bartlett Davis, Mr. Paul Schossling, former 'cellist of the Theodore Thomas Orchestra; Mr. Charles W. Clark, the singer, and a little girl whose name I do not now recall. The concert dress that I wore that night was made out of one of the lace curtains which had been in my former home, and I could never tell you how many yards of feather-stitching and French knots I put on—little bands of satin which I appliqued on to this lace so it would not show that it had ever hung in anybody's window! It was finished just a few moments before it was time for me to get into the cab which was drawn by a pair of tired old horses. The people were so kind and my musicians were so splendid that it was another red-letter day in my life and through the interest which the piano company created for me I found myself the possessor of $300.00. This amount was the beginning of my business which I started at that time in a little hall bedroom, 8 x 10 feet, with a closet just the

depth of a sheet of music. I had written at that time about twenty-five songs. This constituted the stock. It seems to me that, at that time, I saw myself with shelves and shelves of music in the downstairs of a house that I had earned myself; that I should live upstairs, but that there would be a little bell on the door (such as there are in the little shops in England) and when anybody opened the door, I would rush madly down and wait upon the customer—but that never happened. What really did happen was that I moved into a larger apartment. The business was now large enough to occupy the dining-room, about 14 feet square, with shelves extending around the room. We used the dining-room table for a music table between meals. I now had a son who had the ability and a desire to be of service to his mother, who came into the little shop. The shop outgrew the dining-room and finally owned the whole house. From that time on, it is a very simple story. "Nothing succeeds like success," and the wheels had started to go around on a chariot that pulled my music down to Michigan Avenue in the business district.

To see the results it all looks so easy and pleasant that many will, I am sure, feel that they might do likewise. Alas! no one ever hears of the failures, and for one success there are perhaps a thousand tragedies. Nobody ever hears of the poor wretches who virtually sell their health, minds and souls to do what I have been so blessed in doing. If you think it is easy, all I have to say is, "Try it!" Many a time I have spent my last nickel to go downtown in Chicago to meet some successful publisher, wait outside of his door possibly an hour or more, and then be told to "call tomorrow."

Often one hears the story of a "self-made man" or woman. Of course, you have to be a worker for yourself, you have to get up earlier and go to bed later and

keep yourself constantly thinking in order to succeed, no matter how many good friends you have, because, unless you prove to your friends that you are in earnest, they will not and cannot give their time to helping you. I have found the most wonderful friends, and I am quite sure they have befriended me because they knew I was willing to befriend myself. Nobody in the world is just "self-made." Good friends are the greatest asset. I do not mean that they should give you money or that they should give you a position, but that, if you are worthy, they will make it possible for you to help yourself. I wish I could have the time and space to enumerate all of the good friends that I have had. That would be impossible, but I must say a few words for those great artists who came to my rescue at the beginning of my career.

This is a day when magazines are flooded with prescriptions for success. I am frequently asked the source of power which has brought success to me. Of course, success is never to be attributed to any one thing but to a great many things, all backed by hard work, patience, tact, etc. However, though all of these may be in your possession, you will never be a success in music or anything else, unless you have the one important thing, spirit; for, after all, the one thing for which you deserve credit is the gift of the spirit of truth which is active within you. If, in your soul, you are free from guile, jealousy, false pride and hate, and if you work to do good for the greatest number of your fellow-beings, this will be reflected in everything you undertake.

This article might not be considered complete unless I said a word for the song that has proven my greatest success, *A Perfect Day*. So many wild stories have been told about this simple song, which was truly written for a place card at a dinner which was given upon the return

from my first visit to Mt. Rubidoux, where I saw the sunset from that lovely California mountain for the first time. This little verse, which was written at the Mission Inn, Riverside, in about five minutes, was put away with many other rhymes I had written, and it was some months before I ever thought of it again. The music came to me as I was driving across the Mojave desert in the moonlight, with another party of nature-loving friends. I began to hum the verse of *A Perfect Day* to the original tune and one of my friends said, "Is that a new song?" And I said, "Maybe it is." I completed the song before I went to sleep that night, and from the very first, as I sang it, I was confident of its appeal and that thousands of other people besides myself had had at least one "Perfect Day."

WHAT MUST I KNOW TO BECOME A GOOD ACCOMPANIST?

RICHARD HAGEMAN

Biographical

Mr. Richard Hageman was born at Leewarden, Holland. His father, Maurice Hageman, a Dutchman, was the director of the Amsterdam Conservatory of Music. His mother, Francesca de Majowski, a Russian, was the court singer of Holland. Mr. Hageman was the protege of Queen Wilhelmina, of Holland. He studied music in different European countries. At the age of sixteen he became assistant conductor of the Royal Opera House at Amsterdam and at eighteen was made first conductor. His versatility has proven immense as he has become celebrated in five branches of the profession, as an operatic conductor, as a symphony conductor, as a vocal coach, as an accompanist-pianist and as a composer. No one in the field of accompanying is entitled to speak with more authority upon the subject of accompanying than Mr. Hageman.

"I do not play well enough to become a solo pianist, so I thought I would study accompanying."

How often have I had pupils tell me this, when I asked why they wanted to take up the study of this most difficult and, it must be said, ungrateful, art. How erroneous the thought that a bad pianist would make a good accompanist! Not only must the good accompanist have a technic brilliant enough to cope with the difficulties of accompaniments, like those of Strauss, Wolf, Debussy or Wagner, to name only a few; but he must do that which the solo pianist never has to do, be able to transpose



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RICHARD HAGEMAN

these accompaniments into different keys, and sometimes without a moment's notice. Many a time, at the last moment, does a singer feel unable to sing an aria in the accustomed key and ask the accompanist to transpose the piece into a lower one. Only with great patience and hard work can this be learned; but it is one of the necessary requirements of the good accompanist and should be mastered.

I always suggest to my pupils that they begin by transposing the easiest kind of songs, preferably songs they know, like *The Last Rose of Summer* or *Annie Laurie,* and gradually increase the difficulties. The human mind accommodates itself to such matters very readily if you work *enough.* Success in this, as in all things, is largely a matter of persistence.

It is the same with reading music—the good accompanist must be able to play any piece placed before him at first glance. It is doubtful whether any accompanist can play all the notes of a difficult modern song when seeing it for the first time, but he must be able to read so well and so quickly that the principal harmonies and melodies are played, and thus sustain the singer. I do not mean to "fake" an accompaniment but to leave out the too great difficulties at the first playing and be able at a glance to see which are the necessary notes and harmonies and play those.

This being able to read well is another matter of the most persistent work, and should be done daily. Instead of going to the "movies," or whatever your favorite pastime is, read everything you can borrow, rent or buy. The public libraries are full of music, there are several musical magazines which print one or more pieces in each copy, and there are a number of inexpensive albums of music. One of the most delightful ways of reading is to ask

some friend pianist to play four-handed arrangements with you.

The knowledge of the language in which your artist sings is, to my mind, an absolute necessity. The accompanying of the *word* is the first requisite of the good accompanist. The piano must always underline and illustrate what the singer says; the background of the picture must be in absolute sympathy with the principal object; and it is the accompaniment which must draw the picture's background.

Another reason why you must know the language your singer uses is that it is absolutely necessary for the accompanist to *breathe* with the singer. I mean just that—to *breathe* when the singer breathes, not only physically but mentally as well, and to let the piano breathe with you to underline the dramatic, the poetic, the sarcastic, or whatever feeling there is in the poem, with the accompaniment.

To accompany really well, to give full value to the musical beauty of the composition, to help your artist find the greatest support in your playing, you must *orchestrate* your accompaniment. The next time you hear an operatic aria accompanied by an orchestra, listen well to the tone color of the different instruments; retain that color in your mind; and then "try it on your piano." You must find different ways of striking the keys to make the piano sound like a horn, a 'cello, a flute, a trumpet, or whatever instrument would play that same phrase, if the orchestra was used. If the piece you play does not exist for orchestra, then orchestrate it yourself to your own taste, but do not merely "play the notes." Use your imagination.

When you play the *Erlking* you must follow the father and his sick child rushing on horseback through the dark woods. You must see them, must feel the agony of the child, the hidden fear of the father, the insinuating sweet-

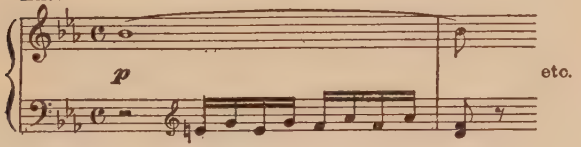
ness of the *Erlking.* You must see the horse finally stumbling to the house, too late; and the brutal finality of the two closing chords. What a wonderful chance for a poor accompanist to spoil the whole picture by an indifferent "plunk," "plunk," that's "done," instead of holding the dramatic tension to the very last note.

Most piano scores of operas give only a faint idea of what the orchestra in reality plays. It is impossible, of course, to execute everything that an orchestra plays, with only ten fingers, but it seems that most arrangements of orchestral accompaniments have been made a little too easy and, therefore, have lost all the color the composer had in mind.

Let me give you a few examples:

Piano score Aria of *Micaela* from *Carmen:*

Ex. 1



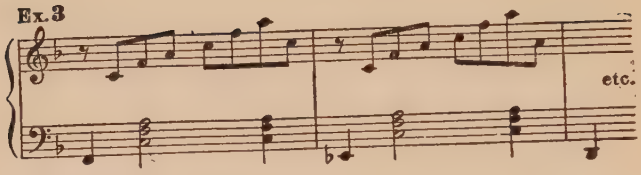
The orchestra really plays

Ex. 2



It is only a small change, but how differently it sounds. In *Jean d'Arc,* Tschaikowsky, the piano score reads:

Ex. 3



The orchestra plays:

Ex. 4



Quite a different thing, isn't it?

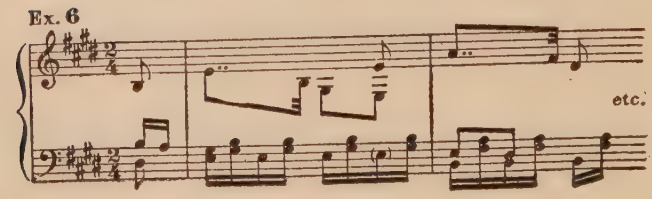
In the Aria of *Leonore,* in *Fidelio,* the piano score reads:

Ex. 5



The orchestra plays:

Ex. 6



It is a little more difficult to play this way, but that is what Beethoven wrote.

Another important thing in playing orchestral accompaniments is the "tremolo." Few accompanists realize that every note in a chord played as a tremolo is begun at the same time.

For example, a tremolo written like this

Ex. 7



must be executed like this:

Ex. 8



In the orchestra it would probably be divided as follows:

Ex. 9



and every one of these instruments begins to play at the same time, so that the ear hears the entire chord completely at the first attack.

Avoid attracting attention. The good accompanist learns, among his first principles, not to draw attention to himself. Like Richard Wagner's Verstechtes Orchestra (concealed orchestra), the accompanist must be so inconspicuous that the audience virtually forgets about him. The accompanist whose attitude to his art is not subservient to his personal vanity, will never get very far. The best accompanist is the one which the audience forgets until the end of the program, when it realizes that the artistic effects of the soloist were greatly enhanced by a proper accompaniment.

Particularly do I refer to unnecessary movements of the arms or hands or, as I have seen sometimes, a rocking back and forth with the entire body, probably meant to indicate uncontrollable feeling. Remember, once your finger has struck the key, no amount of "vibrato" (a moving or rather rubbing with the finger over the key) is going to change or improve the tone. It is *how* you strike the key that will give you the color you want, *nothing* (except the use of the pedal) can change it afterwards, and no amount of contortions will make an ugly sound beautiful. You only succeed in drawing the attention of the audience away from the singer, which turns the tables and makes you the soloist, which should never happen.

I mention the use of the pedal—what an inexhaustible subject!

What is known as "tradition," is a bugbear to the accompanist, and I have heard of people learning "tradition." The truth is that the traditions are so numerous and so far-reaching that few people can expect to master them all. The accompanist, if he goes to a real master of the art, will learn about these traditional performances

of special arias, little by little. If he has experience with many singers, who are familiar with the traditions, he will learn more. There is in print but scant record of many of the traditions. Traditions, like folk-lore, are passed on from one to another, some traditions surviving and some disappearing with time. Some fine collections of modern oratorio arias have footnotes giving the traditions.

Most so-called traditions find their origin in the fact that the singer who sang the aria or song for the first time, at the initial performance, found it easier or perhaps more effective to change the original score to satisfy his or her personal taste or singing capability, and those that came afterwards did not dare, or care, to go back to the original.

SPAIN, THE ELDORADO OF MUSIC

RAOUL LAPARRA

Biographical

M. Laparra, who is now a resident of America, was born at Bordeaux, France, May 13, 1876. *Although his parents were French born, his father was of Spanish, and his mother of Italian, origin. His education was received entirely in France. After preparatory study in Bordeaux, he went to Paris, where he entered the Conservatory. There he studied with Massenet, Gabriel Fauré (Composition), Lavignac (Harmony), Louis Diemer (Piano), Benjamin Godard (Chamber Music), and André Gedalge (Fugue and Counterpoint). In* 1903 *he gained the coveted Prix de Rome. In* 1908 *his opera "La Habanera" was produced at the Opera Comique in Paris, and immediately attracted wide attention and the high enthusiasm of the critics. Its production at the Metropolitan in New York was also very successful. In* 1911 *his second opera, "La Jota," was given. It was his purpose to complete a cycle of three operas dealing with the Spanish national dances, completing the set with the "Tango" and "Malcgueña." As many people know, the "Tango" as it has been recently danced in America is very different from the old Spanish solo dance, which was rendered for the most part with the feet retained on the same spot. Laparra's other works consist of piano pieces, songs, orchestral works, etc. He has repeatedly toured Spain in search of local melodies. At the invitation of the Paris Conservatory, he has written an extensive critique upon the subject.*

What art lover who knows Spain can think of that wonderful country without becoming a rhapsodist? There is something so deeply imbedded in the souls of even



RAOUL LAPARRA

the poorest people of Spain that seems to be striving to express the poetic story of the race, that even a rapid tour of the country is often astounding. It is a land where all beggars are poets. I have been repeatedly dumbfounded by the beauty of the melodies and the lines I have heard from the mouths of the roadside mendicants. The soul, the pity, the sincerity with which they sing their songs, is a revelation to one who hears them for the first time. Rarely does one in a great opera house ever feel so deeply moved, so thrilled, so overcome. To the roadside singer and musician it is all so real, so much a part of his life and the history of his ancestors that he actually relives what others "interpret."

The ignorance of the musical resources of Spain common to most of the rest of the musical world is pathetic. You here in America should make a special point of investigating it, if only from your interest in the South American Republics where Spanish civilization is so closely reflected. You make enormous efforts to learn the Spanish tongue, but very slender efforts to know anything about Spanish music. For instance, when the average musician has said Bolero, Habañera, and possibly Seguidilla he thinks that he has covered the ground. At best he has seen only a few stars in the firmament. For instance, there are many different types of the Seguidilla alone. The Seguidilla is a very ancient form: Cervantes mentioned it in Don Quixote. It is not known whether it originated in Spain or whether it was brought there by the Moors. There are Seguidillas Manchegas which are bright and happy, there are Seguidillas Boleras (different from the Bolero) which are more dignified, there are Seguidillas Gitanas which are romantic.

The reader must also understand that in no other country is dancing so interwoven with the folk music. Many, many of the songs are used solely as accompani-

ments to dancing. The thought of gesture seems to be inseparable from music in the Spanish mind.

One naturally thinks of Spain as one country and one race. There is probably no country of Europe that has been regarded as one country for centuries that contains such an immense variety of geographical and racial differences. The people of some parts of Spain are so totally different from those of other parts of Spain that the state is sometimes quite baffling. This, of course, affects the music of the country. I say without the least hesitation that there is far more rhythmic and melodic variation and resource in Spain than can be found in Russia. It is an Eldorado, a land of gold, for the composer of the future.

The variation is due largely to the geographical variation in the country. The Spanish peninsula is a land of contrast. From rugged mountain to the dry, treeless prairies, from arid wastes to tropical luxuriance, Spain is ever changing, ever different. This, together with the admixture of races from Africa and other countries, affects the art, music and architecture of the country.

Let us look at the map a moment. The central part of the country, comprising nearly half of Spain, is a tableland from 2,000 to 3,000 feet high and almost surrounded by mountains. In this district one finds much of New Castile and Old Castile. In the north in Galicia and Austria one finds a rugged rocky country and a rugged people. In Andalusia in the South we find opulence and dreamy indolence. In Catalonia, with its capital, Barcelona, we find a brisk, active, commercial people, reminding one of the industrial centers of France.

The province of Murcia, on the southeast coast, is a kind of bridge between the Spain of the north and the Spain of the south. The people are extremely musical and their rhythmic sense is wonderfully developed.

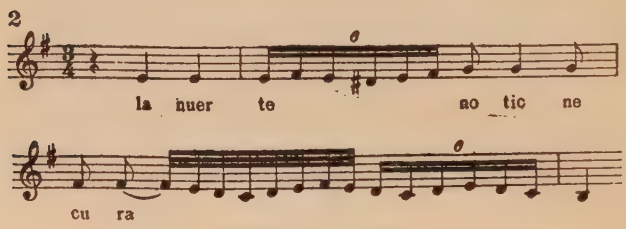
In Castile, the heart of Spain, one of the most characteristic dances is the *Rueda.* This, too, should be in 5/8 time, and not 3/8 as customarily written. One of its peculiarities is that the second step is a short one and the rhythm follows this. Spain is so shut in by the Pyrenees, with only two lines of railroad penetrating them, that even its own neighbors do not fully appreciate the beauty and character of the wonderful things in Spain. The *Rueda* is an extremely beautiful dance: it is dreamy, expressive and filled with the gravity of Old Castile.



In Andalusia we have a country which is a world in itself. There are all kinds of songs and dances. It has a decided color of Arabia. The Spaniards speak of things that come from Andalusia as *flamencas,* having much of the same significance as the word *chic* in French. It really means that everything that comes from Andalusia is the acme of beautiful. The melodies are sensuous and intoxicating, like the warmth and ardor of the black-eyed, dark-skinned people. The climate is like that of Southern California, with cactus and palm trees in abundance. You see it is really a geographical continuation of Africa. Of the characteristic dances of Andalusia, the *Solea,* the *Tango* and the *Seguidilla* are best known. The *Tango* has little in common with the recently popular dance in America. It is exactly the abdominal dance of the Moors (*Dans du Ventre*) with the Andalusian adjunction of sharp and rhythmical strokes of the heels; while the so-called *Tango* as danced here is rather like the *Habañeras* (or *Dansones*) of South American origin.

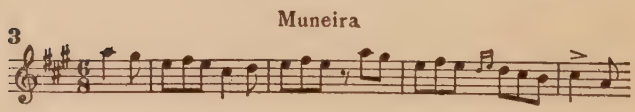
The *Seguidilla* of Andalusia is especially affected by the gypsies.

Here is a fragrant of a *Granadina* from Andalusia:



In Galicia, the northwest corner of Spain, looking off to the Atlantic and the Bay of Biscay, we find, strangely enough, a Celtic people with all their strong and forceful characteristics. They are identical in many ways with the people of Brittany and Cornwall. There one may find bagpipes and Druidic stones. Just as the music of the south is inclined to be melancholy, the music of the natives of Galicia is strong and vigorous. Their rhythms are very strongly marked and characteristic. There is an immense amount of exceptionally original material here which composers should explore.

Here is an example of a *Muneira* of Galicia:



In the Basque provinces on the northern coast we frequently find some highly expressive dances. I found that these were frequently written down incorrectly as regards rhythm, giving an entirely false impression. Here is one called the *Zortzico,* in 5/8 rhythm.

4



One must realize the great seriousness with which these people preserve these dances and melodies. They are almost as much a part of their lives as their religious rites, and they do not tolerate differences.

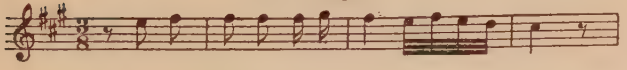
Aragon is the land of the *Jotas*. These are in 3/8 rhythm and are very characteristic. Sloping down from the high Pyrenees, this is a mountainous country rich in romance. The *Jota* is alternately danced and sung. The songs are often improvised and refer to some local incident. Sometimes the allusions are decidedly personal, and the dance turns into a kind of joyous riot. The *Jota* is frequently played in thirds and often the minor seventh is used when ascending, instead of the major seventh.

Here are two themes, from South and North Aragon:

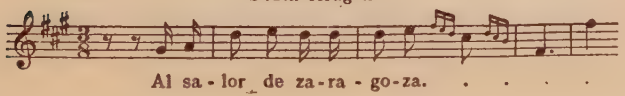
Totas (Aragon)

5

North Aragon



South Aragon



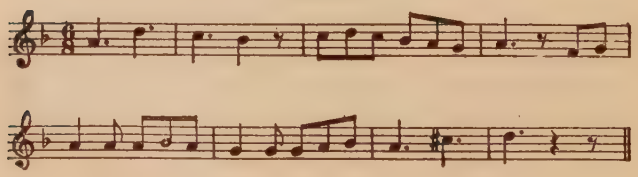
Indeed, it is very easy to provoke serious local riots with ill-chosen words set to the *Jota*. One must be very prudent about the text used in connection with the song in the coplas (or part of the *Jota* which is sung). Once with a group of friends in North Aragon some friends and myself were very nearly attacked in a small, narrow, dark-

ened street, by a group of men who thought that the coplas we were singing alluded to them. As a matter of fact we did not even know them and had not even noticed that they were present. Violent passions and hot blood have often used the *Jota* as a means of challenge. Two men improvising coplas gradually become more and more heated until there comes a verse making the appointment for a duel where the navajas poniards (daggers) take the place of guitars. Facts of this kind show to what extent music and poetry are intimately interwoven with the romantic life and history of the country.

Catalonia, which adjoins Aragon, is in many ways as different as New Orleans is from Boston. Its chief city, Barcelona, is the Spanish Chicago, if such a comparison is admissible. It is a busy, active city, quite different from most of the other cities of the interior of Spain. It is nevertheless extremely musical and has its characteristic melodies and dances, among which are the *Ball de Bastones* (danced with batons or sticks), the *Dance of the Tapers* (a very spectacular dance) and *La Sardana.* There are many different tunes to these dances.

In the *Ball del Ciri,* or dance of the tapers, six couples participate. The first two carry tapers and a small jar filled with perfume which they sprinkle on the spectators. As the dance ends and the courtesies close the last three couples take possession of the tapers and the perfume. It may easily be seen how such a dance and its suggestive surroundings would inspire the Spanish mind.

Sardana



Spanish music as we have discussed it in this interview is but an infinitesimal part of a treasure which a whole encyclopedia would not exhaust. One shall realize it when one considers that the style changes, not only from province to province, but from the valley to the mountain, from the mountain to the seacoast—in fact, from *town to town.* It is one of the reasons why Spain offers the richest rhythmical and melodic school on earth, and why the study of those riches through books would never be sufficient. Only a long stay there (not confined to the travelers' guide books), but by thoroughly mixing with the people, will begin to open the real horizon to the student.

THE APPEAL OF THE CONTRALTO

SOPHIE BRASLAU

Biographical

Sophie Braslau was born in New York City, of cultured Russian parents, her father being a physician. She was educated at the Wadliegh High School and throughv extensive courses with private tutors. She has studied with many noted teachers; among them, her first teacher was Signor Buzzi-Peccia, who gave her the foundation of her work, and later with Signor Gabriele Sibella, with whom she has been for the last five years. In 1913 *she made her debut at the Metropolitan Opera House, as "Prince Feodor" in Musorgsky's "Boris Godounoff." After several years with the Metropolitan her success in concert and oratorio became so great that she now devotes all her time to this field. Her voice is a rich, powerful contralto of great flexibility and with a range of no less than three octaves. Prior to becoming a singer she expected to become a piano virtuoso and was being trained for that career by Alexander Lambert when her unusual vocal gifts were discovered.*

The appeal of the contralto voice seems to be peculiarly wide and strong. While contralto soloists do not seem to be as numerous as sopranos, there is evidently something about the vocal quality that, like the violoncello, is very moving to the general public as well as to musicians. My own career as a singer commenced at the age of fifteen. This, to my mind, is entirely too early ever for a vigorous, well-developed girl. Of course, there is no reason why a girl should not sing all through her childhood. A little singing every day would certainly



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SOPHIE BRASLAU

prove beneficial. However, to settle down to regular vocal work at the age of fifteen may prove ruinous, and I advise very strongly against it. Seventeen or eighteen is early enough to enable the student to get time to acquire the right foundation and technique. Then the voice is beginning to settle into its final quality and range.

Of course, the actual age is very largely a matter of the individual; but the great thing, after all, is to escape the voice butcher, especially the one who is mercenary and dependent upon his fees. This does not mean that the high-priced teacher is always the best.

The voice teacher often spends many valuable vocal lessons in correcting things which ought to be taught to every child in the day school. By this I mean, frankly, how to speak right. Listen to the children's voices around you; go in any car and hear how they talk. They are permitted to speak a kind of jargon in many schools which not only bears but a scant resemblance to the English language, as it may be spoken beautifully, but also seems to unfit them for speaking any language beautifully and articulately. When people sing they speak to music.

The first vocal lessons of the child should be devoted to learning how to utter consonants distinctly but naturally, pronounce the vowel tones with the best standards of good taste without affectation, and, more than anything else, to "speak forward." Most of the voices I hear in streets and cars seem to be forced out of shape. The children squawk in their throats or whine in their noses, say their vowels in a totally different manner from what is understood to be good English. In other words, our speech is permitted to be distorted in a sickening fashion. Please understand that I am by no means referring exclusively to the children of foreign parents residing in the slums.

It is safe to say that most vocal beginners fall into very bad hands. How is the pupil or the parent to tell whether

the teacher is a good one? He can't know—that is the tragedy of it. Some teachers are fortunate in securing a few good voices and make reputations through them; but that does not mean that in all cases they will be equally good, although it means a great deal. Others have been celebrated singers. They unquestionably have had a wide experience. But in what? Singing, not teaching. Sometimes we find a singer who is a great teacher, but the two do not always go together. Consult the history of vocal music and you will find the names of many famous vocal masters who sang with only fair success.

One of the hardest things for the possessor of a big voice to master is real relaxation. By this I mean physical and mental relaxation as well as vocal. They all hang together. No singer with a body and a mind built like a fortress can sing freely and in such a manner that large audiences are moved. The voice must be free like a bird on the wing. It must soar as though by its own power, and must never be forced out. That is a condition, however, which only results from a great deal of careful and deliberate practice, combined with the "know how." Relaxation with a controlled breath is the basis of all good tone emission. For instance, the tongue itself must be relaxed. No one can sing beautifully with a tongue arched up or humped up when the voice goes toward the higher notes of its range.

There are very few real contraltos. Most of the singers who pose as contraltos are mezzo-sopranos. Many of these fine singers try to affect a contralto quality by singing in what can only be described as a mannish tone. Some of them succeed in sounding like female baritones, but that is far from the true quality of the contralto voice. God either made you a contralto or He didn't. Trying to change a good mezzo-soprano or dramatic voice into a real contralto is just about as successful as dyeing your hair.

You get the color but it isn't real and the public knows intuitively that it isn't real. The range of my voice is as high as the average soprano. I sing high C in *Trovatore* and the low D in *Tod und Das Mädchen* of Schubert, over three octaves apart; but it is contralto straight through.

Contraltos should develop more flexibility. Many have an idea that this is not necessary. Just as the 'cellist is expected to play pieces with lightning-like rapidity, such as the *Tarantelle* and the *Elfentanz* of Popper, so should the contralto have her voice as flexible as Galli-Curci. Such a work as the *Furibondo* of Handel is a splendid example of what every contralto worthy of the name should be able to do fluently and easily. Flexibility adds smoothness and richness to the contralto voice and does a great deal toward eliminating that "baying," hoarse quality which in some contraltos reminds one of a dog serenading the moon.

Heaviness, then, is one of the things which the contralto should be careful to avoid. The voice will be heavy enough as it is; do not try to make it heavier. More than this, the contralto often seems to be prone to grow heavy herself. I do not know why this is, but contraltos seem to be more often stout than do sopranos. Singing is a healthy exercise, promoting the appetite; one eats abnormally, and there you are. This I have combated successfully for years by means of at least twenty minutes of vigorous physical exercise every day of my life. Exercise until perspiration comes freely and you need never fear the ogre of fat.

To my way of thinking, the best daily vocal exercises are those which are used to "warm up" the voice in preparation for actual vocal practice. In accordance with this, my first exercises every day are taken very lightly and very softly. I start with two notes, like a slow trill, in the most comfortable part of my voice. Then I take three notes, then five notes, then the notes of the major and the minor triads in arpeggio form; then scales

and more extended exercises. In this way the voice is gradually warmed up and gets in condition to take up more operatic studies. However, it is a great mistake to imagine that your vocal practice must be done audibly at the keyboard. I often study my roles in operas and oratorios on a walk or when riding in my car.

It pays to think much and sing little. The trouble with many singers is that they never seem to think but want to be everlastingly "working" their voices. Americans, particularly, are a practical people and want to see "something doing." Let us have a little more of "something thinking."

"Art is long, but time is fleeting."

THE MUSIC OF THE VATICAN

CANON MONSIGNORE RAFFAELE CASIMIRO-CASIMIRI

HEAD MASTER OF THE PONTIFICAL SCHOOL OF HIGHER SACRED MUSIC AT ROME

Biographical

Monsignore Casimiri is not only one of the most scholarly authorities upon the music of the Church, but is also one of the most active and musicianly ecclesiastical directors of the time. He is the author of many authoritative works upon the music of the Church and much of his material upon such as his life of "Palestrina" and his "Il Codice 58," is the result of masterly research. The choir he brought to America is combined from singers in St. John Lateran, St. Peter's, St. Maris Maggiore and the Sistine Chapel. This large body of singers is the first of its kind ever to be permitted to leave the Vatican for such a tour. For centuries the choirs have been renowned for their celestial singing, and the American tour attracted immense attention and comment, not merely among the adherents of the Roman Catholic Church but among people of all creeds.

The earliest Papal Choir dates almost back to the time when the first Christians were permitted to leave the subterranean passages under the city, known as the catacombs. Hidden in those long tunnels, which have since become the abiding place of the remains of countless dead, they worshiped in secret. It is reported that under the Pontificate of Sylvester I (314-415 A.D.) the Schola Cantorum, or Papal Choir, was first formed.

At that time the Church of St. John Lateran was the Papal Church, and the Schola Cantorum was located there. This was said to have been more like a guild than a school. Its leader was frequently a clergyman of high rank, often a Bishop, as music was, from the very start, regarded as a significant part of church worship.

Even at that very early date the choir accompanied the Pope wherever he "held station," and its singing became world renowned. It will be remembered that in the thirteenth century the Papal See was transferred to Avignon. There the Pope established a new choir. This was composed of French singers and Flemish singers, some famous composers. Returning to Rome, the Pope took his new body of singers, and thus the Papal Choir, which had remained in the Eternal City, was greatly strengthened.

This became the Capella Papala, and with the completion of the Sistine Chapel by Pope Sixtus IV, in 1483, the choir was renamed the Capella Sistina. At first the choir was composed of appointees of the Church, but eventually laymen were admitted. Pope Sixtus sought far and wide to bring the best singers of the world to the choir.

Of all the eleven thousand halls, galleries and rooms in the Vatican none is more famous than the Sistine Chapel. The Vatican, it should be remembered, with St. Peter's, covers thirteen and one-half acres, and with its marvelous treasures of Michelangelo, Raphael, Botticelli, Fiesole and others, is one of the richest treasure houses of art in the world.

In the Sistine Chapel no instruments are permitted. The singing is purely vocal "a capella." Since the earliest times this choir has been the model for thousands of other choirs throughout the world, and it has been the ambition to have its character and quality unsurpassed. In addition to this the Choir of St. John Lateran is also renowned.

This church was, according to tradition, started in the fourth century by Constantine himself. It was known as the "mother church of the world." For nearly twelve centuries its choir was known as the leading papal choir. The choir of St. Peter's was founded by Pope Gregory the Great. For a time it served as a kind of preparatory school for the Papal Choir of St. John Lateran.

Many of the most famous musicians of the church, Palestrina, Nanino, Anerio, Giovannelli and others, were identified with this famous choir. For Palestrina it was a stepping-stone to the Sistine Chapel Choir. The wonderful Choir of St. Peter's sings to an immense congregation in that building covering eighteen thousand square yards—four times as large as St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York City. It is from these three choirs and from the Scola Cantorum that the choir which I had the honor to conduct in America was assembled.

Unquestionably the greatest master of the church is Palestrina. In my researches of old documents placed at my disposal in St. John Lateran I have found many errors in current biographies of Palestrina and have endeavored to correct them in a little pamphlet. It refers in part to Palestrina's service at the church of St. John Lateran. Palestrina, rightly named Giovanni Peirluigi, was born in the village of Palestrina, near Rome, in 1526. He died in Rome in 1594. In his boyhood he was a boy singer in Santa Maria Maggiore, and was educated in the art of contrapunto by the chapel masters of said basilica. Among his earliest published works was a book of four masses dedicated to Pope Julius III. He held many positions of distinction in Rome (St. John Lateran, Santa Maria Maggiore, etc.).

In 1512 Pope Julius founded the Musical Chapel at St. Peter's with the injunction that "there should be twelve singers and as many scholars, with two teachers, one of

music, the other of grammar." This school became famous, as did the other choir school, and, as in previous times, education in church music has been an important part of the work of the church. It is realized that nothing of serious consequence can be accomplished without the best possible teachers. This has already done wonders for the music of the church. Palestrina himself is the result of careful training in the church.

The art of Palestrina is gloriously youthful despite the fact that of all the great masters of music, he is the oldest. By this I mean that, although the mass of the people think of Bach and Handel as musicians belonging to a remote age, Palestrina is still older. He ranks unquestionably higher than de Lassus, Willaert, du Fay, and others, great as were individual accomplishments in the art of sacred music. Palestrina wrote for all time. His works, of all composers, have a permanent character. They are as fresh and interesting and vital today as they were in the day when he wrote them.

They are not cold and academic, as some have thought after hearing them inadequately sung, but they are filled with warmth and beauty. The silvery voices of the boys —and Palestrina wrote for boys—and the rich, sonorous voices of the men make a tonal texture in Palestrina's works far superior to any instrumental combination ever heard. No organ, no orchestra can compare with the beauty of the polyphony of the fifteenth century master, whose works are coming to life again through our Scholæ Cantorum.

Our great Italian master, Verdi, realized the significance of the early Italian polyphony and said, "Let us return to the ancient Italian musical art—it is thus that we shall find progress." Let us then draw again from the limpid wells of art, and, strengthened by the beautiful and glorious music of a great day, renovate, make new, our intellectual, spiritual and musical selves.

In the "Codice 59," containing the autographs of Palestrina, as found in the Church of St. John Lateran, I have discovered a vast amount of important information which reveals the seriousness of the art of Palestrina.

As so many of the early masters of the church received their training in church schools, for that purpose it is my dream that in Rome a college and school for boy singers shall be founded—that is, a school where the child's education, musical and otherwise, may be wisely promoted from the start.

Children are now taken in the musical work in the Roman choirs as early as seven and seven and one-half years of age. They are not merely taught in the music that they are to sing, but are given a very thorough drill in solfeggio and, when necessary, at the proper time in harmony and in music in general.

Men (that is, men with natural bass and tenor voices) who sing falsetto by use of the false chords of the throat sometimes are able to produce a very beautiful tone. These are still used as sopranos to hold in guiding and leading the boys. They add to the security of the singing of the choir. The employment of male sopranos produced by unnatural means has disappeared. The last ones went a few years ago when Maestro Perosi introduced new methods under Pope Pius.

The reforms in church music which were instituted by Pope Pius may have worked some hardship at the time upon directors in America who were unacquainted with the new order of things, but all sensible people must realize that this step toward a higher dignity and a greater beauty was essential to the welfare of the best music of the church.

INTIMATE THOUGHTS ON PIANO STUDY

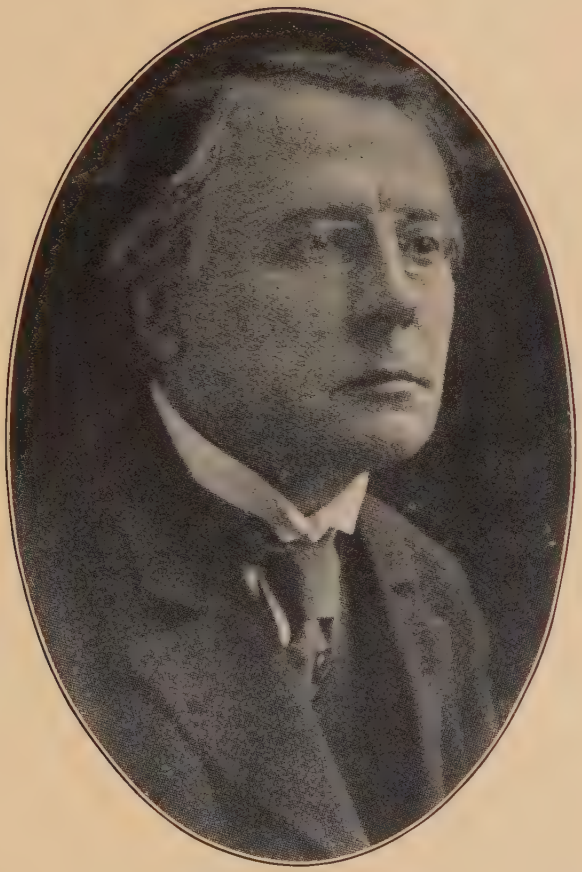
ARTHUR FRIEDHEIM

Biographical

Arthur Friedheim, the eminent Russian pianist, was born at St. Petersburg, October 26, 1859. He was a pupil of Rubinstein for one year and of Franz Liszt for eight years. Indeed, if the much ridiculed title, "favorite pupil of Liszt," can be applied to anyone, Friedheim certainly deserves it, as the master took an immense interest in this particular artist. His tours of European countries have been very numerous. He toured America in 1894-5 and later settled in this country as a teacher. He has composed several works for the piano, including a concerto.

What shall we say of the spirit of the modernist? Is it possible that this age, which has made anything so fantastic as futurist and cubist art in painting, sculpture, architecture, poetry and music, can be analyzed? Is it possible that anything that is overdone, abnormally exaggerated (as are certain passages in modern writers such as Debussy, Scriabine, Strauss, Stravinsky, Ravel and company) can be a wholesome indication of the public taste of this age? Is piano playing which seemingly enables the player to light with his hands upon any part of the keyboard with very slight regard for harmony and less for melody an indication of what the future of pianoforte music is to be? If so, preserve me from it!

To my mind, the last musician of the grand masters to write consummately for the keyboard was Franz Liszt. I have fought with myself for years to try to see some of the more modern writers on the same plane with Liszt,



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ARTHUR FRIEDHEIM

Beethoven, Mozart or Bach, but have been unable to do so. Brahms, of course, is truly great, but he was a contemporary of Liszt.

It is comparatively easy to find new chords. A novice can stumble across them if he is at all venturesome. To build up a new piece, however, is an entirely different matter. To evolve a new form of musical architecture as Liszt did in the case of the symphonic poem is still greater.

There seems to be a great misunderstanding about the use of Chopin's *Etudes*. They are studies pure and simple. Chopin wrote them with a specific purpose in view and Liszt used them as studies for similar purposes. It is not sacrilege for the modern teachers to employ them with an educational aim. Goodness, there is enough more beautiful music in the Chopin literature than can be used as pieces, when pieces are needed.

Teachers of today are on such a wild scurry for new things that they seem to skip the really great things. There is nothing in all pianoforte study literature greater than the *Gradus ad Parnassum* of Taussig-Clementi. Of course, it requires work, but work has been the secret of the success of all great pianists in the past. There is no magic method, and the reason why I like the *Gradus ad Parnassum* is that it has such splendid opportunities for work. There is no limit to what the enthusiastic student can do with it. Liszt had the highest regard for the pedagogical value of the set of technical exercises.

Public taste in all musical matters is very singular to me. We are living in an age when atmosphere and orchestral color with great freedom of form are lauded to the skies—yet the father and the greatest master of this, Berlioz, is literally ignored. His overture, *Carnival Romain,* is a masterpiece, a revelation in orchestration even at this day. Yet, the public seems willing to put up with insipid platitudes rather than recognize this really great

work. I have so little patience with the works of some modern composers that seem to lead nowhere that I feel that it is a waste of time to study them when there is so much that is great and beautiful that must be done. Surely one does not want to waste one's time in a circus with the freaks if one is seeking a real education.

Let me in closing say one word against the people who pound the piano. It would seem that any comment of this kind were superfluous at this time, but such is certainly not the case unless my ears deceive me. A great many people have an idea that the way to play a Liszt *Rhapsody* or any of the other brilliant works of Liszt is to make the piano roar like the din in an iron foundry. They have heard certain pianists play the instrument by main strength and have heard stupid, ignorant audiences who know no more about good piano playing than they know about aviation applaud vociferously. Don't you know that there is enough of the monkey in most people to applaud if they see their neighbors applauding? Nothing horrified Liszt more than the frightful noise that some of the pianists who came to bother him made at the keyboard. The master would then be highly sarcastic or would leave in silent disgust.

A great volume of tone can be brought from the piano, if the student knows how. "How" is by securing a sense of balance in the touch so that when the keys are struck there is a ring and sonority about the sound that is like a many-voiced choir. All the glorious vibrations of the strings, all of the harmonics are released and join in a beautiful chorus of pianistic sound that is both full and grand. Liszt was able to produce this at the keyboard and anyone who heard him do it never forgot it. There was never the slightest suggestion of pounding—just a magnificent volume of tone. When I hear some students and some pianists play, it seems to me as though they

were trying to make one voice sound louder than a whole chorus of voices. Every chord struck represents the full strength of the player with nothing in reserve. It falls upon the keyboard with a heavy thud and the piano under such abuse refuses to ring. The pianist who must resort to this cannot hope to be successful, as his playing will be so lacking in the real beauty which the great public demands that no one will want to go to hear him twice. If he must pound, let him find a job in a blacksmith shop, where pounding is appreciated.

MUSICAL CLASSICS FOR THE MILLIONS

HUGO RIESENFELD

Biographical

Hugo Riesenfeld was born in Vienna in 1879 *and educated at the University of Vienna and in the Vienna Conservatory. After serving as first violin in the Vienna Opera under the renowned Gustav Mahler, he was advanced to the position of the ballet conductor. When Hammerstein began to astonish America with his operatic enterprises, Riesenfeld was brought to America as the Concert Meister for the Manhattan Opera House. In* 1915 *he became the conductor of the famous Rialto Theater in New York City, establishing a small Symphony Orchestra of high caliber there. As a composer of serious works, such as symphonic poems, overtures, etc., he supervised the arrangements of innumerable special programs of music adapted to the movies, choosing his materials from the best possible sources. His success was so immense that another magnificent theater, known as the Rivoli Theater, was built in the vicinity, and Mr. Riesenfeld became the musical director of these enterprises, both possessing fine organs and orchestras, and also the managing director of all the artistic and business details.*

That the general public will flock to hear the best music if it is well played and most of all administered in doses that it can assimilate has been the basic principle upon which the modern moving picture orchestra has been supported. These theaters are primarily amusement enterprises. No one connected with them fools himself in this respect. They were not established as philanthropic or idealistic undertakings but are business ventures in which



HUGO RIESENFELD

an appeal is made to the best in man, and the manner in which the public responds is the best proof of their worthiness to exist.

At first, moving pictures were given over to representations of scenes in nature and to public events. Then some ingenious person saw the possibility of making humorous moving pictures, of photographing some humorous incident in which, as a rule, the finale consisted of the entire company chasing some unfortunate individual who went through endless obstacles in order to escape. The interest of the audience was centered upon the freaks, who tumbled over and over in order to provoke laughter. Any kind of jumbled musical mass would fit in with such pictures.

With the coming of the silent drama, and its elaboration to the point where the production of a new work is often vastly more costly from the standpoint of time, artistic effort and money than half a dozen ordinary plays, it was imperative that the music used to accompany such works should be of the most appropriate character. This meant that it should be emotionally, intellectually and practically of the same psychological significance as the works themselves, often coming from the minds of the greatest dramatists of all times, Shakespeare, Hugo, Goethe, Ibsen, Tennyson, d'Annunzio, Maeterlinck and others. This demand set the standard and now, in all music for high-class moving pictures shown in leading theaters, the music usually chosen is taken from the best music of the world. Not until one has seen a few films run through entirely without music does one realize how inseparable the two are. Music is quite as much a part of the success of the best moving pictures as the pictures themselves. I do not mean to say that good music will atone for a bad picture, but I do contend that a good picture with inferior music is shown to a decided disadvantage.

This all demanded resources in the orchestra little less

than those called for in the fine opera house. It demanded even more. It required expert composers and arrangers constantly at work ready to adjust masterpieces or compose new music when required. I have on my staff men of wide experience and distinguished ability who do little else than arrange music for us. In addition to this, I arrange and compose much music myself especially for the pictures. I have been given the credit of being the first to adapt the "leit-motif" idea to moving pictures. This came with the screen presentation of du Maurier's *Trilby*. Of course, special music for special pictures had been employed long before that time. I now insist that the music for the pictures must be as good as any opera, and given with the same attention to detail. It may be a surprise to some to learn that it actually costs in rehearsals alone over two thousand dollars to prepare and rehearse the music for some moving pictures.

The cost of the music in the two theaters under my direction is considerably over $300,000 a year. In fact, many of my best players have been recruited from the leading opera and symphony orchestras. With steady employment the year round, no uncertain engagements, a vacation with full pay at the expense of the company, we have been able to have the pick of the country, as it were.

However, all this would not be possible were it not for the fact that in addition to the music we use to accompany moving pictures, we also play daily as concert numbers the great orchestral masterpieces of all times. Through these means the general public, the masses who rarely attend the concerts of the great symphony orchestras, will be introduced to better and better music all the time. In fact, comical as it may seem, they will be forced to hear the best music whether they like it or not, if they want to see the best moving pictures, because, as I have explained, only the best music is in keeping with the very high standards

of moving pictures today. There are moving picture "symphony" orchestras of real consequence in all cities of size; and in the smaller cities there are smaller orchestras; and, in turn, in the villages and hamlets the moving picture players with small organs and pianos will model their music after the good music of the good theaters in the metropolis. It will be easy for the teachers of music to infer what this means in the elevation of musical taste in America.

Think of it!—in our theaters, which play seven days a week, one great masterpiece (such as the most important part of *The Bartered Bride, Salome, Damnation of Faust, The Symphony Pathetique, Eugene Oniegin, Carmen, Aïda,* etc., etc.), is played as a concert number, not once but *four times a day,* or 28 times a week. In addition to this there are vocal numbers of singers of such high standard that many have become members of the Metropolitan Opera House Company. All this is at a cost of from twenty-five cents to seventy-five cents for admission.

One of the most gratifying things is the widespread public interest in the best music. This is constantly advancing and developing. See my library here, it includes the master works of the world, from Bach to Debussy. I must have everything immediately available. While it was quite evident at the start that my audiences liked the more spectacular numbers, that is, the semi-popular numbers, I now know for a certainty that they are constantly advancing in their tastes. At first a fantasie on *Il Trovatore* was all that some of my patrons could assimilate; now I find them virtually demanding such numbers as Dukas' *La Prentice du' Sorcie,* and even Enesco's brilliant *Roumanian Rhapsody.* It is really coming to a point where the music student in the large city, such as New York, has more opportunity to become acquainted with some of the modern masterpieces through the moving picture theaters

than he has through the large symphony orchestras. Where, for instance, could he hear, if he chose, the *Roumanian Rhapsody* played three or four times in one day?

Mr. George Eastman's immense bequest to the Rochester University for the Eastman Conservatory and the Eastman Theater in which the moving picture must play an important part has placed the profession of the moving picture musician on a very high level. I have received many, many letters asking me how to learn to play for moving pictures. The answer is, go to Rochester. However, there are thousands who have been trained musically who desire to increase their incomes, and the moving picture field offers steady and lucrative employment if they can enter it. All that I say to help these aspirants is that they should first of all secure as good a musical training as possible and then develop an ever-extending repertoire of standard compositions by the great masters. They must know literally "everything" and they must have it all at their finger-ends. The only practical preparation possible is, of course, to attend moving picture theaters and mentally note the music that the best players use, and then ponder upon its appropriateness and endeavor to think of better music for the same purpose. When the aspirant feels that he is able to make a beginning, it is sometimes possible to secure a position as pianist in one of the smaller houses playing good pictures. Of course, there is still a great deal of very bad playing being done all over the country, but this is bound to go. In fact, it is going rapidly. I am not stupid enough to think that Beethoven, Gounod, Strauss, Elgar, or Debussy will do away with the demand for popular music, popular jingles and such. Much of this music which is characteristic of America, the America of Jazz and Rag, will always exist. Some of this music is very original and distinctive. Much of it, however, is bad, the music of paltry minds. It has the jingle of money all through it.

It is written from the pocketbook and not from the mind or from the heart. No wonder it does not survive longer. The melodies of Beethoven, Gluck, Verdi and all the great classics will be played centuries hence; but the trash is soon past. Moreover, with the exception of a few tunes that secure vogue because of their human worth, the moving picture player in the small theater will find it a great mistake to play music solely because it is supposed to be popular and occupies large space in the five and ten-cent stores. The older themes have often a far greater heart appeal to the greater number of people. You will never "lose out" by choosing the best. If a really worth-while popular tune turns up, play it; but at the same time turn a deaf ear to the publishers who try to force out trash through the moving-picture theaters.

Much comment is often made upon the fact that I have been made the director, supervising all the business of the Rialto and the Rivoli theaters, as well as conducting the orchestra at different performances. There seems to be some asinine idea that if a man is a musician he cannot be a business man. It is one of the most absurd of all ideas. I have known many musicians who have been exceptionally fine business men. Music trains the mind to quick, accurate thinking. It introduces them to men and women under all manner of conditions and situations, and it demands a high form of intellectuality. Are these things inimical to good business judgment? As a matter of fact, three of the most successful men now in the moving-picture industry in the United States of America were trained as professional musicians, and expected early in life to devote their lives to playing in public.

MUSIC THAT THE PUBLIC NEEDS

JOSEF STRANSKY

Biographical

Mr. Josef Stransky, who became conductor of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra in 1911, *is Bohemian by birth. His father was noted as a scholar, violinist and singer, and was an intimate friend of Smetana and Dvorák. Mr. Stransky was born at Prague in* 1872, *and received a very thorough musical education under Jadassohn at Leipzig, and Fuchs and Bruckner at Vienna. For five years he was the conductor of the Royal Opera at Prague, thereafter he became conductor at the Hambourg Opera for seven years, during which time he conducted one hundred and fifty operas and concerts each year. His success led to his engagement as conductor of the famous Blüthner Orchestra in Berlin and as conductor of the Gura Opera (an important summer series at the Royal Opera House). He came to America as the conductor of the New York Philharmonic Society, which he directed for many years.*

The first and foremost need of any musical country is that of encouraging the children—even the very little children—to love music. Oh, if the teachers of music could only be taught to see the difference between forcing music upon the child and in making the child really love music as a little girl loves her doll or as the little boy loves his pet kitten! It is too much to expect understanding—comprehension—from the very little child, and teachers most certainly spend a vast amount of time upon getting children to understand music that should be spent upon getting them to love music. If a child hears the Fifth Symphony



JOSEF STRANSKY

so often that he comes to ask for it as he would ask for a pretty flower or a delicious bit of candy, then that child is progressing musically. He is indeed progressing far faster than the child who is virtually chained to a keyboard and forced to practice as the slave of old was chained to the galleys and forced to propel the conqueror's ships.

Of course, musical understanding is the first step in musical technical education, but before that comes the love of music. Take such a theme as the following lovely melody from the Fifth Symphony. What could be simpler? The songs of lots of the wild birds are more complicated. What child will not like this after he has heard it a few times?



Children come to love music of this kind in a thoroughly normal manner, provided their musical instincts are not perverted by some of the infamous popular trash of the day. The normal boy will develop a love for music quite as easily as he would for sports, dancing or shooting if he is not forced to do something that is distasteful to him. If he is taught music with the understanding that it will

make a desirable accomplishment for him some day, there is no wonder that he has little respect for it. Most mothers aspire to little more than to be able to say to the boy:

"Now, Jimmie dear, go play your pretty piece for Uncle Frederic."

The child soon discovers that he is in about the same position as the dog that is made to stand up in the corner on command. No wonder he has little respect for music.

American audiences are constantly climbing to newer and higher levels of musical appreciation. It is too much to expect the public of the country, as a whole, to understand why the works of Brahms are musically more valuable than those of Tschaikowsky, or indeed why the later works of Verdi are superior to those of Puccini. That requires years of musical development. At the same time we must hold fast to the ideals and endeavor to raise the hearers to a higher and higher level of musical understanding and discrimination. American audiences demand stimulation. They prefer, most of all, passionate and fiery music like that of Wagner and Tschaikowsky; but after a few years they will realize that Mozart, Brahms and others are of the same importance as their present favorite composers.

Americans are continually emulating new ideals of beauty. This is shown in so many different ways that one does not even need to be a very close observer to notice it. We find new ideals of physical beauty represented in the athletic tendencies of the youth of the land. We find new ideals of spiritual beauty represented by the purely idealistic religious cults springing up in various parts of the country and building new and costly edifices. We find new ideals in home beauty expressed by the numberless fine homes in all parts of the land. We find new ideals of outdoor beauty in the wonderful gardens and private parks in which the people of taste in the new world are just now

taking such deep interest. Is the American ideal for musical beauty keeping pace with development in other lines? Perhaps because music was the last of the arts to attain its highest development it may be the last through which a cultured people manifests itself. Is it not true that there is now to be found in many American homes—homes furnished beautifully and decorated exquisitely—music that is comparable only to the dime novel in its artistic value and its musical character? The hostess who would be ashamed to have cheap literature upon her library table seems to think little of having the lowest kind of music upon the piano. Of course there are thousands of homes where music of an inferior order is excluded, but there are more thousands where it is made welcome.

Only by training little children to love and to know what is good can we hope to accomplish real musical progress in America. It is for this reason that the teachers must play a very vital part. The mission of the music teacher is a noble one—particularly the teacher of little children.

THE HARDEST THINGS TO MASTER IN MUSIC

WILHELM BACHAUS

Biographical

Wilhelm Bachaus was born at Leipzig, March 26, 1884. From 1891 to 1894 he was private pupil of A. Reckendorf. He then went to the conservatory where he studied pianoforte with the same teacher for four more years. This was followed by a year with Eugene d'Albert. The following five years were given over to very successful concert tours in Europe. In 1905 he became teacher in the Royal Academy of Music at Manchester, remaining in this post for three years. In 1905 he won the 5,000 franc Rubinstein Prize. His first tour in America occurred in 1914. He has since toured this country with very great success. An artist of high ideals and fine personality, he possesses one of the most tremendous technical equipments ever heard on the concert stage.

Perhaps I am the last pianist in the world to tell what are the hardest things in music, because I have always found most things easy if they were taken up in the order of their difficulty.

My musical education was begun when I was about four and a half years old and my greatest help in my childhood came from reading a series of letters known as "Self Instruction Letters" by Aloys Hennes. Then I got hold of a lot of music and enjoyed myself immensely in exploring it. When I found that a certain piece was too difficult I laid it aside until a little later. In this way I learned to read at sight in a manner which seemed to startle everybody. The secret was merely that I did a lot of it.

Thus when I was ten or twelve years old I was taken



WILHELM BACHAUS

to Grieg to give an exhibition of sight reading. Grieg was very kind and was very much interested to see what I could do. He gave me the *C♯ Major Fugue* of Bach and asked me to read it off in the key of C major. This I did to his evident delight. When I was eight I was taken to d'Albert and he asked me to read the *A Minor Rondo* of Mozart in the key of F. This was comparatively easy. Grieg also asked me to read his *Norwegian Bridal March,* playing it at sight not in the key of E, in which it is written, but in the key of F.

This experience of reading and transposing instantaneously stood me in excellent stead. Once in Blackpool, England, I was engaged to play the Grieg *A Minor Concerto.* Upon arriving at the concert hall I found that the piano was down one-half tone below the orchestra. Sir Landon Ronald was the conductor. The only thing to do was to transpose the *Concerto* and play it without rehearsal one key higher; that is, in B flat minor.

Brahms had a well-known hatred for prodigies and some efforts of my friends to have me play for him were without avail. He simply would not listen to a prodigy and that was all there was to it. However, I enjoyed meeting him when I was a child and with the child's natural hero worship I saved some ashes from his cigar for some years, until I came to the conclusion that a far better way to honor his memory would be to play his concertos in an artistic manner. As I mastered them I threw the ashes away.

It has always seemed to me that with students the greatest difficulties are the rhythmic difficulties. This does not mean merely playing two notes against three, etc., but rhythmic difficulties in general. Playing the right notes is often a comparatively simple matter. Anyone can play the right notes if enough time is taken for each group; getting the rhythm is a totally different matter and I have

often wondered why some teacher did not give more attention to this. Rhythm is form in music and unless the student is thoroughly impressed with the form, the music is meaningless. He must see the rhythm design quite as clearly as the melodic design.

Of course every single note is important in a really beautiful piece but it is just as important that the note should be in its right place in rhythm as it is that it should be in the melody. Imagine a beautiful piece of tapestry; it is not enough that the threads shall be beautiful or that the colors shall be right, but every thread must be in its right place or the vision will be distorted and the design will be ruined.

Memorizing comes easy to me because I have done a great deal of it just as I did a great deal of sight reading in all keys. Probably the reason why many students have difficulty in memorizing is that they do not grasp the simple fact that memorizing is merely a test of the memory and a training of the memory. They work and work and work at the keyboard without ever trying to *remember,* depending upon having their fingers drilled so that they will repeat the piece blindly just as sheep follow a leader.

In memorizing, my custom is to play the whole composition at once. I rarely play it in parts. Finally the work gets hold of me and I start playing it by heart, but that is not all. When I go for my daily walk I strive to remember it measure for measure. Sometimes this fails and I come to passages which I cannot see or hear in my mind's eye. I make a mental note of these in very much the same manner in which I would make a note of difficult passages in learning a piece and mark them for special practice. It is these memory tests which help me fix the work in my mind, and which assure me that I really know a work. You learn technic by moving your fingers, hand and arm. Good! Then learn memorizing by using your memory.

The memory is the faculty which recalls. Some students seem to want to learn to memorize without ever practicing recollecting their work.

Only with the most complicated pieces do I find it necessary to memorize smaller passages at one time. Such a piece as the Beethoven *Hammerklavier Sonata* (which I played when I won the Rubinstein Prize of 5,000 francs in Paris) and the *Variations and Fugue on a theme by J. S. Bach* by Max Reger, are so continuously contrapuntal that it is next to impossible for the memory to grasp them as a whole at first.

The greatest difficulty in pianoforte playing is not to be found in the *Don Juan Fantasie,* of Liszt, *The Lark,* of Balakierev or the various pieces of Godowsky, all of which call for special preparation before performance, but rather in the far more intricate and subtle art of pouring expression into a few notes. It is for this reason that Beethoven and Bach are difficult. The same may be said of Mozart and Haydn. Very few students realize why. It is because of the simple outlines of the music. There are a few notes with which a very great deal must be done. In Schumann, Chopin and other more modern composers there is a background of accompaniment to the melodies which is continually evident. This is mobile and can be used as a secondary means of expression. But with Beethoven and Bach the expression must often be accomplished with only a few chords. The piano is not a sustained tone instrument, but a diminishing tone instrument. In Chopin the running background covers up a multitude of sins of expression.

This is one of the reasons why the study of the classics is good for the student. If the pianist can play Beethoven, Bach, and Mozart with expression he will not be bothered in this way with Schumann and Chopin and the moderns.

When one has played a great deal in auditoriums this

truth comes back again and again. Beethoven, of course, never dreamed of Carnegie Hall when he wrote his Opus III. To make such a Sonata sound well in such a huge room taxes all of the resources of the artists in the matter of tone values.

With Chopin, however, the condition is different. He introduces so many gorgeously beautiful ornaments in his tone-poems, that the piano fairly seems to sing.

The greatest difficulty of all is that of listening. The human mind is peculiar and it is human for the mind to wander. Soon the student finds himself reading the notes and playing them, but few are put to the test of discriminating hearing. Any sense becomes dulled by continual use. Looking at one color for any length of time deadens the color sense for that color. It is the same with hearing. Better practice five minutes with the ears alert for all degrees of sound, than an hour with deaf ears; if you find that you are not listening better stop until you make up your mind that you are ready to listen intently. This is not always easy.



E. ROBERT SCHMITZ

MODERN PIANOFORTE TECHNIC FROM A FRENCH STANDPOINT

E. ROBERT SCHMITZ

BIOGRAPHICAL

E. Robert Schmitz was born in Paris, France, in 1889. *At the age of ten he commenced the study of the piano and of the violin. At fourteen he was giving public concerts upon both instruments. At eighteen he entered the Paris Conservatoire, studying under Chevillard and Diemer. He graduated in* 1910, *winning the first prize. After European tours as a pianist he formed a Symphony Orchestra of sixty members, forty-five of whom had been Conservatoire prize winners. He came to America in* 1919, *appearing with great success as a pianist, lecturer and conductor.*

American teachers must themselves be aware of two signal faults in teaching methods which have not been confined, by any means, to this country alone. I refer to these palpable shortcomings:

The student is told,

I—To play the piano;
II—To play like me.

That is, the teacher says, in the first instance: "Here is the music, now play it and at the next lesson I will criticise you." Criticism means pointing out to the student this and that thing which does not please the teacher. The poor pupil is therefore blamed for errors which he makes out of his own ignorance. It never seems to occur to the teacher that it is his duty to make the pupil understand how to play before he permits him to play.

The second error comes from encouraging the student to imitate. Mere imitation without original creative thinking is liable to be destructive to the pupil's initiative and to the development of his own artistic sense, without which his playing becomes insufferable. The pupil cannot act without being told how. The actions of the hands and arms of the master pianist are so complicated and at the same time so subtle that only an artist can divine how they are done.

Imitation is the lowest phase of education. It is the monkey stage, and requires the least brain action. Let the teacher provide the pupil with a definite reason for the principal kinds of action at the keyboard.

Piano playing may be studied through three phases or divisions.

I—The Mental Concept.

This would embrace, first of all, everything that has to do with correct notation and the interpretation of that notation. This is the "know how" phase. Schumann, great tone poet that he was, did not perfectly comprehend the matter of writing properly and beautifully for the orchestra. His pianoforte works and his songs are masterly, as are his orchestral works, but he did not comprehend the proper way of bringing out the best from the various instruments as did, for instance, Wagner and Berlioz.

In a vastly less manner there are thousands of students who struggle with music for years, who do not properly know the subject of notation and the interpretation of that notation. In this phase, I would place everything from the learning of the notes to all of the finer points that are liable to come upon the printed music page. No one can advance very much until these principles have been mastered. What really happens? Thousands of students have some ele-

mentary instruction book which is employed to teach them the clefs, the staff, the notes, pitch and a few other things, after which the subject of notation and its interpretation is abandoned. The student should learn to master all of the various notations for all of the rhythmic forms, all the shades of expression, all the phases of touch, so that the printed page will have a real significance to him. He should become able to uphold his personal interpretation by a logical understanding of not only the notation but also the concept which the composer succeeded more or less to express and define by the notation.

To revert to the case of Schumann, here we have the case of a tone poet of great genius (sometimes considered organically superior to Beethoven), whose orchestral expression (that is, his understanding of the possibilities of the instruments of the orchestra and how to indicate these means on paper) was so deficient that it often happened that others had to fix up his works.

In the mental phase would come the principle that when a melody ascends it generally gathers intensity or force. When it descends it diminishes in force, tending toward relaxation. This principle is observed almost universally by sensitive artists. Take the Busoni edition of Bach's *Forty-Eight Preludes and Fugues,* for instance, and note how the great interpreter has indicated that the phrases gain in intensity as the pitch ascends.

Another phase perfectly obvious to the artist is that well-established rhythmic principle in which science correlates, release of weight with the sustained tones and lifts the rests or shorter values. The lift creates potential energy—kinetic energy is gathered through motion; that is, the release of lifted weight. The alternation of these two constitutes what can be termed "rhythmical dynamism."

Another principle is the relative thickness or thinness

of the scoring. By this I mean the volume of tone requested by the varying quantity of voices. For instance, a single melody would not command the same volume that the pianist would be expected to give to the same melody played in octaves. If the same melody were to be amplified by chords, the third degree of force would be expected. This general principle is readily understood if the performer will realize that the composer naturally expects more tone volume as he multiplies the number of voices. It is similar to the organist who pulls out a large number of stops. This produces a great volume of tone. If he employs only one or two of the lighter stops the volume of tone is slight. Of course, all general principles of this kind are subject to modification. Sometimes a single melodic phrase expressed with a single line of notes calls for a stentorian tone. In general, however, the score "thickens" as the number of voices increases, and where great chords are employed, the composer has intended that volume of tone shall increase.

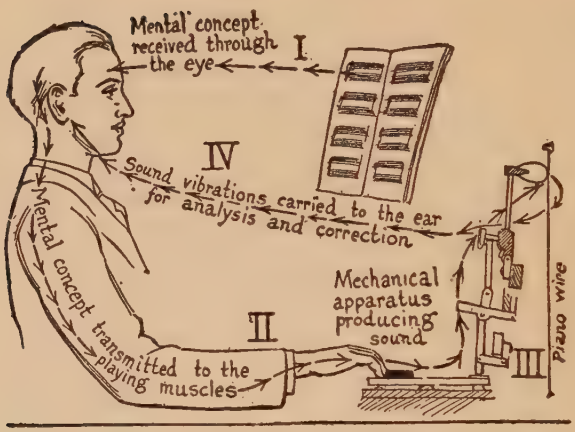
II—The Physiological Phase.

This phase is second in order only, but by no means secondary in importance. Like the other phases it should be worked in alternation, each phase reacting upon the other. It is my conviction that unless one understands the nature of the playing apparatus—and by that I mean the general character of the muscular apparatus from the shoulder to the keyboard, and, more than this, the relation of this general apparatus to the body as a whole—one cannot properly and intelligently be expected to play really well. Let us take, for instance, one little principle. There is a great prejudice among certain teachers in the matter of investigating the muscles and the nerve centers employed in playing. This prejudice is due to ignorance. These

teachers think that such knowledge makes the player self-conscious. On the contrary, it frees the intelligent pupil from various phases of self-consciousness. Every student in these days must have differentiated in his mind the principal sets of muscles employed in piano playing—(1) the extensors (and triceps); that is, the muscles that extend the fingers or the arms; and the flexors (and triceps); that is, the muscles which bend the fingers or the arms. (2) The abductors and adductors, which enable the fingers to separate or get close toegther again. (3) The rotation muscles in the forearm, controlling rotation.

This much is very simple. The pupil says, "When I make a stroke of any kind I employ the flexor muscles." But he does not know that his extensor should be relaxed at that time. That is the beginning of the error, as it is impossible to employ one set without bringing into play the other set. It is perfectly possible for the mind to concentrate upon either the flexors or the extensors. The trouble is that thousands of students do not realize this. The result is that there is a kind of tug of war between the two sets of muscles which has only one name—muscular tension. While this exists, relaxation is impossible. If the contraction of both sets of muscles occurs at the same time, there results a stiffening of the hand, arm and fingers which is an enemy to good tone and technic alike. When there is contraction of the lower set of muscles there should be complete relaxation of the upper set and *vice versa.*

What, however, is the usual prescription given to the pupil? He is told to relax his arm, and he tries his best to make it like a jelly-fish by relaxing both complementary muscles. The moment he makes a stroke, or muscular effort of any kind, however, he will contract both complementary (opposite) muscles and all of his old troubles



flock back instantly. The pupil should know the name, function and position of all the main muscles and ligaments employed in piano playing. This is all a part of his technic. In time it becomes second nature. It does not obtrude itself on his art in the least. In fact, his art is upon a very unsteady basis without it. The architect who builds beautiful structures must devote years to the study of mechanical drawing and higher mathematics. Does all this necessary study destroy the loveliness of the buildings he produces? Not in the least—if he did not have this knowledge he would be a bungling amateur.

III—The Instrument Itself

Very few people know anything whatever of the nature of the piano. Even the very simplest things are not understood. Take the matter of the piano key, the thing we put in motion when we play. What is it? A lever—with all the characteristics of a lever. If one piano key were exposed to view as a single lever we might learn that a weight

placed at the end of the key, which would be sufficient to weigh down the key, need not be so heavy as a weight placed one inch further in on the key. It is simple to try this experiment with a weight sufficient to depress the key when it is placed at the edge nearest the player. Move the weight nearer the music desk and note that it ceases to depress the key. One popular example of a lever is the see-saw. Everyone recollects how the weight of the person sitting on the end of this big lever affects the leverage very much more than when one moves toward the middle, or the fulcrum.

We may learn from this that when we play upon the edge of the keys nearest the player, less power is needed; while, when we play on the keys near the desk or near the black keys more strength is required. Apply this to the pianistic effects and we will realize that when we require force we must play toward the edge of the keys unless we wish to multiply the strain upon the playing muscles. The difference in tone, therefore, is seriously affected by the point at which you touch the key, providing one employs the same degree of strength at both places.

Finally, the student has to consider the effect of the vibrations he created. He must know the impression that his interpretation makes. He must judge his own playing as though he were hearing it himself, in the audience. By means of this he constantly corrects and improves his work at every step. There must be a continual rotation of sound creations, sound analysis and correction. It may be shown in a circle like this: If one follows the direction of the arrows one may conceive that unless the condition of every section of the circle is thoroughly "live" and responsive, the initial concept (mental vision of the music) will encounter points of interference (such as stiff wrists) where a detrimental loss of quality will occur.

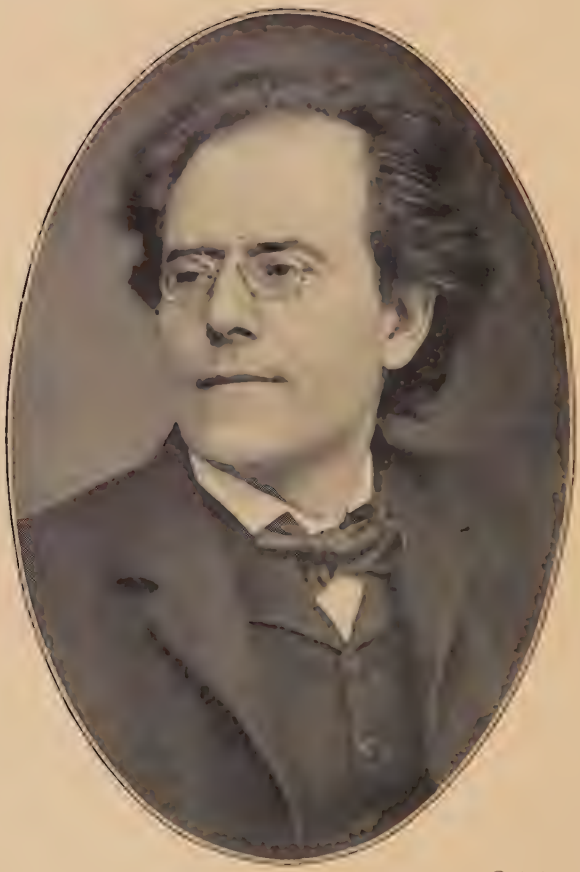
I. The mind receives the impression from the printed page.

II. The mind telegraphs the message to the arm, hands and fingers, setting in operation the muscles.

III. The key moves a hammer which strikes a string and sets the wires in vibration.

IV. The sound travels back to the mind through the ear and is there analyzed for its effect.

These four processes are perfectly obvious, but it is necessary to point out that the fourth process is the one most neglected. It is in this process that the pupil's self-advancement is often most positively located. Unless the pupil is taught to analyze the effects he produces himself, much of his other work will be wasted.



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GUSTAV MAHLER

THE INFLUENCE OF THE FOLK-SONG ON GERMAN MUSICAL ART

FROM AN INTERVIEW WITH THE EMINENT COMPOSER AND DIRECTOR

GUSTAV MAHLER

Biographical

Gustav Mahler, who is now recognized as one of the very foremost composers and directors of our time, was born at Kalischt, Bohemia, July 7, 1860. *Neither his father nor his mother was musical. Notwithstanding this lack of hereditary influence, he manifested musical talent at a very early age and started to compose when he was but a mere boy. Mahler now looks lightly upon these juvenile efforts, but they are said to have indicated his very pronounced talent. His first teachers were little-known musicians located in small towns in Bohemia. Later he entered the Gymnasium at Iglau and later at Prague, Bohemia. The German Gymnasium corresponds to the high school and college in America. Mahler's academic education was completed at the University of Vienna and his musical education was continued at the Conservatorium in Vienna, where he came under the influence of Bruckner. In* 1880, *he started his career as a conductor, which has made him one of the most renowned musicians of our time. Success followed success, and he passed in triumph through various posts at Cassel, Prague, Leipzig, Pesth, Hamburg, Vienna, and eventually came to New York as conductor of the German Grand Opera at the Metropolitan, later taking his recently resigned position as director of America's oldest orchestra, the "New York Philharmonic." This orchestra during the past ten years has been under the direction of the most-renowned living conductors, including Seidl, Strauss, Henry Wood, Gustav Kogel, F. Weingartner, Colonne, W.*

Safonoff and several others, yet it has never received so much praise as has been bestowed upon it this season. As a composer, Mahler has produced eight notable symphonies which have been enthusiastically received in Europe and in America. As a conductor he is a virtual emperor, and his enormous ability and great erudition make his performances of the master works from Bach to Debussy authoritative in every sense of the word.

The influence of the folk-song upon the music of the nations has been exhibited in many striking forms. At the very root of the whole matter lies a great educational truth, which is so powerful in its effects, and so obvious to all, that one can almost make an axiom, "As the child is, so will the man be." We cannot expect an oak to grow into a rose bush and we cannot expect the water lily to become a palm. No amount of development, care or horticultural and agricultural skill could work miracles of this kind. So it is with children. What occurs in childhood makes an indelible impression. The depth of this psychological impression must ever be the rock upon which all educational systems are founded. So it is in music, that the songs which a child assimilates in his youth will determine his musical manhood.

The music which the masters have assimilated in their childhood forms the texture of their mature musical development. It cannot be otherwise and I am unable to understand why the great educators of our age do not lay even greater stress upon this all-important point. I have said assimilated,—you will notice that I did not say appropriated. That is quite a different matter. The music is absorbed and goes through a process of mental digestion until it becomes a part of the person, just as much as the hair on their heads, or the skin on their bodies. It is stored away in their brain-cells and will come forth again in the minds of creative musicians, not in the same or even

similar form, but often in entirely new and wonderful conceptions.

I have often heard composers who claim to seek individuality above all things state that they purposely avoid hearing too much music of other composers, fearing that their own originality will be affected. They also avoid hearing the songs of the street or folk-songs for a similar reason. What arrant nonsense! If a man eats a beefsteak it is no sign that he will become a cow. He takes the nourishment from the food and that transforms itself by means of wonderful physiological processes into flesh, strength and bodily force, but he may eat beefsteaks for a lifetime and never be anything but a man.

In some cases we find that the great composers have actually taken folk-melodies as themes for some of their works. In most cases of this kind they have given the source of the theme all possible publicity. In some cases where they may not have done this, a few critics with limited musical knowledge and no practical ability in composition have happened to find these instances, and being at a loss to write anything more intelligent, they have magnified these deliberate settings of folk-themes into disgraceful thefts. The cry of plagiarism is in most cases both cruel and unjustified. The master who has the skill to develop a great musical work certainly possesses the ability to evolve melodies. When he takes a folk-theme as the subject of one of his master works, it is for the purpose of elaborating and beautifying it as a lapidary might take an unpolished diamond, and by his skill bring out the scintillating and kaleidoscopic beauties of the stone. After all, the handling of the theme is even more significant than the evolution of the theme. Consider for one moment the incalculable benefits to the literature of the world brought about by the Shakespeare treatment of plots, which otherwise would have been absolutely for-

gotten. Hamlet, King Lear, Romeo and Juliet, Julius Cæsar, all of them plagiarized, but gloriously plagiarized.

The early folk-songs were by no means the product of trained musicians, but often came from the soul of some untutored genius who told his love, his sorrow, his mirth or his joy, in melody. At first, they were transmitted from generation to generation solely by ear. Naturally many changes took place in this manner, and it often happened that one and the same song was sung in several quite different manners in different parts of the country. The monks of the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries did not hesitate to take the folk-songs for their sacred texts. When the first Protestant choral book was made in 1524, the compilers helped themselves very freely from folk-song sources for the melodies to the chorals. Indeed it has been said that over one-half of the melodies in the old folk-song books were of secular origin.

The early composers also realized that in order to make their work understandable and more readily received, it behooved them to employ folk-themes as the basis for some of their more complicated works, so that the public that heard them could grasp the significance of the work more readily.

One does not have to delve very deeply into the works of Haydn to realize what a keen appreciation he had for the beauty and simplicity of the folk-song. Although Haydn's music seems extremely simple when compared with the intricate rhythms and harmonies many composers are wont to introduce into their scores today, this very music was in its time considered revolutionary by Haydn's contemporaries. Among other things, his interpretation of the idiom of the streets was strongly condemned. His melodies were called plebeian and often regarded as trivial. Haydn was unquestionably one of the most sincere of all composers. He spoke the music he knew and felt as his

natural language. Notwithstanding his aristocratic surroundings in later life, in the Palace of the Esterhazys, Haydn was a child of extremely poor parents, and during his youth was visited with the most severe poverty. Naturally this brought him close to the common people, as did his long service in St. Stephen's Cathedral, Vienna, where he was a choir boy. When he came to produce his great works, he was so thoroughly imbued with the musical language of the people that the folk-song character and influence keeps cropping up all the time. This is, perhaps, not quite so much the case with Mozart, whose musical father, Leopold Mozart, took every pains to have his phenomenal son surroundeded with the very best music of his day. Notwithstanding this, one cannot help feeling that the folk-songs which the wonderful child must have heard from his little playmates were assimilated, although their influence is not so pronounced as in the case of Haydn. Anyone who is at all familiar with the Mozart opera, *The Magic Flute,* will detect this influence at once.

Although the actual instances where Beethoven used real folk-songs as themes or as suggestions for his works are limited, it is nevertheless the fact that this gigantic genius conceived in his most exquisite and moving melodies thematic designs which when analyzed are really very simple and often of the character of folk-songs. No composer has excelled the majesty of Beethoven, and his masterpieces, like all great works of his, are so simple, chaste and unaffected that their similarity to the folk-songs—or shall we call them the heart-songs of the people?—may easily be traced.

The magnificent road which Beethoven opened should, to my mind, point the way to all great composers of symphonic music, just as the architecture of Athens, Rome and Corinth indicates the most secure path for the builder of great buildings.

I do not think that the tendency to use the idiom of the people will ever die out, and I do believe that music which has the true, melodic characteristics will exist long after the furies of cacophony have worn themselves out of existence.

All this I have said as a composer, but as a director I am thoroughly eclectic. I am tremendously curious about all new music, and seek to give each new work, regardless of type, the interpretation nearest that which the composer intended. This is my duty to myself, to my art and to the public which attends my concerts.

During my residence in America I have been so busily engaged in the mission for which I came to this country that I have not had, perhaps, the right opportunities to investigate musical conditions as thoroughly as possible. Nevertheless, what I have observed, and what has been related to me by experts who have lived in the country for a lifetime, leads me to believe that a musical condition exists in this country which makes it extremely difficult for the American composer to work with the same innate feeling which characterizes the work of some of his European contemporaries. I respect the efforts of American composers most highly and shall gladly do everything in my power to assist them when possible, but the subject of the folk-song bears such a direct relation to this matter that I cannot fail to avail myself of this opportunity to discuss it.

I have previously expressed the somewhat axiomatic truths through which we learned that the musical influences which surround the child are those which have the greatest influence upon his after life and also that the melodies which composers evolve in their maturity are but the flowers which bloom from the fields which were sown with the seeds of the folk-song in their childhood. Therefore, when I am asked whence the future American com-

poser will come I am forced to inquire: "Where is the American folk-song?" I cannot be quoted as an authority on American music, but depending upon the information received from friends whom I consider keen observers, and upon what I have heard myself, it seems to me that the popular music of America is not American at all, but rather that kind of music which the African negro transplanted to American soil has chosen to adopt. It must be remembered that the music of the African negro, be he Zulu, Hottentot, Kaffir or Abyssinian, rises but a trifle above the rhythmic basis. When these people, the ancestors of the present American negroes, made their compulsory voyages from the jungles of the Dark Continent to the New World, it should be remembered that they were in most cases savages pure and simple.

While I have the very greatest respect for the accomplishments of a few of the American negroes who have risen above their surroundings to high places and to distinguished attainments, I cannot subscribe myself to the doctrine that all men are born equal, as it is inconceivable to me. It is not reasonable to expect that a race could arise from a savage condition to a high ethnological state in a century or two. It took Northern Europe nearly two thousand years to fight its way from barbarism to civilization. That the negroes in America have accomplished so much is truly amazing. In their music they doubtless copied and varied the models of the white people to whose households they were attached. Their love for song and their sense of rhythm assisted them in this. But to expect that they would evolve a new, distinct, and original folk-song is preposterous in itself. They are great imitators, I am told, but that is no reason why the American composer should imitate their distorted copies of European folk-songs. The syncopations introduced in negro songs under the name of "rag-time" are not original, but may

be found in the folk-songs of Hungary and other European nations. Syncopation as a part of national folk-songs existed in Europe before the first negroes were transported from Africa.

Just why the American composer should feel that he is doing something peculiarly American when he employs negro folk-songs is difficult to tell. Hungarian composers are prone to employ gypsy themes, and the music of Hungary has become marked in this way so that it has become gypsy music and not Hungarian music. Surely, American music based upon the crude themes of the red-skinned aborigines, or upon the appropriate European type of folk-song which the African Americans have produced, is not any more representative of the great American people of today than are these swarthy citizens of the New World representative of all Americans.

So long as young Americans have to content themselves with the kind of trashy popular songs which are ground out by the thousand every year and howled mercilessly in the music halls of the country, just so long will America be forced to wait for its great master in music. But I am told by educators, America is awakening to this condition, and American children are being furnished with ever-increasing opportunities to hear good music. The music of the public schools is based upon the best folk-song melodies of all Europe. The music in the best churches, instead of being modeled upon the kind of tunes not very remote from crude negro melodies in themselves, is now following the best models of the world, and I know in my own sphere as a conductor that America is now being afforded splendid opportunities to hear the great masterpieces played by famous instrumentalists and sung by world-famous singers. America thus hears the music of all nations played by performers from all nations. One does not have to be a prophet to see that some day when

this marvelous amalgamation of Teuton, Celt, Latin, Anglo-Saxon, Czech, Slav and Greek is more advanced, America may look for results in music far beyond the fairest dreams of the most optimistic.

HOW JAZZ MAY INFLUENCE MODERN ORCHESTRAS

PAUL WHITEMAN

Biographical

Paul Whiteman was born in Denver, Colorado, where his father, Wilberforce James Whiteman, has been the superintendent of music of the Public Schools for over half a century. The elder Whiteman is said to have inaugurated the first orchestra of size in any American public school. He also conducted several amateur orchestras and employed orchestras in large choral concerts which he presented. His son was thus brought up in an atmosphere of music. Because viola players were hard to find, he started playing viola in one of his father's orchestras. He then joined the Denver Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Rafael Cavallo. He continued his musical education under a pupil of Henry Schradieck, and also with Max Bendix. For a time he played with the Russian Symphony Orchestra, and at the time of the San Francisco Fair joined the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. He also played with the Minetti String Quartet. He has made numerous successful tours with his unique orchestra.

There seems to come a time in the career of every man who does any thinking whatever about his future when he realizes that he must do something very radical or he will never advance one inch beyond his present position. He must pull up his tent posts and move on to other and newer fields in order to succeed. That was the condition in which I found myself in San Francisco in the year 1915. I realized that I had worked and studied



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PAUL WHITEMAN

very hard all my life. I realized that I had played in large symphony orchestras for years; that I knew the classical literature of the orchestra from the viola desk; that I was working from morn to night in the orchestra, in the quartet and also in a hotel orchestra, and that all I was getting for this experience and this hard labor was $125 a week. There was no future ahead and I was ambitious.

Just then jazz was commencing to draw the attention of the American people. At that time jazz was so outrageous that most musicians were nauseated at the very thought. Jazz meant then any group of nondescript instruments, aided and abetted by a strong-armed drummer who was a veritable percussion virtuoso on all of the implements of the kitchen. He was also supposed to be a humorist and demonstrated his humor by juggling with his drum sticks. The leader, whether he played the violin or the saxophone, often introduced a lot of clowning that never failed to entertain the audience.

Yet here was something that was breaking down certain conventions long considered sacred in that outrageous dance combination of piano, violin and cornet. Here came the banjo with its distinctive character; here came the muted wind instruments, and, more than this, extremely clever performers upon these instruments, who could produce new and striking effects. Enter the saxophone family. The saxophone was invented in Paris by Adolphe Sax (himself an exceptionally fine flutist and clarinetist). At first Sax set out to improve the clarinet; but in 1842 he invented the conical-bore, metal wind instrument with one reed, which bears his name. He went from his native Belgium to Paris to show the instrument with its new distinctive tone, to Berlioz. Berlioz, with his ear for tonal color, went into raptures over it. His instruments were adopted in French bands and in some bands in other countries. Sousa uses them in large quantity in his re-

markable organization. The saxophone has also been demanded at times by composers for the symphony orchestra. It was not, however, until the introduction of the jazz band that this instrument with its peculiar mellow, appealing character, as well as its humorous possibilities, came into its own. Now it is the "Caruso of the Jazz Orchestra."

The possibilities of the musical combinations of these instruments intrigued me. At that time literally everybody who played in a jazz band "faked" or "vamped," or, in the best English, improvised. There was nothing intelligently and beautifully scored for these unique groups. I realized the immense possibilities of the thing, and was the first to arrange for definite scores of popular themes done with the same detailed care with which the symphony instrumentation is prepared. Many of my early scores were written by Ferdy Graffe, who had a genius for characterizing the instruments and filling in intermediate parts so that there would be no thinness. More than this, the compositions could be played every time with the same effect, which was impossible in the old-fashioned jazz band in which each player felt it his duty literally to compose the piece with each performance.

At first I realized that the jazz orchestra required most of all an insistent background of rhythm. For this I employed the banjo, using it largely as a percussion rather than a melodic instrument. Then I realized that there was a great deal of horrible blare and noise about the old-fashioned jazz orchestra that was wholly unnecessary and would soon disappear before more musical effects. Musical effects do not come from poorly trained or unmusical players. In order to get the best results I must get the best players. Naturally, the best come to the top and demand more money. It is, like in everything else, a matter of supply and demand. Really very fine jazz players are quite

rare. The leading player in my best orchestra will earn about $600 a week through the year. Most of the other players in the leading orchestra will average $300 a week. But this is an exceptional orchestra at the Palais Royal, and has played on both sides of the Atlantic with great success. The men are picked for their personalities, their musicianship and their versatility. They must make a good appearance at all times. The leading player in my Palais Royal orchestra plays fourteen different instruments, and often uses all of them in one program. At present there are over four hundred men employed in the fifty-two Paul Whiteman Orchestras located all over the United States and in Paris, London, Havana and Mexico. All these orchestras receive careful supervision and training, and play according to specific directions which I have personally prepared.

I am often asked, "What is jazz?" I know of no better definition than that given by Lieut.-Comm. John Philip Sousa, U. S. N. R. F. He derives the word from "Jazzbo," the term used in the old-fashioned minstrel show when the performers "cut loose" and improvised upon or "Jazzboed" the tune. The trombone guffawed, the cornet shrieked and the clarinet wailed to the banging of the drums. The effect was a breakdown of the worst kind. From this wild din, however, has come the jazz which is commanding the attention of serious musicians everywhere. When I was in Paris with my orchestra this year I met many distinguished musicians who came with eager curiosity to hear some of the new tonal combinations. I found that they were only mildly interested in the magnificent works of such American composers as MacDowell, Carpenter, Chadwick, Cadman and others. "We know all that," they said, "but jazz is a new note—something different, something peculiarly American, like the Sousa March. We want to know about jazz." Here was the recognition of

this new American note that I had identified in the old-fashioned jazz of a decade ago. This encouraged me to give a concert in Aeolian Hall with my leading orchestra —several members of which, by the way, have played in leading symphony orchestras. The concert was attended by foremost musicians, such as Damrosch, Wagner, Rachmaninoff, Mengelberg, and others who have been most enthusiastic over the possibilities of this new tonal combination. This was a combination of twenty-two men, thus:

8 First Violins
3 Saxophones
2 Trumpets
2 Trombones
2 Horns
2 Pianos
Drums
Banjos.

Note, however, how such a combination might work with the kind of players I employ at the Palais Royal. Could such a versatile group, capable of changing the instrumental registrations at instant notice, be found elsewhere in the world? Here are the names of the players, with the number of instruments they may employ in our regular programs.

GORMAN: E-flat saxophone, B-flat saxophone, E-flat alto saxophone, oboe, hecklophone, B-flat clarinet, E-flat clarinet, alto clarinet, bass clarinet, octavin.

STRICKADEN: B-flat soprano saxophone, E-flat alto saxophone, B-flat tenor saxophone, E-flat baritone saxophone, oboe, clarinet.

BYERS: Flute, B-flat soprano saxophone, B-flat tenor saxophone, C soprano saxophone, E-flat baritone.

BUSSE: Trumpet, flügelhorn.

SEIGRIST: Trumpet, flügelhorn.

MAXOM: Trombone, euphonium, trumpet.
CASSIDY: Bass trombone, euphonium.
ARNEN: Tuba, string bass.
LANG: Piano, harp, celeste.
PUIGATUE: Banjo, drums and kindred instruments.

To this group I add the violin, which is employed as an obbligato instrument most of the time and not as a solo instrument. Thus, you see, twelve men have a range of forty instruments, and have opportunities for variety in tone color, prescribed by our scorings, which is, to say the least, unusual. Some of the phonograph records of this group have been sold by the million, and have been heard around the world. This orchestra was the first of its type to tour as a "straight" orchestra, that is, without clowning or absurd action upon the part of the members. It was the first to be employed in a big Broadway musical show in a special scene set for it. It was the first to give a jazz concert in a foremost concert hall.

Often I am asked the secret of my success in this field. One secret is that I do not attempt to go out of the field. I know that it is something distinct. I do not attempt to compete with the symphony orchestra; and no one knows our limitations better than I. Whether we are playing the simple, suave theme of a pathetic Negro "blues," or the sharp, saucy, pepful rhythm of the jazz tune, we strive to make the effect as thoroughly musical as possible; but we never forget that we are distinctly a jazz orchestra with a new and delightful message to restless America—the America still imbued with the pioneer spirit and never content to be permanently satisfied with the conventions handed to it by Europe. We cannot expect the man in the street, with a *Police Gazette* in his hands, to pay a large price to see Ibsen's *Ghosts*. He must be educated up to *Ghosts*. He will be fascinated by jazz, and use it as a

suspension bridge to better things. I have seen this happen a score of times. It is musical education in its practical form.

That the leading composers of the world will be influenced by jazz goes without saying. One might assert that they have already been influenced, if some of the recent scores of Strauss, Grainger and Carpenter are examined. American jazz has circumvented the globe. Teachers of piano may not realize that the American child craves these exhilarating rhythms, and that they may be written by able composers so that there is no taint of cheap or vulgar music about them. When I played the famous jazz arrangement of Rimsky-Korsakoff's *Song of India,* I was maligned by many for lowering a great masterpiece. I have rather a sneaking idea that Rimsky-Korsakoff himself would have been delighted with some of the tonal effects, and that he would have been amazed to find the whole American public whistling a tune that he could hardly have intended for more than a comparatively few grand opera devotees. The theft of tunes without credit to the composer is unpardonable; but if jazz will put a great masterpiece into currency, all honor to jazz.